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## BRITISH TRIUMPH IN DESERT BLITZKRIEG

### ABETZ TO RESCUE OF LAVAL

Reports from Vichy suggest that the strenuous efforts by Otto Abetz, Nazi Ambassador to Occupied France, to rescue Pierre Laval from political disgrace have met with success.

Laval was yesterday received by Marshal Petain to "discuss the general situation," and was also present during part of the talk between Marshal Petain and Abetz.

Presumably Laval has been released from the house of detention to which it had been reported he was confined since his dismissal by the Vichy Government.

### "NAPIER STAR" REPORTED TORPEDOED

According to the Mackay Radio in New York yesterday the British liner "Napier Star" (12,000 tons), of the Blue Star Line, was torpedoed last evening.

Position was given as 53 degrees 58 minutes north, 23 degrees 13 minutes west. — Reuters.

The mystery about Laval's whereabouts was cleared up yesterday afternoon when a semi-official announcement stated he had left for Paris "in his private capacity." — Reuters.

## Troops Gain Firm Foothold In Libya

(By Reuter's Special Correspondent With Advanced Headquarters).

TEN DAYS AFTER THE START OF BRITAIN'S DESERT BLITZKRIEG, BRITISH TROOPS ARE WELL ESTABLISHED INSIDE ITALIAN LIBYA.

I have now been touring a dusty desert outpost where the army's front line administration is carried out in camouflaged tents, flapping in the wind, travel-stained radio lorries or new dug-outs, which until recently were the pride of the Italian army.

Brilliant patrol and other military Intelligence work contributed to the British victory.

For instance, it was owing to the fact that a patrol had previously, at great risk, located mines outside the camp at Nibeiwa that Indian infantry were enabled to assist the tanks in assailing it without a greater loss of life.

### ITALIAN BARDIA DIVISION RETREATING

Latest despatches indicate that part of the Italian division stationed at Bardia before the British attack is retreating towards Tobruk. — Reuters.

### ABYSSINIA REVOLT

THE REVOLT BY THE ABYSSINIANS AGAINST THEIR FASCIST OVERLORDS SEEMS TO BE MAKING PROGRESS, M. R. BUTLER, UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, TOLD THE HOUSE OF COMMONS YESTERDAY.

We should give all possible aid to Haile Selassie and to all elements willing to fight against the enemy, he said. — Reuters.

## RETREAT OF ITALIANS TO DERNA INDICATED

ROYAL AIR FORCE reconnaissance flights have revealed enemy formations retreating towards Derna, says an R.A.F. communiqué from Middle East Headquarters. Derna is about 100 miles west of Tobruk, which itself is 60 miles west of Bardia.

It seems, therefore, that the Italians are retiring about 160 miles from Bardia, which is now the scene of the main fighting on land.

### COST OF ROOSEVELT PLAN

President Roosevelt's plan for leasing war supplies to Britain was estimated by experts yesterday as likely to involve about \$2,500,000,000 worth of aircraft, tanks, ships and other war supplies.

The estimate was conveyed in a message from the Washington

The Air Ministry says that heavy rain in the Western Desert restricted air activity on Tuesday, but our planes nevertheless continued to attack Bardia by night and day.

Italian troops retreating to Tobruk were machine-gunned by our fighters.

Two Italian planes were shot down in flames and two others were damaged.

Derna was raided on Tuesday night, all the bombs landing on the aerodrome. Damage done could not be observed owing to the bad weather.

### No Slackening

In London yesterday evening it was emphasised that there is no slackening.

correspondent of the "New York Post," which also states that this would be additional to the \$2,000,000,000 worth of equipment already on order. — Reuters.

The careful planning of the whole campaign was supplemented at the right moment by dash and initiative on the field of action.

After taking Sidi Barrani the commanders on the spot took swift decisions in a manner which would have horrified old-time conventional generals but which obviously had the full blessing of General Wavell.

### Crash Through

Instead of waiting to mop up each point of resistance, our armoured forces crashed right through in great encircling movements on the theory that the demoralised and surprised enemy force, knowing itself cut off and subjected to continual bombings, could safely be left to surrender.

These tactics were used for Sollum and a number of desert forts.

The Italians seem very short of metals but have showed considerable talent for rapid road-making and organising hospitals and foodstores.

Huge water supplies were efficiently stored at Bug Bug. Their Intelligence is good and their organisation carefully thought out.

### Spirit Of Surrender

It was only when they came to close quarters with the British troops that they broke, and once the spirit of surrender began among them it spread like a disease.

As one British officer expressed it: "The Italian army would make an excellent supply column for another army doing the actual fighting."

Moreover, the Italian tanks lost all their battles with British tanks, partly owing to the dashing spirit of our tank commanders and crews, partly owing to the fact that in some cases our armament was superior.

### "Achilles Heel"

Many Italian tanks have an Achilles Heel in their rear, where the armament is weakest, and this was quickly discovered by our tanks which repeatedly outflanked the Italians and shot them up from the back.

But, in the last analysis, the reason for the British victory undoubtedly was the simple fact that the British Empire troops knew what they were fighting for while the Italians do not. — Reuters.



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# SINKING OF "WESTERN PRINCE"

Canadian Minister's Story Of Rescue Drama

## PENSION PLAN FOR BOMB VICTIMS

The Chancellor of the Exchequer yesterday announced a scheme under which everyone in Britain over 15 years of age will be insured free against death or injury by enemy action.

The scheme makes no distinction between the size or nature of the income but covers all without exception and the rate of payment will be the maximum of workmen's compensation.

Thus, a married man in work, and in hospital or at home suffering from injuries, will get 35 shillings a week.

A married man not in employment or with a private income will get half a guinea if in hospital and one guinea if at home. Pensions will be the same for all, whether at work or not.

### Retrospective

Reuter's lobby correspondent says it is claimed that no other government or country has made such ample provisions for such cases in the present war.

Pensions will be payable in the cases of long-term disablement, while the widow of a civilian worker whose death is due to enemy action may receive 50/- a week for the first ten weeks following her husband's death.

Payments will begin on December 24 and will cover injuries already suffered. — Reuter.

## HITLER SPEAKS TO OFFICERS

Hitler yesterday made a speech to 5,000 officer candidates for the army and air force and Storm Troopers who have just been promoted to officer rank.

Text of the speech, which was delivered in the Berlin Sports-palace, has not been published, but the official Nazi news agency says Hitler gave the young soldiers a watchword for the duties "which lie ahead of them as superiors in the National-Socialist army and for the adjustment of their lives."

Field-Marshal von Brauchitsch spoke afterwards and pledged the army's loyalty to Hitler. — Reuter.

## Honeymoon Couple Lost Rescuing Wedding Presents

### DICTATORS' PLANS TO SABOTAGE U.S.

Mr. Harold Ickes, U.S. Secretary of Interior, in a speech at Columbia University yesterday said the Dictators proposed to cripple the United States by sabotage, propaganda and sowing suspicion between the United States and Latin-America. — Reuter.

## FURTHER BARODA WAR GIFT

THE MAHARAJAH OF BARODA HAS MADE A FURTHER WAR CONTRIBUTION OF £50,000. ACCORDING TO THE ALL-INDIA RADIO YESTERDAY.

The sum will be used for the purchase of a trawler for the Indian Navy minesweeping and anti-submarine duties. The vessel will be named Baroda.

The Maharajah has already given a similar sum for fighter planes for the R.A.F. — Reuter.

## OILS ACTIVE ON STOCK MARKET

Oil shares continued to attract interest on the London Stock Exchange yesterday, outstanding feature being a rise in Anglo-Egyptians from 47/6 to 52/6 on good buying orders. Otherwise the markets experienced a quiet day and prices often drifted lower for want of fresh support. Industrials were irregular and foreign issues neglected but previous levels were well maintained. Indian loans hardened, while Kaffirs met a little Cape offering. Coppers, however, were again supported. Wall Street was irregularly higher. — Reuter.

THE HON. C. D. HOWE, Canadian Minister of Munitions, whose fate was for some time in doubt after the sinking by a Nazi submarine in the Atlantic of the liner "Western Prince," on which he was a passenger, has landed at a west of England port with 52 other passengers and 99 members of the crew of the vessel.

Other survivors of the Canadian Government Mission to Britain include Mr. E. P. Taylor (Director-General of Munitions Production) and Colonel W. C. Woodburn (Executive Assistant to the Minister).

The Hon. Gordon W. Scott, Financial Adviser to Mr. Howe's department, lost his life. The captain of the "Western Prince" was also lost.

Mr. Howe, in an interview in England, said: "We heard the captain give three hoots on the siren, in token of farewell."

The captain's steward, named Franks, lost his life when he went back to the liner to collect the Spitfire Fund money, amounting to about £100, collected by the crew.

### Crushed Against Ship

Mr. Howe told the press that Mr. Scott was in the sixth boat. Those who saw him said he was crushed against the ship's side and temporarily relaxed his grip of the rope, after which he disappeared in the darkness.

Mr. Howe described Mr. Scott's death as a great loss to Canada.

Mr. Howe said they had stayed up until after midnight to see Friday the Thirteenth safely out and he was in bed when the ship was hit.

They heard the captain give three hoots on the siren in token of farewell.

### U-Boat Takes Pictures

Before the ship sank the U-boat took flashlight photographs of the liner.

Mr. Howe added it was due to the magnificent seamanship of Capt. Reid in getting the lifeboats away in dangerous seas and to the skill of the captain of the rescue ship that the casualty list was so light.

The crews of both ships behaved marvellously and the passengers were grand. There was not a trace of panic.

Explaining why his party was perhaps more comfortably dressed than the other rescued passengers, Mr. Howe said their womenfolk made them take a small case containing lumbermen's trousers, jersey, overshoes and torch in case they were torpedoed, and these cases were the only things they had time to grab when roused from sleep.

### Went Down With Ship

How Capt. Reid went down with his ship, although he could

easily have saved his life after the liner was torpedoed, was told by the Chief Engineer.

The Chief said that when he got the signal "Abandon ship" he found Capt. Reid by a lifeboat. Urged to get in, the Captain walked away to the bridge and scouted the siren as the ship went down.

Mr. Howe said five lifeboats got away safely but the sixth overturned and it was then that casualties occurred.

The survivors include the Mother Superior of a convent in China and a young novice. The Mother Superior said both had also survived terrific machine-gunning on the Yangtze. Three babies, who were hoisted to the deck of the rescue ship, were also among the rescued.

The missing include a honeymoon couple who returned to their cabin to collect their wedding presents.

### Message To Ottawa

The Prime Minister's office in Ottawa yesterday received a mes-

## Dove-Dancer Dies As A Spy

EXECUTED AT the Tempelhof prison in Berlin, was twenty-one-year-old Hungarian dove-dancer Julika Remenyi. Together with a man whose name has not been revealed, Julika was charged with spying for a foreign Power and found guilty of selling vital military secrets.

Both were beheaded within an hour, and their deaths were not announced in the Nazi Press. Facts have been obtained from a neutral correspondent in Berlin.

Young and beautiful Julika Remenyi was the star at Under den Linden's Revue Theatre, where her dancing attracted crowds of German officers.

### Seized By Gestapo

Early in March this year Gestapo agents suddenly raided the theatre and took her to headquarters. While she was being cross-examined by Heinrich Himmler himself, a number of Reichswehr officers were interrogated by the military police.

Himmler is said to have established the fact that Julika was in the service of Soviet Russia.

In her luxury flat in Berlin's West End was found a secret radio transmitter and the secret code books of the German Navy.

### Kellat's Cousin Involved

As the Soviet Gpu had arrested the Nazi spy Captain Taberlitz in Moscow about the same time, unofficial negotiations for the exchange of the secret agents were opened between Berlin and Moscow.

Unfortunately for Julika, the Gestapo found a packet of love letters in her flat. They had

## ITALIANS HANG ON TO TEPELINI

Italian resistance in Albania still seems to be strongest in the coastal area, and they appear to be still holding on to Porto Palermo, which is under Greek shell-fire.

Communications with Valona along the coastal road have been the object of the latest R.A.F. attacks.

Despite fierce storms on Tuesday, our planes bombed a motor transport column. It was not possible to observe the full effect of the attack, but a number of bombs fell near the column, and the vehicles were subsequently machine-gunned.

All our planes returned safely. Tepelini is under heavy Greek shell-fire but has not yet been taken.

Very wintry weather prevails in the northern sector, with deep snow at 2,000 feet and frequently degrees of frost.

Despite this, the Greeks have taken two small hamlets slightly in front of their previous line, and many more prisoners and war materials have been captured. — Reuter.

sage from Mr. C. D. Howe, rescued from the "Western Prince," saying: "Lifeboat overturned while attempting to transfer occupants to rescue ship in heavy sea."

News of the death of Scott and other members of the Canadian Mission has shocked Government officials in Ottawa. — Reuter.

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# Nazis Hiding Up Raid Damage

## FAILURE OF ITALIAN MORALE

The difference between what the Italians are called to fight for now and what they fought for in the last war was emphasised by Mr. Hugh Dalton, Minister of Economic Warfare, in a speech yesterday.

The Italian people know in their hearts they are fighting on the wrong side in this war, he said, and that is why they are surrendering by the thousands.

Even the crack Alpini regiments — "my comrades in arms in the last war" — are surrendering to the Greeks in Albania.

In the last war, the Alpini never surrendered. They died like heroes, defending their own country against the barbarian German invader.

This is not Italy's war. It is Mussolini's war, and he knows he faces defeat.

While Allied strength waxed, Mussolini's waned, because he is in the grip of the blockade enforced by the Navy and driven home by hammer-blows by aerial bombardment.

Mr. Dalton said he had recommended to the R.A.F. some of the targets to be bombed to cripple Germany's economic machine.

"We have not enough bombers, but we will soon have more and we will then succeed to an even greater extent than now," he concluded. — Reuter.

## Hitler Highly Embarrassed By R.A.F.

HITLER AND THE NAZI officials who repeatedly boasted that no enemy bomber would ever penetrate German skies are embarrassed by the success of R.A.F. raids, according to information reaching authoritative circles in London yesterday.

Remarkable measures are taken to conceal the extent of the damage, which is cleared with the utmost speed.

If this is impossible before people leave the shelters, then boardings are erected so that the extent of the damage cannot be seen.

It is stated that 350,000 children have been evacuated from Berlin, Hamburg and the Ruhr to southern and eastern Germany.

There is also much unofficial evacuation and consequently reports of serious overcrowding in Vienna, through evacuees.

### Severe A.R.P. Rules

The A.R.P. regulations are stated to be extremely severe. People must take to shelter as soon as the warning sounds and those hurt in their own rooms get no compensation.

Germans must recent getting out of bed and going to shelters which are lacking in heating arrangements.

According to evidence available in London the discomfort and harsh regulations are having a greater effect on German morale than the fear of bombing. — Reuter.

## FRENCH ENVOY TO PARIS!

Comte Fernand de Brinon yesterday formally assumed the post of French Ambassador in Paris, according to a Vichy despatch to the German news agency.

The appointment was made by Marshal Petain in accordance with the decision taken at Tuesday's Cabinet.

Comte de Brinon thus becomes a full-fledged Ambassador six weeks after his appointment as permanent representative of the French Foreign Minister (then Laval).

Comte de Brinon has long been known for his friendly attitude towards Germany. As vice-president of the French-German Committee he was received by Goebbels in February, 1939.

The visit was considerably criticised and he subsequently de-

## HEAVY RAIN IN DESERT

Heavy rain in the Western Desert restricted air activity on Tuesday, stated an R.A.F. communique issued in Cairo yesterday but the R.A.F. attack on Bardia continued both during the day and previous night.

Three large fires were started in the encampment while outside the town a large quantity of motor transport was damaged.

Reconnaissance flights showed the enemy is retreating towards Derna, which was raided during the night, all bombs falling on the aerodrome.

Damage was not observed owing to the bad weather. — Reuter.

nied he had been sent to Berlin on a mission for the French Government. — Reuter.

## MUSSOLINI'S EFFORT TO REVIVE MORALE

THE ANXIETY OF Mussolini over the effect of events in Albania and the Western Desert on the morale of the Italian people is shown in Italian propaganda.

One line is to attempt to cheer the people up by recalling reverses in other wars.

Rome Radio yesterday spoke of "inevitable ordeals," and points out that five years ago things were not going so well in Abyssinia.

On the subject of the war in Albania, Rome Radio said that "time is on the side of the Italians."

Italians caught listening to foreign broadcasts are severely punished.

Rome Radio says that "the good Italian gets his news from the 'commun' ques."

That may be — but if so he is not very well informed, because even now he will know nothing about the capture of Sollum and Fort Capuzzo by the British.

### Attacked From Fright!

One English broadcaster said that the British attack in the Western Desert must have been made because the British feared the "genius of Marshal Graziani, master of desert warfare."

German comments, while still plugging away for Italy, betray uneasiness.

Thus, the "Voelkische Beobachter" says that "Germany is still closely knit to Italy, even though Italy is not so favoured by the fortunes of war."

The same paper goes on in phrases like "here were bound to be fluctuations in the struggle" and "such reverses only incite the Italians to fresh efforts." — Reuter.

## ETON OBJECTS

Eton College has lodged an objection with the Ministry of Transport against the route of the proposed Slough by-pass. A portion of this road, which is due to be begun at the end of the war, will run across Agar's Plough, Eton's famous cricket ground.

The Provost and Fellows, in their statement, point out that the new road will bring an enormous amount of traffic almost to the gates of the college and that it will cross land which Eton purchased purposely to preserve the amenities of the college and of this area of the Thames Valley.

The statement concludes by saying that the Provost and Fellows will loyally accept the Ministry's decision and cooperate with them in the best interests of the community.

The new road would connect the Colnbrook by-pass with the Maidenhead by-pass at Taplow, and the portion running through the Eton College playing fields would be a quarter of a mile long.

## RED FLAG SIGNAL

Whitehall's centralised roof-spotting scheme has come into operation.

At the sound of the siren spotters in the various Government buildings go to their usual vantage points. They fix their eyes on a flag mast on the tower of the highest building in the neighbourhood, and the signal of "immediate danger," given by the chief spotters on the tower, is the hoisting of a red flag.

The use of this flag is only a temporary method of signalling.

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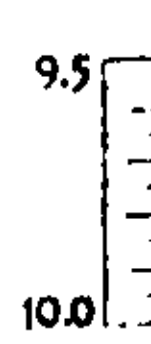
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# VICHY CRISIS NOT YET OVER: ABETZ TRIES PERSUASION FIRST

(By Reuter's Chief Diplomatic Correspondent)

THE CRISIS AT VICHY does not appear to be over; under German pressure Laval has been allowed his liberty but not reinstated in office, though there is some suggestion that he may represent the Vichy Government in Paris.

The interview between Marshal Petain and Otto Abetz, the Nazi Ambassador, must have been dramatic. The fact that it lasted three hours permits the inference that Abetz employed persuasive methods rather than brutal compulsion.

He probably endeavoured to convince Marshal Petain that Laval had been maligned and that he had never conspired with Abetz against Marshal Petain's security or the interests of the State.

Laval, brought from his place of confinement, probably pledged his oath that he had been misinterpreted.

Grudgingly, Petain would appear to have agreed to suspend judgment but not to renew confidence in Laval.

## Rival Quislings

Flandin's position in these developments appears to have been entirely negative.

If Abetz insisted on the admission of Laval to the Cabinet the position would be strained, for two rival "Quislings" in one Cabinet would tend to neutralise the value of both.

Germany therefore is unlikely to impose this ordeal on Vichy.

Reports that Laval favoured permitting the passage of German troops to Italy are not confirmed from any indisputable source.

If the Germans wished to send troops hurriedly to Italy they would use the Brenner Pass. A decision to break through unoccupied France is improbable as it would be in opposition to the German policy of the past many weeks.

## Nazi Objective

Object has been to secure the full collaboration of France in place of Italy.

Hitler knows his troops could enter unoccupied France at any moment but it is far more important for him to have the French navy and the French Colonial Empire on his side.

Hence the gentle methods employed in dealing with Marshal Petain and the use of his self-seeking politicians such as Laval and Flandin.

So far, however, Marshal Petain has resisted all German blandishments.—Reuter.

## L.C.C.'S BILL FOR EVACUEES

Less than one-sixth of the cost of billeting schoolchildren evacuated from London is being recovered from the parents, according to a report submitted at a meeting of the London County Council.

The Council was asked by the Minister of Health to undertake the task of recovering from parents the cost of billeting, which was estimated at 9s. a head per week. Parents were invited to pay the full sum, but, if they offered 6s., this was accepted without question; if they offered less, or nothing at all, their means were inquired into.

He was on October 8, 1939, and August 30 last a total of £2045,000 was collected in respect of about 192,000 children, equivalent to £750,000 for a full year. The expenses of these children at 9s. a week, not counting cost of evacuation, amounts to £4,600,000 a year.

## LAVAL RETURNS TO PARIS

As soon as he was released in Vichy on Tuesday on Hitler's demand, Pierre Laval, deposed Vice-Premier and Foreign Minister, lost no time returning to his German friends in Paris.

He has officially gone in a private capacity.

Another departure is that of Herr Abetz, Nazi Ambassador to Paris, who, in Tuesday's interview with Marshal Petain, probably demanded Laval's reinstatement.

Berlin official circles confirm Abetz has left for Paris and that Laval is also travelling in that direction, but are at pains to deny that they are travelling together.

It is now regarded as almost certain that Abetz threatened Marshal Petain and it is reported he threatened that Germany would occupy the whole of France unless Laval was released.

"The Laval case is entering a decisive phase," according to Berlin circles.

It is considered that Italy's defeat and internal condition is causing acute anxiety to Hitler and making it more urgent for him to re-assert the French to carry out a policy of complete collaboration with Germany.—Reuter.

## BISHOP WANTS "COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO" AS WARNING

"A gay cock-a-doodle-doo repeated half a dozen times would keep our courage up far better than the present doleful wail which depresses all but the most stout-hearted," writes the Bishop of Chelmsford, Dr. Henry Wilson, in his monthly letter to the Chelmsford Diocese.

"I have always felt," he says, "that a psychological blunder has been committed in the manner in which the warning of an air raid is given. The old saying 'Whistle to keep your courage up' is a scientific truth."

"Now the air raid siren has no note of gay defiance. It utters a depressing wail like the cry of a lost soul, and its psychological effect is profoundly bad."

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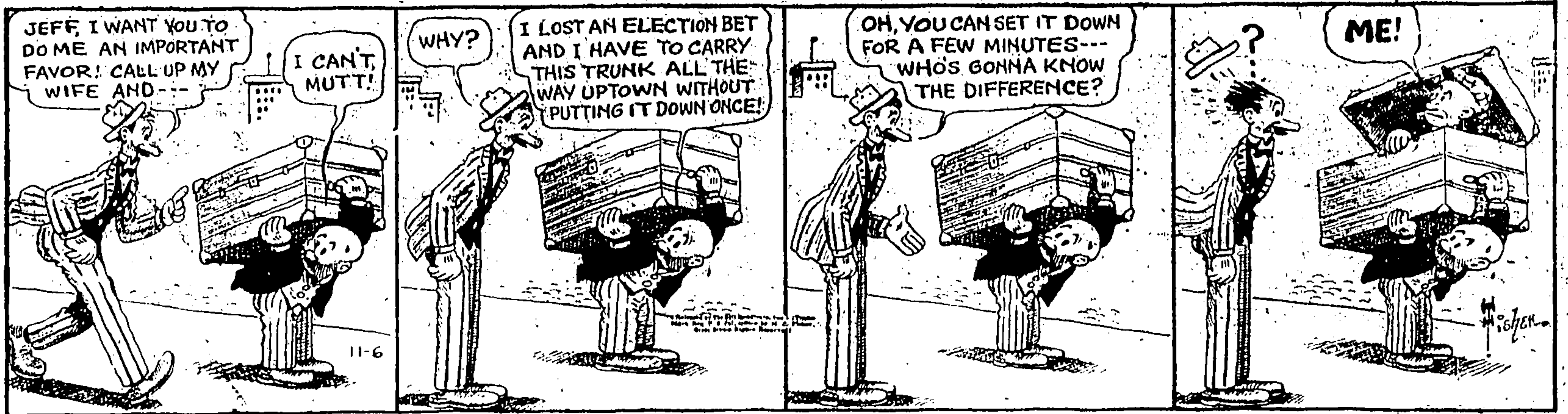
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## MUTT AND JEFF

By BUD FISHER



## WIDOWS OF A.F.S. TOLD: NO MONEY

(By A Special Correspondent)

PROTEST AGAINST the "shameful treatment" of the widows of eight A.F.S. heroes — they were refused their husbands' wages — is made by the Fire Brigades Union.

"The widows of three men and the men's comrades waited six hours at the cemetery before the bodies were sent from the mortuary," declares a union circular. "When they did arrive they came in canvas containers on a lorry."

"Later, when the widows asked for their husbands' last week's wages, they were told that all payments had been cancelled pending the decision of the council's solicitors."

"Two widows were told that if they were in immediate distress their only course was to go to the Unemployment Assistance Board, there to be means-tested before relief could be given under a Government scheme for the prevention and relief of distress."

The union came to the rescue of the widows immediately they heard of their plight.

## 'Filthy Business'

"The whole thing was a filthy business," Mr. John Horner, the union's general secretary told a reporter.

"But this is only one case and we are pressing the Government to do something about treating the widows of our firemen heroes in the way they rightly deserve. At present they come under the civilian scheme for death or injury."

"These men, who have been working not twenty-four hours or even forty-eight, but for a full week and have, in my opinion, saved London, are being dealt a grave injustice."

Though day and night they are risking their lives, they are being treated as ordinary civilians whose duty it is to take shelter."

"It is shameful treatment and we will not stop pressing the authorities until something is done."

## WHY HE BOMBS LONDON

The intensive bombing of London is partly a measure of our ability to wreak destruction in Germany and occupied France, and partly a cloak for the withdrawal of German squadrons for the Near-Eastern campaign.

Germans who see their factories crashing round their ears, their communications interrupted, their troop concentrations wrecked in the Channel ports and the beginnings of evacuation from Berlin all demand fearful vengeance on "the brutal English."

## Too Flattering

At the same time neither the outraged Germans nor the brutal, stupid English can be allowed to suspect the Fuehrer's pre-occupation with the Balkans and Egypt. The fact that the invasion of Britain is temporarily off would be too disappointing to the former and too flattering to the latter.

Consequently every advantage has been taken of the full moon. Londoners, particularly, have had some very wakeful nights.

Something like a thousand visits a night have been paid by enemy aircraft to Britain — but not necessarily by different machines.

One inestimable advantage which the Germans enjoy over us is the short distance which their bombers have to fly to their objectives.

Machines can make many journeys in one night.

Meanwhile the real military damage which we have suffered is negligible.

## Gaining Strength

On the contrary, we are gaining in strength every hour. Hitler cannot say the same of his own air force.

It is in the air that this war will be won.

And it should not be long before the improved method of night interception is in operation.

No one is more impatient for its arrival than the authorities.

## BRAZILIAN ENVOY FOR CANADA

President Vargas of Brazil yesterday signed a decree empowering the establishment of a Brazilian Legation in Canada.

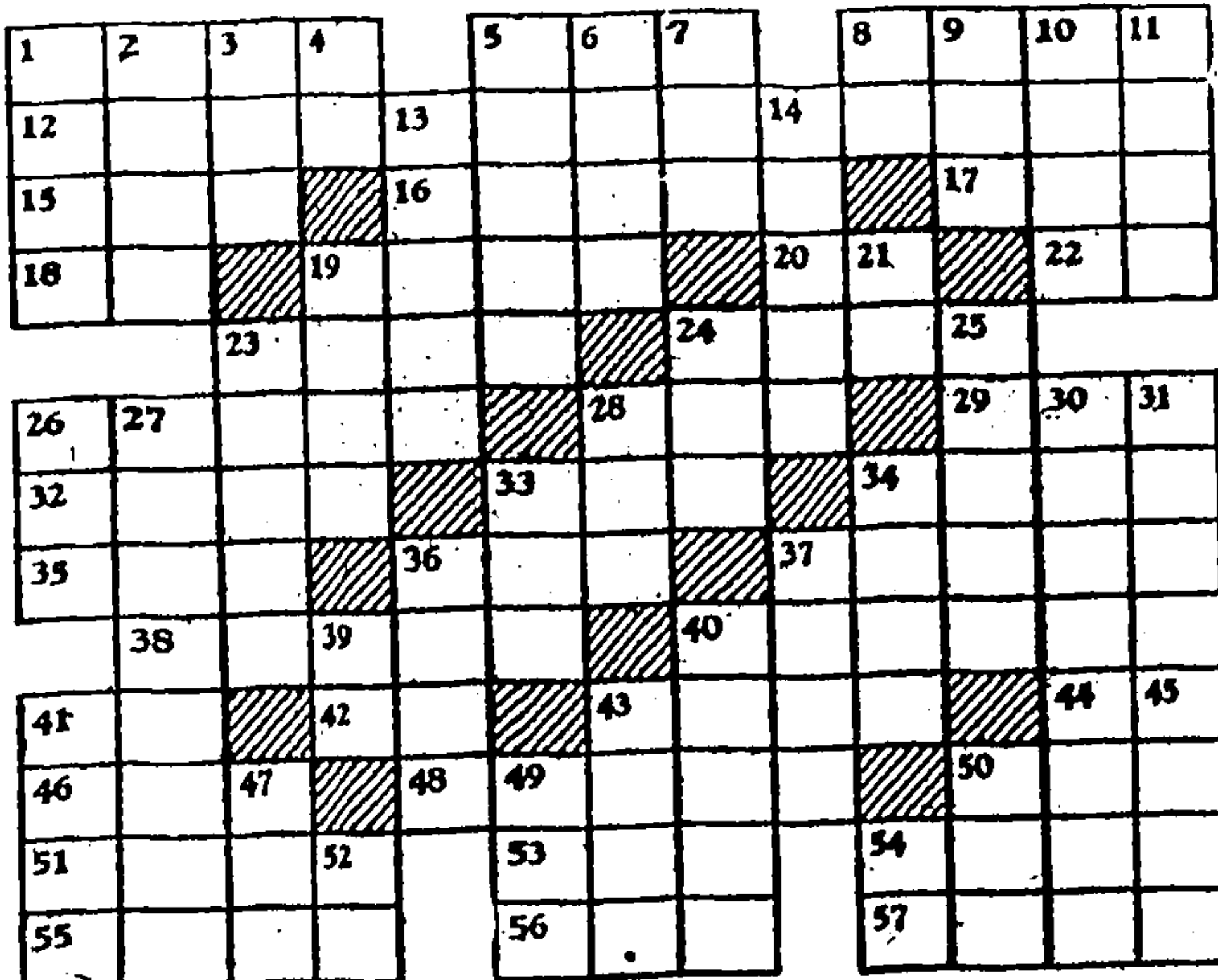
This makes effective the recent Brazilian-Canadian agreement for an interchange of Ministers. — Reuter.

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## HORIZONTAL

- 1 Multitude
- 5 Large snake
- 8 Molten rock
- 12 Having a mental peculiarity
- 15 Decay
- 16 Veracity
- 17 Sailor
- 18 Teutonic deity
- 19 God of love
- 20 River in Siberia
- 22 French article
- 23 To cover
- 24 Sign
- 26 To permit
- 28 Globe
- 29 Room in a harem
- 32 Raised platform
- 33 To sever
- 34 Roman poet
- 35 Conjunction
- 36 Bed
- 37 To anoint
- 38 Class
- 40 Ecclesiastical garment
- 41 Greek letter
- 42 Either
- 43 Short jacket
- 44 Note of scale

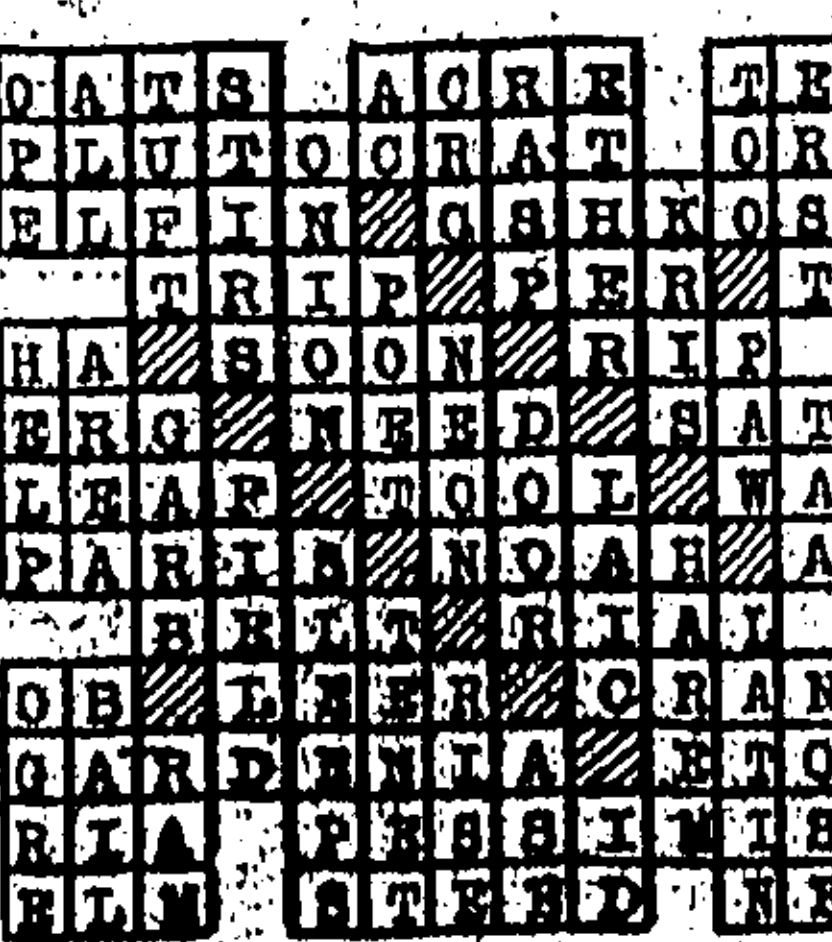
## VERTICAL

- 1 To enlist the services of
- 2 Scent
- 3 To pose
- 4 Part of infinitive
- 5 English poet
- 6 Burden
- 7 Division of a play
- 8 Note of scale
- 9 Stamese coin
- 10 Small bottle

## 11 Land measure

- 13 Dry stalks of grain
- 14 Equilateral parallelogram
- 19 Epic poem
- 21 To exist
- 23 To slip
- 24 Worthless leaving
- 25 Unprecedented
- 26 Girl's name
- 27 Tongue
- 28 Three strikes
- 30 Expansion
- 31 Fruit drink
- 33 Lettuce genus
- 34 Siberian river
- 36 Brusk
- 37 On top of
- 39 Not any
- 40 Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
- 41 To fasten, as a ship
- 43 Pertaining to the dawn
- 45 Preposition
- 47 Prefix: three
- 49 Greek letter
- 50 In favour of
- 52 Half an em
- 54 Note of scale

## YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION





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"Diabolical," "infamous," "malign" — anything you call "Dr. Cyclops" is likely to be much too good for him! For he's the power-mad scientist who reduces human beings to helpless creatures one-fifth their normal size in Paramount's Technicolour thrill drama, "Dr. Cyclops" which opens Friday simultaneously at the Queen's and Alhambra Theatres.

## CROSSED CHANNEL TO SHOOT DOWN A NAZI

"NOT A DROP of petrol left, but I got him all right. It was my first." These were the words of a young British sergeant pilot who landed a mile or two from the South-East coast. He had chased and shot down a Messerschmidt over the French coast.

He was one of a patrol, cruising high over the North Downs to intercept German fighter bombers that now try all day to penetrate our defences.

The battle of the daylight raiders has now taken a new turn since Goering found it too expensive to send across large forces of bombers.

### Hide And Seek

It is now a battle of hide and seek, often played out at over 25,000 feet.

Between the continuous zooming of high-flying aircraft, usually out of sight, come bursts of machine-gun fire.

It was such a burst, somewhere high over Kent, that started the sergeant pilot on his chase across Kent and over the Channel.

The biggest battle of the day began with the interception of Messerschmidt fighter-bombers as they passed high over the coast.

Formations of British fighters appeared, and there, in the most fantastic sky writing was the story of the fight and the dispersal.

There seemed to be machines in all parts of the sky crossing and criss-crossing in streaks of white.

### High-Pitched Zoom

There was the continual high-pitched zooming note of our Spitfire and Hurricane engines.

Occasionally there was machine-gun fire as British and enemy machines made flashing contacts at some 300 m.p.h.

These tactics broke the formations of the enemy, and sometimes, as they appeared in ones and twos, they were met with bursts of A.A. fire.

But, mainly, the dispersing and destroying of these high-flying Messerschmidt 110s is a fighter's job.

### NORWAY'S DEFIANCE

In defiance of warnings, 30,000 people at the Norwegian football cup final stood bareheaded and sang "God Save the King" and the Norwegian National Anthem, according to news received in London by the Norwegian Telegraph Agency.

## NAZI RADIO TO STOP AT 7.15

German wireless listeners are going to have a thin time in future, unless they care to take the risk of tuning in to the B.B.C. The R.A.F. has driven Nazi radio off the air after 7.15 p.m. British summer time.

Berlin radio announced that, "owing to circumstances dictated by the war," all German radio stations, including those in occupied France, the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia and even the Memel station, are now to close down at that time.

"Circumstances dictated by the war" means, of course, the night bombers of the R.A.F.

There are two crumbs of comfort for the German public. Deutschlandsender, the largest Nazi transmitter, will "generally" work until 9.15 p.m., while Breslau will remain on the air until 1 a.m. But listeners were unlucky recently for Breslau was off the air at 10.30.

It was announced in Berlin that to allow people to make up lost sleep if possible, church bells must not be rung before one p.m. on a day following an alarm.

## GERMAN AERIAL "GIFTS"

Reports are being received in London of small objects about the size of a Mills bomb or of a 50-cigarrette tin, possibly with wire attached, being dropped by enemy aircraft.

The public are warned not to handle such objects, which may be dangerous. They should be reported to the police or to war-dens.

## R.A.F. "PRESENTS" FOR BERLINERS

British airmen who periodically visit Berlin to bomb the city's military objectives, sometimes also drop little private things just to remind Berliners they are overhead.

For example, tail gunners usually take over some special "present" they want to drop.

Sqdn.-Ldr. R. Colard revealed this interesting fact. "The tail gunner's present, he said, often consists of a brick or some private little incendiary bomb of their own and they send it down with their best regards, or with a message such as a recent one, "Love from Harry."

## YUGOSLAV SYMPATHY

### Italian Office Attacked

The division of opinion in Yugoslavia on the Italo-Greek conflict is clearly shown by the Belgrade Press, which, though not permitted to comment, manages to convey its sympathies by its headline treatment.

The plate-glass windows of a palatial Italian tourist office in the centre of the city were broken recently. The mood of the entire people is obviously in sympathy with David against Goliath.

People are speculating in the streets and cafes on the possibility of Yugoslavia being drawn into the conflict. The local proverb, "No war ends without the Serbs," can be heard quoted everywhere.

### "Hitler Not Told"

The Berlin correspondent of the "Politika" interprets the lack of enthusiasm and comment from Berlin as showing that Mussolini did not advise Hitler at their recent Brenner meeting of his Hellenic venture.

"Leading German politicians," says the correspondent, "consider that only in the event of the conflict spreading and the English disembarking strong forces in Greece must it be assumed that the Axis Powers will move simultaneously against Greece."

Responsible British and Yugoslav observers in Bulgaria fear that, in the event of Germany demanding passage for her troops across Bulgaria, Sofia would not be able to refuse. The same circles, however, consider that a policy of adventure is most unlikely while King Boris continues to hold real power.

## NAZIS SPEED UP EVACUATION

THE GERMAN AUTHORITIES ARE SPEEDING UP THE EVACUATION OF THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN FROM BERLIN AS THE RESULT OF THE DESTRUCTIVE R.A.F. RAIDS.

About 10,000 evacuated children will be sent to the former Polish province of Posen.

The official German news agency asserts that "hardly a hospital is left in Berlin that has not been hit by the British night gangsters."



## CHINA MAIL WINDSOR HOUSE

### SUPPRESSING THE AVALANCHE

A radio report from Stockholm the other day, stated that as a result of avalanches in various areas of Norway, German authorities were rumoured to be considering turning the country into a Nazi protectorate. Though coming from Stockholm, that fertile source of the unfounded fancy, it is anything but implausible. Rumania had an earthquake, and abruptly found herself a full-fledged and obedient partner of the Axis, with fresh thousands of German troops pouring in, no doubt under peremptory orders from the Fuehrer to prevent the Rumanian earth from again behaving in such an irregular and pro-democratic fashion.

If there are avalanches in Norway, what thought would more naturally occur to the Redistributor of the World than to convert the country into a protectorate, with gauleiter, Gestapo agents and a technical staff to enforce the ban on avalanches?

Is a nation afflicted with hurricanes? Give it a protective occupation. Is it wracked by landslides, droughts, volcanic eruptions or a plague of locusts? Bestow upon it an armoured column, concentration camps, ration cards and the inestimable blessings of Herr Goebbels's organisation. It is the standard, indeed it is the only, solution.

It is Herr Hitler's one solution for all the ills the world is heir to; and since he is going to reorganise the world, divide it up, rearrange its populations and bless it with a new order for the next thousand years, he will certainly have to attend to its various natural calamities. Perhaps there will be a ceremony on the subject in the Chancellery, with Ribbentrop and Ciano in full uniform and the cameras clicking as avalanches are formally abolished.

To be sure, in the case of Norway there are ill-natured persons (Oslo dispatches severely reprove them) who hint that perhaps it was not nature but the Norwegians who started the avalanches rolling. Even so, one still wonders whether the barren formula of military "protection" and the concentration camp will ultimately be adequate. There are avalanches of hatred, disgust and embittered rebellion in the souls of men which are as hard for even arm-



"Geebens, did you see? . . . London has been completely wiped out!"  
"I know, I wrote it myself."

By John Groth in "PM"

# Japan's East Indies Threat

Reports that Japan is preparing another move for a stronger hold on French Indo-China, coupled with other developments bearing in a like direction indicate that it may not be possible to keep the European struggle distinct from the Asiatic.

Although a move that may be construed as of an appeasing nature has been reported in the agreement between Anglo-American and Japanese oil interests to increase Japan's imports of oil from the Netherlands East Indies, trends of an opposite nature are only too visible. One may cite the American embargoes on scrap iron and high grade gasoline for Japan, the warning addressed by the State Department to American residents in the Far East to leave, the threatening tripartite pact between Japan, Germany, and Italy, the recurring rumours of an Anglo-American arrangement for the joint use of Singapore and other Far Eastern naval bases.

There has always been an intimate connection between war in the Far East and war—and the threat of war—in Europe. Technically the current war began in September, 1939. But the continent has never really been at peace since Signor Mussolini invaded Ethiopia in September, 1935.

#### Scope Of Spain's War

After the Ethiopian campaign came the Spanish Civil War, which assumed an international

character because of the official aid which Germany and Italy sent to Generalissimo Francisco Franco and the Soviet Union to the Republic, while thousands of French, British, American, and refugee anti-Fascist volunteers fought in the Republican armies. After

By William Henry Chamberlin

In The Christian Science Monitor

Spain came Austria, Czechoslovakia, Albania.

Japan has always taken close account of the European situation in framing its plans for expansion on the mainland of Asia. Europe's difficulty has been regarded as Japan's opportunity. It was no coincidence that Japan presented its "21 demands" to China in the spring of 1915, when Europe was absorbed in the first World War.

The "21 demands" led to no enduring results because Japan did not feel strong enough to back up its claims with armed force. Indeed, the chief net result of this Japanese excursion into power politics was that the Island Empire lost a good deal of money

which was paid out in bribes to shifty Chinese politicians, who failed to deliver the political and economic concessions which they had promised.

A period of relative stability in Far Eastern affairs, as regards the relations between foreign powers with interests in China, was inaugurated by the Washington treaties of 1922. But in 1931 the Japanese military leaders made the discovery that they could upset the Washington treaty structure, so far as Manchuria was concerned, without incurring any consequences more serious than moral condemnation.

#### Japan's Opportunity

Before Japan entered on its bigger adventure, the attempt to bring all China under Japanese control, in 1937, the world situation was carefully studied on the basis of reports from Japanese embassies in Europe and America. The auguries seemed favourable. America was strongly isolationist. Russia had just shot its most talented generals and seemed unlikely to risk a war. Great Britain and France were so preoccupied with the ever threatening Spanish situation and with the

general threat from the Axis powers that they also seemed to be eliminated, so far as active military opposition to Japan's advance was concerned.

Those who were in Japan at the time could see how each new alarm bell in Europe was a signal to further Japanese advances. When war loomed as imminent on the eve of the Munich Agreement, Japan prepared a picked expeditionary force for the attack on Canton which had hitherto been deferred because of regard for British susceptibilities. It is not improbable that, if the war had actually broken out, this expeditionary force would have tried to "rush" Hong Kong, the great British commercial centre and military and naval base. The conclusion of the Munich pact may have caused the rumoured idea of attacking Hong Kong to be dropped.

#### Seizure Of Hainan

The occupation of Hainan, the large island off the south-eastern coast of China, a step equally distasteful to the British in Hong Kong and to the French in Indo-China, took place in February, 1939, when British and French attention was concentrated on the Mediterranean crisis that seemed certain to arise after the ending of the Spanish Civil War. Japan celebrated the new crisis after Adolph Hitler marched into Prague by seizing the Spratly Islands, off the southern coast of Indo-China, a small acquisition territorially, but useful as an advanced submarine base.

Japan reacted to the actual outbreak of the European war more soberly than might have been expected. This was because of the alarm and dismay which the conclusion of the German-Soviet pact caused in Tokyo. The Cabinets of General Abe and Admiral Yonai were relatively moderate in their attitude toward the Western Powers.

But after the fall of France there was a new upsurge of Japanese aggressiveness, based on the theory that Germany would win the war and that Japan was the natural heir of British, French, and Netherlands colonial possessions in the Orient. The present cabinet of Prince Fumimaro Konoye, with American-educated Yosuke Matsuoka as Foreign Minister, is probably more closely identified with the Army than any Cabinet in recent Japanese history.

The interaction between Japanese expansion in the Orient and the European war has two sides. In Japan one was struck by the way in which Japan was inclined to exploit every European crisis for a new forward step. In Paris and London one could see the tendency of French and British statesmen, their attention focussed on the struggle in Europe, to avoid complications with Japan as far as possible.

# The Swiss Conscience

By  
Henry W. Steiger

Switzerland has many friends in the world, and they are anxiously following the development of this war with the hope that Switzerland can preserve her freedom.

It is of importance to understand why Switzerland is a free country and to know whether she deserves to be free. This question is the more interesting because about 70 per cent of the population (and the original part) speaks a German dialect and was a part of the Holy Roman Empire until 1499 and theoretically until 1648.

A most astonishing event was the foundation of the Swiss Federation in 1291, in the year Rudolf von Hapsburg passed on. On a small sheet of parchment, which still exists, we find the substance of a constitution in thirteen points.

We may ask how it was possible that in the Middle Ages, when nobody thought about constitutions, those poor, uneducated peasants laid the foundation of a State based on a principle! An explanation can be found in the situation of those valleys at the extremity of German culture in the direction of Italy, where the influence of Greek thought had been more or less preserved. This in-

fluence, together with the sound mentality of the free mountaineers, must be considered as the background of the foundation of Switzerland. After successful defence of the new Confederation and further success in other wars, the Swiss State grew strong enough that it no longer required the protection of the German emperor, and a war decided Swiss independence in 1499.

Not long after the separation from a temporal monarchical power, the emperor, there followed the separation of the Swiss from the spiritual monarchical power, the Pope. The reformation of Switzerland by Ulrich Zwingli is more or less independent of Luther. To be sure, Zwingli's first thought had its roots in the writings of Luther, but he translated the German thought into Swiss thinking, which is not first of all abstract, but practical. Zwingli was not only a man of the church. He was also a politician. He knew that a solid new church must have a background in a solid political State.

It is interesting to note that the leading thoughts of Calvin were

already put forward by Zwingli. Calvin was not Swiss, but he lived in Switzerland, and in the Swiss atmosphere gave to the ideas of the Reformation the shape which was accepted by the Puritans in Great Britain and later in America.

It is quite obvious that Switzerland has had a great influence on the development of western thought. It is therefore important to discover the nucleus of Swiss thinking.

The Swiss wants to act according to his conscience. For him, he, as well as everyone else, has his own conscience and he claims the right to follow its direction. The freedom the Swiss claims is not a revolt against discipline; on the contrary it is the freedom to act according to principle. Such thinking is not satisfied by abstractions, but calls for action. Here is a fundamental difference from German thinking which is primarily theoretical. The good relations between Switzerland and the Anglo-Saxon world can be explained in part by the common spiritual inclinations of the two people. It is therefore not surprising that National Social concepts have not found fertile soil in Switzerland. Class distinctions are not great in Switzerland. There is neither great poverty nor great wealth among the people.

oured cars to control as are the natural variety.



# ALL U.S. AID FOR BRITAIN URGED

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE are warned that their active military involvement in war may be unavoidable and Congress is urged to repeal statutes that presently restrict United States aid to Great Britain, in a new statement of policy issued by the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, of which William Allen White is national chairman.

The committee holds that a peace now that would allow the aggressors to keep their conquests is unthinkable. It recommends that the President mobilise all industrial resources of the nation for maximum arms production to aid Britain, and that the United States supply Britain with all possible merchant vessels so that the "life line" extending to the Western Hemisphere will not be cut.

We should adopt a firm policy in the Pacific, the committee also believes, and give material and financial help to China, as well as embargo all war material exports to Japan. Furthermore, it is maintained that United States fleet should cooperate with the British fleet in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans to protect the democracies.

## Roosevelt Asked To Call Parley

President Roosevelt is urged, finally, to call a conference "of all peoples who cherish freedom, including the governments in exile, for a reaffirmation of faith in a world of peace based upon justice and the security of nations."

All these recommendations were drawn up by the policy advisory committee, of the organisation headed by Mr. White, who said the following educators and civic leaders were among those responsible for the document's composition: Dr. James B. Conant, president of Harvard University; Frederic R. Coudert Jr., Dr. Frank P. Graham, president of North Carolina University; Dr. Frank Kingdon, Dr. Robert Millikan of the faculty of California Institute of Technology, Dr. James T. Shotwell of Columbia University, Dr. Henry P. Van Dusen, dean of Union Theological Seminary; Mgr. John A. Ryan of Catholic University, Robert J. Watt, A. F. of L. official, and Herbert Bayard Swope.

The statement follows: "The American people must face squarely the realities of this day and hour. They must ask themselves if they can afford to permit the British Commonwealth of Nations to be defeated and the British fleet either to be destroyed or added to the forces of despotism which seek to dominate the world. This must be the subject of frank and fearless discussion. We have no doubt what the answer will be. Defeat of Britain and her Allies would leave the United States alone, confronted with a totalitarian world which not only scorns our freedom and is greedy for our wealth, but would not leave us free to maintain our way of life and our institutions. Sooner or later, with Britain defeated, war inevitably would come to this hemisphere.

## Human Freedom Seen In Balance

"The war which Britain is now waging looms larger than a national issue for empire advantage; it is a moral issue of world importance to civilisation itself. The fate of human freedom, freedom of thought, of religion, of individual initiative, is dependent upon victory of Britain and her Allies.

"To the aggressors who argue that Britain and the United States could make a peace with an aggressor in control of his conquests, we reply that this world cannot live four-fifths slave and one-fifth free. "Also we say regretfully that no one can guarantee that the United States can avoid active military involvement. But one thing is certain; the only chance of avoiding war is by giving all material assistance to Great Britain and her Allies immediately. That is the policy of this committee. The aid must be sufficient and speedy. It is now insufficient and slow.

"In addition to previous suggestions the committee urges the following steps to increase aid to the Allies:

"1. Aid to the Allies and American defence, which are parts of the same problem, can only be accomplished by very greatly increased American arms production. The battle for civilisation and democracy may be won or lost on the American assembly line. To this end we will support the President in the use of his full legal powers under a state of national emergency if necessary, to mobilise at once all the industrial resources of the nation for maximum production. Whatever executive authority of the President must be used; whatever additional authority from Congress must be secured — all of these should be mobilised for tremendous industrial production for supplying ourselves and the Allies.

## Supplying Ships Urged

"2. The lifeline between Great Britain and the United States is the sea route to the Western Hemisphere. Under no circumstances must this line be cut and the United States must be prepared to maintain it. The United States must supply Great Britain with all possible merchant vessels to fly the British flag. The United States should produce boats as rapidly as in the World War days, for lease or rent to the British. A shipping pool should be developed so that American ships could operate in the Indian and Pacific Oceans and thus release Britain's shipping for service in the Atlantic.

"3. The time has come when Congress should assume a larger share of responsibility, with the President, for the policy of aid to the Allies. Consequently, we favour through Congressional action a revision of our international policy. This would include a repeal or modification of restrictive statutes which hamper this nation in its freedom of action when it would cooperate with nations defending themselves from attack by nations of war in violation of treaties with the United States. We ask immediately the repeal of laws regarding recruiting and enlistments as far as Canada is concerned in the interests of the mutual defence pact with Canada.

"The Axis alliance has united the wars in the Atlantic and Pacific into a world war. For the first time in the history of the United States we are, as a nation, confronted with a hostile world alliance.

## Firm Pacific Policy Called Vital

"The committee recommends a firm policy in the Pacific:

"1. We should give all material and financial help to China that is possible without lessening our aid to Great Britain.

"2. The United States should extend its embargoes upon exportation of all war materials to Japan.

"3. The United States and Great Britain should announce that their naval bases in the Pacific are open to each other's fleets.

"4. The United States should establish a clear naval understanding with Great Britain which will permit the two fleets to be placed in the most advantageous

## 'PLANE BROUGHT DOWN IN BRITAIN WAS FRENCH

A 'plane which was brought down in a raid on the north-east has been identified as a French machine, it was revealed.

The 'plane was first seen flying at a great height.

"Suddenly," said an eye-witness, "it dived at terrific speed and released about six small bombs. These did no damage. As the raider rose again it ran into the path of British fighters which had appeared on the scene."

Following the sound of machine-gun fire, the German started to fall and crashed some distance away. Seated in the cockpit, amid the wreckage, was the pilot; his body riddled with bullets from the British 'planes.

position to protect the Atlantic for the democracies and to stop the spread of war in the Pacific. The world's future is secure, if the British and American fleets control the seas.

"Nations which are still free must again proclaim their faith in the ability of democracy to organise the world for justice and security. It is time for democracy to be militant against the Axis theory that life can only be organised if it is regimented by dictatorship. Therefore we urge President Roosevelt to call a conference of all peoples who cherish freedom, including the governments in exile, for a reaffirmation of faith in a world of peace based upon justice and the security of nations.

"The fundamental bases of peace will always concern our committee; how peace shall be organised and what responsibilities the United States shall have in the peace.

"On these fundamental issues, on which the future of civilisation depends, the committee will oppose appeasement in all its forms."

## WOMEN WITH CAR ROBBED GARDENS

Described as "ladies of good position and education," Mrs. Gwendoline Walton, thirty-nine, her daughter, aged sixteen, and Mrs. Violet Masters, aged fifty, of Semforth Road, Westcliff, charged at Southend-on-Sea, Essex, with stealing growing onions, pears and a marrow worth 3s., were said to have used a car to take them away.

"There are a large number of empty houses in the town," said Detective Inspector Harris, "and people are going into gardens and stripping them."

Mrs. Masters and Mrs. Walton were each fined £5. The charge against the daughter was dismissed.

## UNION GIVE CANTEENS

The National Union of General and Municipal Workers is to present 10 mobile canteens to the Y.M.C.A. for the use of troops. The National Union of Agricultural Workers is to contribute £250 for the same purpose and to lend £2,000 to the Government free of interest.

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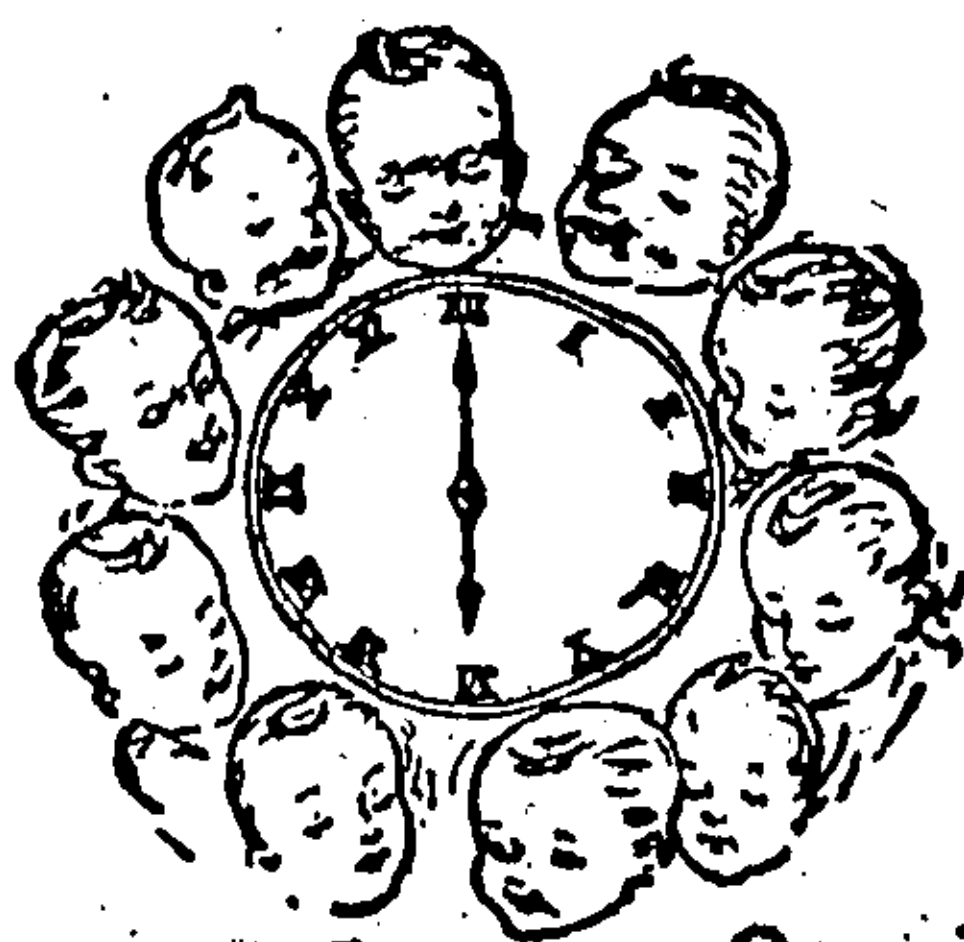
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keeps baby well



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# U.S. BELIEF IN OUR VICTORY RISES SHARPLY

AMERICAN CONFIDENCE that Britain will eventually win the war has increased steadily in recent months. Despite the continual Nazi bombing of British towns, a public opinion study in the United States finds that more than two-thirds as many voters now think England will win as thought so in the first month of the war.

When war broke out in September, 1939, public opinion studies by the institute found that more than eighty per cent. of a cross-section of American voters believed that England would win, chiefly because of her economic resources.

Nine months later, when France fell, a slight majority actually felt, however, that Germany would win. With the stubborn British resistance all summer, and fall, there has been a sharp increase in confidence that England will be victorious in the end.

Students of public opinion will undoubtedly raise the question whether there is any relationship between the public's belief in a British victory and the desire to help England.

## Correlation Not Apparent

### Trend At Three Times

The trend is shown below. In each survey voters were asked which side they thought would win.

	Thought England Would win	Thought Germany Would win	Undecided
Sept. 1939	82%	7%	11%
June, 1940 (after fall of France)	32	35	33
To-day	63	7	30

The growth of optimism over a British victory is especially interesting in view of the widespread destruction wrought on England by the air blitzkrieg. The British military and civilian resistance has apparently made a strong impression on the American public.

More than six separate Institute studies indicate that there is no apparent correlation. The public's desire to help England has been fairly consistently on the uptrend in the past year, regardless of whether the voters at the same time thought England would or would not win eventually.

The high point of public desire to help England was reached in September, when fifty-two per cent. in a survey said they wanted to see England helped even at the risk of American entrance into the war. This trend leveled out during the Presidential campaign, as the latest study shows.

"Which of these two things do you think is the more important for the United States to try to do

## THRILLED BY OUR FIGHT—SENT 50 DOLLARS TO HELP

"I guess both sides are getting hell, and enclose fifty dollars as a drop in the bucket."

That is what a distinguished American wrote in a letter recently.

Sir John Dill, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, in acknowledging the gift, wrote saying that while it was enormously appreciated on behalf of the Army, he intended to send the gift to the Spitfire Fund.

—to keep out of the war ourselves, or to help England win, even at the risk of getting into the war?"

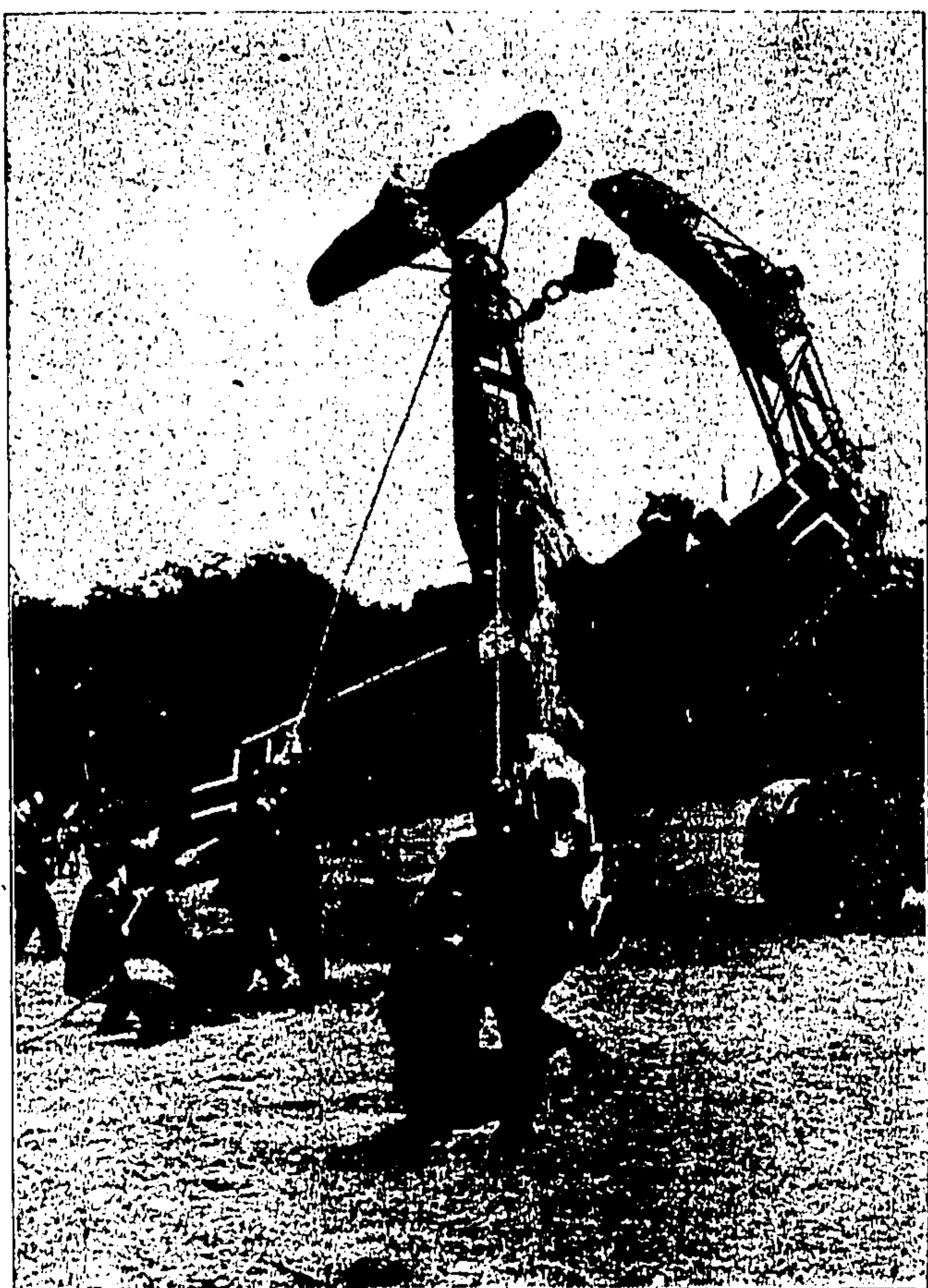
Stay out	50%
Help England even at risk of war	50

## TWO DOCTORS KILLED

Two well-known East Kent doctors were killed when their car crashed into a road barrier on Thanet Way, near Whitstable.

They were Dr. Llewellyn G. Smith, aged thirty-eight, of East Street, Sittingbourne, and Dr. Charles F. Ind, jun., aged thirty-five, of Highstead Road, Sittingbourne.

The car was wrecked, and Dr. Smith's wife, who was also in the car, was taken to Whitstable Hospital seriously injured.



RAIDER CRASHES IN WINDSOR PARK—A Messerschmidt 109 dived at two British Anson aircraft—missed them, tried to do a steep turn and crashed in Windsor Great Park. The pilot was taken prisoner by a Hurricane pilot from New Zealand. Photo shows R.A.F. men hauling up the crashed plane. (Copyright, Fox).

## PRAGUE PAWNSHOPS BUSY

Pawnbrokers in Prague are busy, says the official German News Agency as people are redeeming articles pawned last year.

## MUSEUM GUNS AS SCRAP

Old guns of various types are to be removed from the Rotunda Military Museum at Woolwich and handed over to the Ministry of Supply.



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## PUBLIC AUCTIONS

The Undersigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction on

FRIDAY, 20th December, 1940 commencing at 2.30 p.m.

at their Sales Room,  
No. 35, Hankow Road, Kowloon.

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Desks, Cabinets, Bookcases,  
Screens, Rattan Furniture, etc.,  
etc.

Carpets, Rugs, Perambulators,  
Gramophones, Records, Cutlery,  
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Brass, Glass and Porcelain Ware,  
Pictures, Clocks, Curios, Orna-  
ments, Cooking Utensils, etc., etc.

also

## A QUANTITY OF BLACKWOOD FURNITURE

and

1 "R.C.A." Radio Set (1940 Model)  
1 Electric Washing Machine  
1 "Underwood" Typewriter 24"  
1 Cooking Stove  
1 Exhaust Fan  
1 Adding Machine  
1 "Agfa" Projector 16 mm.

On View from Thursday, the  
19th December, 1940.

Terms: Cash on Dec., 1940.

LAMBERT BROS.,

Auctioneers.

Hong Kong, 18th Dec., 1940.

The Undersigned have received instructions from the Liquidators and Others to sell by Public Auction on

MONDAY, 23rd December, 1940 commencing at 10 a.m.

at their Sales Room, No. 2, Con-  
naught Road, Central, Room No.  
205, Second Floor.

## A Selection of Household Electric Apparatus, Dakin Patent Medicine and Sundries.

comprising:

1 B & L (Micro Photographic)  
Apparatus  
1 Switchboard  
1 Imprinting Machine  
1 Heating Apparatus  
1 Stand for Theodolite

Samsons Electric Combination  
Sandwich Toasters and Waffle  
Makers, Electric Coffee Makers,  
Electric Cookers, Electric Hot  
Pads, Dakins Cod Liver Oil,  
Chemical Food, Carlsbad Salt,  
Halibut Oil, Tooth Brushes, Ty-  
phoon Lamps, etc., etc.

also

A Quantity of Glass Dressing  
Syringes, Urethral Syringes, Eye  
Baths, Beakers, Drop Bottles and  
Empty Ampoules

and

1 Rheinmetall Portable Type-  
writer (almost new).

On View from Saturday, the  
21st December, 1940.

Terms: Cash on Delivery.

LAMBERT BROS.,

Auctioneers.

Hong Kong, 18th Dec., 1940.

## M.V. "HOEGH TRANSPORTER"

On instructions from the Under-  
writers, Tenders are invited for the  
Single Screw Motor Vessel  
"HOEGH TRANSPORTER" as she  
lies submerged in her damaged  
condition in Singapore Roads.

The vessel is of the Shelter  
Deck type designed for a carrying  
capacity of 9,000 tons and fitted  
with Diesel Machinery.

A large part of the cargo has  
been removed from the vessel.

Tenders should be forwarded to  
the undersigned not later than  
31st December 1940, who will  
supply any further information  
available.

The highest, or any, tender may  
not necessarily be accepted.

RITCHIE & BISSET,  
UNION BUILDING,  
SINGAPORE.

## WARNING

Business Houses are hereby  
warned that all payments in con-  
nection with the 1941 edition of  
The Hong Kong Dollar Directory  
should be made at the Offices of  
the publishers, through the post  
or by chit book.

No one is authorised to visit  
offices and collect money on be-  
half of this publication.

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## BRIDGE NOTES

### BRIDGE SWINDLES — NO. 18

#### By The Four Aces

The deceptive plays which are  
most likely to deceive a good  
player are precisely those which  
are most "impossible" from a  
purely technical point of view:

West, Dealer  
East-West vulnerable  
Duplicate Bridge

♠ A 4  
♥ J 7 3  
♦ J 10 9 8 5  
♣ A J 6

♠ J 7 6 2  
♥ 8 6 2  
♦ K 7 4  
♣ K Q 2

N  
W  
E  
S

♠ K Q 10  
♥ 9 3  
♦ 9 4  
♣ 10 8 5

♠ 8 5  
♥ A K Q 10 6  
♦ Q 8  
♣ 9 7 4 3

The bidding:  
West North East South  
Pass Pass 1♠ 2♥  
2♠ Pass

West opened the deuce of  
spades, dummy winning with the  
Ace. The low dia-  
mond was returned  
from the dum-  
my. South play-  
ing the Queen  
and West winning  
with the King. And  
now West had to  
make an "impos-  
sible" play to defeat  
the contract.

With the club situation in full  
view, West calmly led his deuce  
of clubs! South never dreamed  
that West was underleading both  
the King and the Queen; so he  
played dummy's low club almost  
automatically. And, as a matter  
of fact, playing the low club  
would work if West had led from  
any holding which included the  
ten; and it might even work if  
East had the ten but lacked the  
nine to play it.

As it turned out, however, East  
played the ten of clubs and al-  
most fell off his chair when he  
found that card holding the trick.  
He recovered in time to return  
the suit; and that established an-  
other club trick to be cashed when  
he got in with the Ace of dia-  
monds. The spade trick set the  
contract for an East-West top  
score.

Note that West's remarkable  
play is not just a matter of inspi-  
ration. He can tell that his  
partner cannot have more than  
one of the red Aces; and that the  
defence can therefore win only  
one spade and two tricks in the  
red suits. Two club tricks are  
needed to defeat the contract; and  
only the low club lead has a  
chance to produce them.

Yesterday you were Howard  
Schenken's partner and, with both  
sides vulnerable, you held:

♠ Q 8 6  
♥ J 7  
♦ K 10 8 6  
♣ Q 9 8 7

The bidding:  
Schenken Jacoby You Maler  
1♥ Pass (?)

ANSWER. Bid one no-trump.  
Your hand is good enough for a  
response, but not for any stronger  
bid than this.

Score 100% for one no-trump,  
0 for any other bid.

#### Question No. 593

To-day you are Howard Schen-  
ken's partner once again with the  
same hand, and the bidding con-  
tinues.

Schenken Jacoby You Maler  
1♥ Pass 1NT Pass  
2♠ Pass (?)

What do you bid? (Answer

To-morrow.)  
(Released by The Bell Syndi-  
cate, Inc.)

### NO SHORTAGE OF SOAP

A representative of one of the  
biggest soap manufacturers in Bri-  
tain denied reports in some dis-  
tricts that there was likely to be  
a shortage of soap. There was  
plenty for all, and some to spare,  
he said, if people were reasonable  
about their purchases.

## MILITARY EXPERT ON "MUDDLED THINKING"

CAPT. B. H. LIDDELL HART, military his-  
torian and strategist who was close to the War Of-  
fice when Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha was War Secre-  
tary, charged "muddled thinking in the conduct of  
the war and said Great Britain had "played re-  
peatedly into Hitler's hands."

[Captain Liddell Hart has been a strong ad-  
vocate of the defensive war, and has even gone as  
far as to suggest that any country taking the offen-  
sive in the present war would be defeated. He was  
military correspondent of the "London Times" until  
he was replaced shortly after the war broke last  
September.]

In a letter to the "Manchester  
Guardian," he asserted that as a  
matter of "practical necessity"  
Britain should pursue an "offen-  
sive-defensive" strategy, and  
said that her policy of a waiting  
war had gone wrong because:

1. France left the Belgian fron-  
tier without a Maginot Line.  
2. "Our Government took a  
sudden decision to guarantee Po-  
land and Rumania without first  
securing the assistance of Russia  
— the maddest reversal of a policy  
of appeasement and retreat that  
could ever have been conceived."

Having thus got themselves into  
a hole, Captain Liddell Hart said,  
the Allies "could think of nothing  
better than to get in deeper."

#### Always Folly

"Through the first winter of the  
war they boasted of coming vic-  
tory without any sign they had  
attempted to calculate the means  
or chances."

"By giving the public an ex-  
aggerated impression of our capa-  
city to 'take the offensive,' he  
wrote, 'they inevitably fostered  
impatience with their own initial  
policy of restraint and were thus  
propelled toward greater reckless-  
ness. This was shown in a foolish  
desire to open up the war.'

"The people of Poland, Den-  
mark, Norway, Holland and Bel-  
gium are suffering the conse-  
quences—and so are our own. All  
these troubles, like others still  
more recent, were precipitated by  
the offensive spirit manifested in  
talk and action uncontrolled by  
sober calculation."

"In that state of wishful intoxi-  
cation we have played repeatedly  
straight into Hitler's hands. It is  
always folly to stir up a hornet's  
nest before you are adequately  
equipped to deal with it effective-  
ly."

#### THE OPPORTUNIST

In a South London street a  
bomb had fallen, fractured a gas  
main in several places and set  
each fracture alight. There are  
repair workers were seen frying his  
breakfast sausages on one of the  
blazing punctures.

## BERLIN'S HALF COAL RATION

Messages reaching New York  
from neutral sources in Berlin say  
that Berliners awoke to find the  
first snow flurries of the year and,  
for the second successive day, con-  
ditions of frost.

The people face the winter with  
about half their coal rations deliv-  
ered and only an assurance from  
the Reich coal commissioner, Wal-  
ther, that the remainder will be  
supplied later.

Basically, Germany's problem  
is not one of coal supplies which  
are abundant, but of transport.

Complicating the transport  
situation is the fact that since  
March Germany has undertaken  
to supply Italy by rail with coal  
which normally went by sea  
routes now cut off by the British  
blockade. Sixty-five trains daily  
are required for this purpose  
alone.

## KEEPING TROOPS ENTERTAINED

Regimental bands are to be  
made full use of during the winter  
season, and there will be other  
special efforts to entertain the  
troops.

Announcing this when opening  
an Information Bureau for H.M.  
Forces in Trafalgar-Square, Mr.  
Eden, Secretary for War, said  
that welfare work in the Services  
was necessary to fight boredom,  
to keep up fighting efficiency, and  
to develop the offensive spirit.

Radio sets, Mr. Eden said, were  
in great demand. The Treasury  
had made them a grant of £200,-  
000 for the purchase of sets.

## OFF THE RECORD

By ED REED



"They got to arguing how we could best keep the U.S.A.  
out of war!"

Here's Luck

# EWO BEER

Tel. 30311.

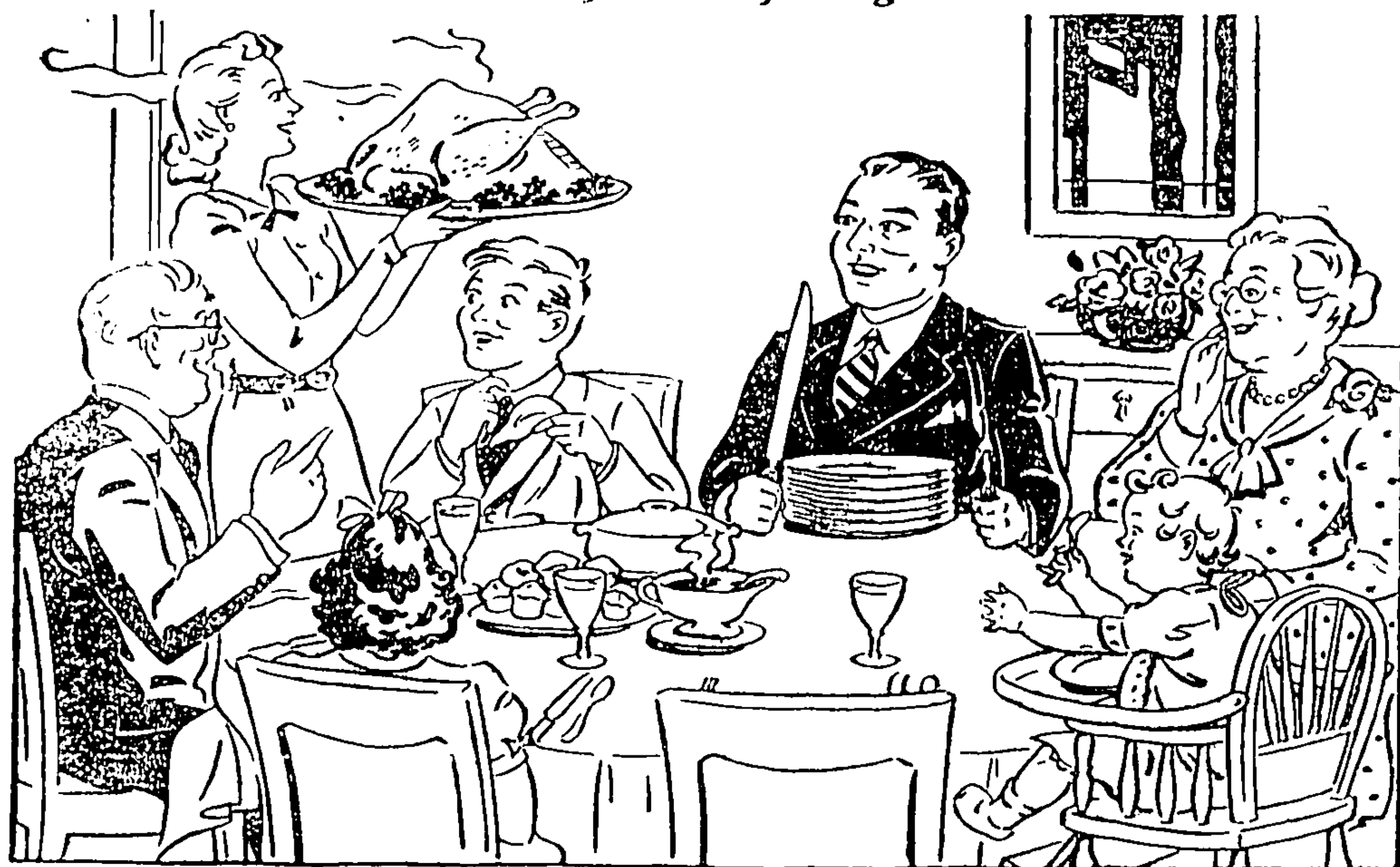




## A PAGE FOR WOMEN Christmas Dinner

—this one starts with a flare and ends with a flourish

By Dorothy Greig



Important as the turkey is for dinner, it is not the whole story by any means. For that's one meal which starts with a flare and ends with a flourish, and we all serve it with our own individual touches. Here are mine — a delicious soup and a glorious pudding:

### Dinner Menu

\*Cream of Chicken and Corn Soup  
Celery Hearts Stuffed Olives  
Roast Turkey with Stuffing  
Cranberry Jelly  
Creamed Whole Onions  
Buttered Green Peas  
Glazed Sweet Potatoes  
Hot Rolls with Butter  
\*Steamed Fruit and Nut Pudding,  
Ice Cream Sauce  
Coffee

Since an abundant harvest of corn was joyful cause for Thanksgiving on the part of our forefathers, I like to acknowledge that fact by serving a corn soup for any Christmas dinner.

### \*Cream of Chicken and Corn Soup

4 teaspoons butter  
4 teaspoons flour  
2 cups milk  
2 cans condensed chicken soup  
6 tablespoons cooked corn

Melt butter, add flour and cook until frothy. Then add milk and cook until thickened. Add soup and corn and heat, but do not boil. Serves 6-8.

The pudding is the grand climax of the meal. It is dark rich, fairly bursting with fruits and served with a white froth of a sauce:

### \*Steamed Fruit and Nut Pudding with Ice Cream Sauce

2 tablespoons shortening  
2/3 cup sugar  
1 egg, beaten  
2 cups flour  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg  
1/4 teaspoon cloves  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon baking soda  
2 cups chopped figs  
3/4 cup chopped raisins  
3/4 cup chopped nutmeats

Sift flour, then measure, add spices, baking powder and baking soda and sift again. Combine the chopped fruits and nutmeats and mix with 4 tablespoons of the flour mixture.

Cream the shortening, add sugar gradually and cream well together. Add beaten egg and mix thoroughly. Then add the flour alternately with the soup. Stir until the mixture is smooth. Then fold in the fruits and nutmeats. Put in a buttered mould and steam for 2-2 1/2 hours.

For Mould: Use Melon Mould, empty coffee or shortening can and fill to within 2 inches of the top. Serves 8-10.

### Ice Cream Sauce

1 egg, separated  
3/4 cup confectioner's sugar  
3/4 cup whipping cream  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat the egg white until stiff, then add the sugar gradually. Stir in the egg yolk. Fold in the whipped cream and add vanilla. Serve over the slices of Steamed Fruit and Nut Pudding.

\*recipes given

## DESSERT SALAD... refreshing finish to a meal

by Dorothy Greig

THIS dessert salad is one of those blessed two-in-ones that make a woman's life easier. It doubles as salad and dessert.

It is a sparkling jelly imbedded thick with juicy fruit. Bring it to the table well chilled and add a smooth creamy dressing. If you tell the salad in a fancy mold it is gay to look at as well as being refreshingly tonic to eat:



### Jellied Cherry and Pineapple Salad

1 1/2 cups canned black cherries  
1 1/2 cups pineapple chunks  
1 1/2 cups fruit juice (pineapple and cherry)  
2 1/2 teaspoons gelatin, sprinkled on two tablespoons of water  
3 tablespoons lemon juice

Remove pits from the cherries. Sprinkle the gelatin on water and let stand about five minutes. Heat the pineapple juice and pour on gelatin, stirring until dissolved. Then add cherry and lemon juice. Chill until gelatin begins to set. Add fruits, pour into mold and place in refrigerator until firm. Serve with Cream Cheese Tomato Dressing.

### Cream Cheese Tomato Dressing

1 package of cream cheese  
1 teaspoon of lemon juice  
1/2 teaspoon of salt  
1/2 cup salad dressing or mayonnaise  
1/2 cup condensed tomato soup  
Cream the cheese and to it add the lemon juice and salt. Blend in the salad dressing or mayonnaise and the tomato soup.

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S.S. PRESIDENT GARFIELD ..... February 8

TO MANILA

S.S. PRESIDENT PIERCE ..... December 27  
S.S. PRESIDENT TAFT ..... January 10  
S.S. PRESIDENT CLEVELAND ..... January 24

★ ★ AMERICAN ★ ★

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Straits and Calcutta  
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## RADIO

12.30 p.m.—Humorous Variety.

1.03 p.m.—Derek Oldham (Tenor) and the New Light Symphony Orchestra.

1.30 p.m.—Reuter and Rugby Press, Weather Forecast and Announcements.

1.45 p.m.—Tangos and Waltzes.

2.15 p.m.—Close down.

6.32 p.m.—Dance Music by Harry Roy and His Orchestra.

7.00 p.m.—London Relay—The News.

7.15 p.m.—London Relay—"Questions of the Hour".

7.30 p.m.—Variety Programme.

8.03 p.m.—Studio—Two Piano Jazz Recital.

8.23 p.m.—Sea Shanties and Choruses.

8.45 p.m.—Studio—Local Newsletter.

9.00 p.m.—London Relay—The News & News Commentary.

9.30 p.m.—An hour of Popular Classics.

10.30 p.m.—Schubert—Rondo in A Major, Henri Remianka (Violin) and the Temianka Chamber Orchestra.

10.45 p.m.—Liszt—Les Préludes—Symphonic Poem. London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Albert Coates.

11.00 p.m.—Close down.

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THE UNITED STATES CIVIL AERONAUTICS BOARD ANNOUNCES THAT THE USE OF A MUNICIPAL AIRPORT IN FLORIDA AND ANOTHER IN TEXAS IS BEING ARRANGED FOR THE TRAINING OF CANADIAN FLYING CADETS WHEN SNOW SLOWS DOWN AVIATION ACTIVITY IN THE DOMINION.

Arrangements are being made through the Mayor of New York, Mr. La Guardia. Dallas, Texas, and Jacksonville, Florida, have already offered facilities.

A Norwegian Air Corps, formed of pilots who eluded the vigilance of the Gestapo and escaped from Norway, is now in training in Toronto. Swelled by Norwegian volunteers in Canada and the United States, the numbers are expected to reach 900. By the spring it is hoped to help in the air battle of Britain.

## ONE-LEGGED, ONE-ARMED --PUT OUT BOMB FIRES

(By A Special Correspondent)

AN OLD SOLDIER with one leg and another with one arm saved two houses from destruction and, possibly, several lives. They were Mr. E. J. Walton and Mr. Robert Russell, both of a South-West London suburb, where a large number of fire-bombs were dropped. Both the men lost their limbs fighting in the last war.

Walton, though one-legged, climbed to an attic and, after pulling himself up a ladder, managed to put out a bomb before it could do any harm.

With one arm Russell broke through a blazing bedroom door of another house. Within a few minutes he had ended all danger of fire.

About 200 incendiary bombs were dropped in the district, but within ten minutes the volunteer fire brigade had all the bombs under control.

Mr. H. Jones, head of the volunteer fire brigade, who was badly gassed in the last war, walked through clouds of smoke to put out many bombs, singlehanded.

## NEW INDUSTRIES DEVELOPED

Prime Minister Robert Gordon Menzies told a gathering of Sydney businessmen that in the process of organising its wartime economy, Australia was developing such dynamic power that when peace came it would be furnished with industrial skills previously undreamed of.

Every week produces new enterprises.

Flax growing is expected to contribute much to postwar expansion of primary industry. Twenty-one thousand acres in Tasmania, Victoria, and Western Australia have been planted with seed from the United Kingdom. Processing of the flax straw begins in December in seven newly established mills. The United Kingdom, which asked for the establishment of this new industry in Australia, will buy the produce of 13,000 acres.

Potash worth \$1,500,000 will be produced from alumite deposits at Lake Campion, West Australia, replacing supplies received before the war from Germany and Palestine. Deposits are estimated to be sufficient to meet the needs of Australian Agricultural Industries for 25 years at the present rate of consumption. The immediate aim is to produce 200 tons weekly.

Wool experts are investigating production from sweat in wool of other forms of potash used in the making of soft soaps and preserving dried fruits. The method being investigated consists of steeping the wool before scouring.

Imperial Chemical Industries has invested \$2,500,000 in an alkali works at Adelaide, South Australia, which is already producing soda ash and will shortly add caustic soda, calcium chloride, bicarbonate of soda and other products.

The first Australian-made rubber insulated cables are being sold in Melbourne, and a large Anglo-Australian group is preparing to manufacture similar cables in New South Wales. The production of newsprint is expected to begin in the Australian Newsprint Mills at Boyer, Tasmania, in the new year. Eight Canadian operatives have arrived, and others will be trained locally. Another company is producing 10,000 tons annually of fine printing, typewriting, and writing papers at Burnie, Tasmania, and a Victorian company which began producing kraft paper pulp in Gippsland in 1939 is now turning out 30,000 tons a year, and will increase its plant to produce 15,000 tons a year more. All these companies are using Australian woods.

## SOLICITOR ASKS FOR NEW BENCH

An allegation that magistrates had decided an application in private instead of in open court was made at Maidenhead by Mr. T. Alan Stuchbery, a solicitor. The Mayor (Mr. C. T. Kitley) refuted the allegation and refused an application that the bench be reconstituted.

Mr. Stuchbery said that the application was for a reduction in the contribution made by the Union Cinema Co. under the Sunday Entertainments Act, 1932, in respect of Sunday opening of cinemas. It first came before the bench on September 9, and was adjourned for certain figures to be submitted.

"It was with considerable astonishment," said Mr. Stuchbery, "that I learned that this application had been dealt with by the Bench in private." He said his information came from two aldermen who attended the meeting.

The Mayor: I must strongly protest. The magistrates have not reached a decision.

Mr. Stuchbery asked that all the magistrates who attended that meeting should not adjudicate. The Mayor refused the application, adding that he strongly deplored the action of any magistrate in divulging what transpired in the magistrates' room.

## TAKE NO CHANCES WITH BABY'S COLD

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# MIDDLESEX BEAT ROYALS IN SMALL UNITS FINAL

## O'Mahoney Scores Winning Goal Late In Game

### Auld, Falconer And Fleming Play Well For Losers

A CLEAN AND HARD fought soccer game was witnessed at Sookunpoo yesterday when H.Q. Company, Middlesex, beat "D" Company, Royal Scots, by the only goal scored by O'Mahoney in the last few minutes of the match in the Final of the Army Small Units Football Competition.

Royals may be considered unfortunate in a way. They had most of the game and it was only for a short period of the second half that Middlesex did any real pressing. Callender in Royals' goal, was rarely tested and on the whole had an easy afternoon.

Auld, Royals' leader, was well watched and though he played a hard and forceful game was not given an opportunity for a shot at goal. Had his inside forwards been up with him on occasions Royals might have taken the lead early in the game.

Fleming, at right-half, played a sound game. He was rarely beaten for possession and displayed good ball control and coolness at all times. In the pivotal position Falconer never shirked in his tackling and was prominent with his hard clearances. Gibb, at left-half, did all that was expected of him and held Moggeridge well.

Downing, on the right wing, gave Middlesex defence much trouble and centred well while Gibling, on the opposite wing, came more into the game in the second half.

Park and Penman, the backs, kicked well and seldom gave the Middlesex forwards any opportunities.

Middlesex defence played well and the greatest credit must be given to them for holding out against the continued and determined raids of Royals throughout the game.

#### Minchin Safe

The outstanding players were Minchin, in goal, and Revell, the right-back. The former had a busy afternoon, brought off some really good saves and was always on the alert.

Revell kicked strongly and cleared his lines with well placed

kicks while his partner, Stickley, gave him adequate support.

In the centre-half berth, Bright did not play his usual game. He was content to clear with hard kicking though it must be said that he made use of his wingers, but his clearances were often returned by the opposing defence.

With Pearson playing a fourth half-back game for the greater period and Sheehan following suit in the second half, Middlesex forwards were not a danger on the few occasions that they did any attacking. Both wingers tried hard and were prominent in the closing period of the game. Hynes played well but lacked support from the other inside forwards.

Play was mostly in favour of Royals in the opening stages though Sheehan went near scoring for Middlesex. In the second half Royals attacked strongly. Auld shouldered a lot of hard work and was always a menace. Minchin in Middlesex goal was called upon often.

The winning goal originated from Pearson who was never a factor in Middlesex attacking line. He sent Moggeridge away on the right wing and found himself in possession in a good position. His shot hit the cross bar and from the rebound O'Mahoney netted.

MIDDLESEX—Minchin; Revell and Stickley; Smith, Bright and Jackson; Moggeridge, Hynes, Sheehan, Pearson and O'Mahoney.

ROYAL SCOTS—Callender; Park and Penman; Fleming, Falconer and Gibb; Downing, Forrest, Auld, Pow and Gibling.

### K.C.C. BEAT K. TONG

Something of a surprise was caused in "B" Division of the Badminton League last night when Kowloon Cricket Club, on their own court, beat the highly-fancied Kowloon Tong team by 6-3.

Kowloon Tong were without Richard Lee, who was at Camp, but otherwise were at full strength. Wynter-Blyth and Fisher were in great form for the home team and won all three games, and they were well supported by Anderson and Jones, and Hazell and Guest.

The Chan brothers, of whom much was expected, failed to win a single game for the visitors and this had much to do with their defeat.

In other matches St John's, the champions, had little difficulty against Police, and King's only lost one game to Jewish Recreation Club.

Following are the results of the Badminton League matches played last night:

#### Section "A"

King's College beat Jewish Recreation Club, 8 games to 1.

S. Ramley and L. Landau (J.R.C.).

lost to S. E. Chau and K. J. Attwell 12-21

lost to K. L. Lui and W. C. Chung 12-21

lost to K. H. Lo and T. Lam 3-21

A. Pollak and M. Talan (J.R.C.).

lost to Chau and Attwell 5-21

beat Lui and Chung 21-17

lost to Lo and Lam 3-21

B. Godkin and J. Odell (J.R.C.).

lost to Chau and Attwell 12-21

lost to Lui and Chung 15-21

lost to Lo and Lam 10-21

The game between Victoria Recreation Club and Chung Wah was postponed.

#### Section "B"

St. John's beat Police by 8 games to 1.

H. Eardley and D. Kwok (S.J.).

### CRICKET NOTES

Owing to the fact that "Adrem" has been at Camp, there will be no cricket notes this week.

beat A. R. S. Major and C. Y. Sui	21-2
beat W. Gillies and L. Gordon	21-7
beat J. Macdonald and H. Dingsdale	21-6
R. Maynard and G. Ladd (S.J.).	
beat Major and Sui	21-9
beat Gillis and Gordon	21-13
lost to Macdonald and Dingsdale	9-21
N. L. Smith and P. Wilson (S.J.).	
beat Major and Sui	23-20
beat Gillis and Gordon	23-20
beat Macdonald and Dingsdale	21-7

#### K.C.C. Win

Kowloon Cricket Club beat Kowloon Tong 6 games to 3.

V. D. Bright and A. L. Fisher (K.C.C.).

beat F. H. Kwok and J. Chan

beat A. T. Chan and A. C. Chan

beat Peter Lo and J. Tsang

J. L. Anderson and H. S. Johns (K.C.C.).

lost to Kwok and Chan 8-21

beat Chan and Chan 21-6

beat Lo and Tsang 21-16

D. Hazell and A. E. Bres (K.C.C.).

lost to Kwok and Chan 11-21

beat Chan and Chan 21-3

lost to Lo and Tsang 20-23

### K.C.C. BOWLS TEAMS

Following will represent Kowloon Cricket Club in a friendly Lawn Bowls match against United Service Recreation Club on the latter's green on Saturday:

A. H. Martin, P. Wellwood, A. Wright and J. Fraser (skip).

A. C. Tribble, B. Wyle, V. C. Labrum and W. W. Parsons (skip).

A. W. Smith, C. J. Tacchi, G. E. Taylor and R. H. S. Marks (skip).

### BURROWS BATS WELL

In a friendly cricket match at Sookunpoo yesterday a combined team from 35th and 20th Battery, Royal Artillery beat Royal Air Force by 7 wickets.

Best individual performance of the match was Burrows' innings of 40 retired, while Parnell, Goodwin and Richardson also did well.

R.A.F.	
L. Goodwin, c Woolridge, b Guy	28
C. E. Abbas, c Woolridge, b Guy	3
Gillespie, c Guy, b Pelit	1
Clarkson, lbw, b Allanson	4
Palmer, run out	10
Stimpson, b Pilet	4
Richardson, not out	21
Barker, by Guy	0
Berry, not out	1
Extras (B15, LB5)	18

Total (for 7 wickets, dec.) 10  
Hoodless and Austin did not bat.

Bowling Analysis				
	O.	M.	R.	W.
Guy	10	2	30	3
Pelit	9	2	31	2
McNarghy	4	0	9	0
Hall	4	3	1	0
Allanson	2	1	1	1

R.A.			
Parnell, b Gillespie	27		
Roche, c and b Abbas	5		
Woolridge, c Palmer, b Gillespie	15		
Burrows, retired	40		
Allanson, retired	16		
Guy, b Gillespie	0		
Marshall, b Barker	16		
Chapel, b Richardson	6		
Pilet, b Richardson	0		
McNarghy, c Palmer, b Barker	5		
Hall, not out	1		
Extras (B5, LB2)	7		

Total 138

Bowling Analysis				
	O.	M.	R.	W.
Gillespie	8	0	36	3
Abbas	2	0	24	1
Stimpson	2	0	16	0
Goodwin	3	0	24	0
Richardson	2	0	11	2
Barker	2	0	20	2

The nett proceeds of the charity football match between Kwong Wah and Club, last Saturday were \$1101.

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### From Here & There

It is understood that hockey is being taken up at St. Stephen's College, Stanley, and some of the boys are so keen they are thinking of getting up a competition confined to Stanley, with teams from the Fort, Prison Officers' Club and the College.

Royal Hong Kong Golf Club hold their annual meeting on Friday, when, amongst other things, the new captain will be elected. On December 29 the newly elected official will play himself in.

F. X. Lobato Faria, of Faria's Gym, has just opened a class for small boys. He has already about 20 on the roll, and the youngsters seem to be enjoying physical culture and body-building.

In order to encourage cricket, Royal Scots have started holding Inter-Company games on the "friendly" basis. Most of the matches are played on the Army ground at Sookunpoo, but one big drawback is the lack of facilities for nets practice. Formerly nets were used, with matting, on the Murray Parade Ground, but they are not now available due to the fact that there is a bigger demand for the ground for the more serious aspects of soldiering.

Word has been received from Australia that the two sons of Mr. A. W. de Rosa, well-known local exchange and bullion broker, are doing quite well on the cricket field at their new school in Australia. This ought to be welcome news for Club de Recreio, who should benefit considerably when

the youngsters return to the Colony.

Post Office Club (formerly Radio Sports Club) are talking of running a team in the Tennis League next season. They still have most of their playing members, and one of the keenest these days is D. W. Fitches, Police lawn bowler.

Pte Corrigan, Army long distance runner, is considered to be one of the most promising Royal Scot novice boxers. He took part in the recent inter-Company (Novices) boxing tournament and won all his fights.

On Boxing Day a grand treat is promised anybody who makes the trip to the Civil Service Cricket Club. A football match will be played between two teams, to be picked on the ground, and conditions are that tennis shoes must be worn. A small rubber ball will take the place of the usual football.

Civil Service Cricket Club are holding their annual tennis tournament earlier than usual and some of the first round matches have already been decided. In the Handicap Doubles W. J. Skinner and F. H. Harper beat J. A. Bendall and W. Old, B. Agafuroff and C. Walker beat N. M. Rakusen and J. Hooper, and F. Haynes beat R. H. Agafuroff beat R. H. W. Maynard and W. E. Colledge. In the Singles (Handicap) B. Agafuroff has won his first round match against "Guns" Hendricks, while F. Haynes Jnr. beat R. H. W. Maynard.



## GRAPHIC GOLF

TRAPS CAN BE OF AID  
By BEST BALL

The average player sighting traps ahead beside the green is anything but thankful for them. He considers them a nuisance but even so they have their value. It is this factor the experienced golfer capitalises on. Outlined by sand traps the green is more clearly outlined, the position of the flag in relation to the green can be more carefully determined.

Proceeding from this appraisal, the player can gauge his shot so that it will stop in the vicinity of the cup. Naturally a certain number of shots fail of their purpose but not because the target was blurred. Rather the fault lies with the player's mechanical ability rather than his judgment. Spectators around the green afford a similar outline. The golfer who will look upon these features as a help rather than a hindrance will fortify his mental approach to the game.

Next Article:—Notice Missed Putt.

HOCKEY  
UMPIRES

The following are the official fixtures of the Hockey Tournament games on Sunday:

Gunboat v A. N. Other XI  
(Navy Ground, 11.30 a.m.)  
Umpires: K. Hussain and T. A. Tyas  
5th A.A. v Police "A"  
(Lyceum, 11.30 a.m.)  
Umpires: W. Watten and G. Gorman  
Royal Engineers v Recreio  
(Sookunpoo, 11 a.m.)  
Umpires: Wellington and E. Vasco  
Khalsa v No 2 M.T.B.  
(Police Ground, 10 a.m.)  
Umpires: D. Smith and Capt. Martin  
University v Central British Association  
(Pokfulam, 4 p.m.)  
Umpires: E. Vasco and J. T. Gilchrist  
Punjab Regiment v Destroyers  
(Marina Ground, 4 p.m.)  
Umpires: Lt. Perrie and L. Coombe  
R. Signals v Police "B"  
(Sookunpoo, 4 p.m.)  
Umpires: L. Saxby and V. Bridle.

## Friendly Hockey

At Sookunpoo, Royal Engineers shared four goals with 24th Battery, Royal Artillery, in a friendly hockey match, after leading two goals to nil in the first half. Taylor, centre-forward for the Sappers, scored both for his side and Gaghan tallied the Gunners' two goals.

PONY  
CLASSIFICATIONS

The following are the alterations and additions to the Hong Kong Jockey Club pony classification lists, dated May 28, 1940:

Australian Ponies:—Conniebor, Many Thanks and Sparrow to "B" Class; A Great Time, Australian Prince, Double Finesse, Quick Despatch, Sea Jay and Winfred to "C" Class; and A Green Time and National Victory to "D" Class.  
China Ponies:—Rob Roy to "B" Class; Eve of Folly to "C" Class; Dawn Star, Eve of Hunting, Laughing Girl, Lovely Star, Royal Wedding Eve, Seaside View, Soldier of Britain to "D" Class; Fei Ying, Gold Coin, Hurricane, Malador, National Success and Palmer to "E" Class.

Y.M.C.A. CRICKET  
TEAM

The following will represent European Y.M.C.A. against Civil Service C.C. "A" XI at cricket on Sunday:

C. Logan, W. H. Ingleby, F. E. Lawrence, W. Gegg, H. Eager, F. Willis, H. Brokenshire, G. Swanson, E. Curtis, B. Eardley and F. Tuckley.

# South China Athletic Meeting

## 10,000 METRES SHOULD BE GOOD RACE

The Eighteenth Annual Athletic Meeting of the South China Athletic Association will be held at Caroline Hill on Sunday, December 29, and apart from 13 events for their Members, there are five events open to the public. These consist of three men's relays and one ladies' relay and a men's 10,000 metres flat race.

The best event on the programme should be men's 10,000 metres (Open Event), which has attracted 24 entries.

Although it is unwise to forecast the outcome of this event, favourites for this race will probably be Private Manson, of Royal Scots, Lee Yuk-foon, of Hong Kong and Kowloon Residents' Union, and Signahman Lewis, of Royal Corps of Signals.

Lee Yuk-foon, who won the last Marathon Race held by the Hong Kong and Kowloon Residents' Union, and which he is now representing, should offer good opposition to Manson, who has twice won this event at previous Meetings of South China.

Signahman Lewis will undoubtedly be another stronger challenger to Pte. Manson in this event.

The 400 metres relay race for men should prove a good race. Close finishes may be assured as the entries include Ling Nam Uni-

versity and Wah Yan College. Both these teams featured in close finishes at the last All-Schools Meet while Service Corps and Police are also expected to offer strong opposition.

The only event for Ladies—400 metres Relay—has only attracted two entries, from South China and French Convent.

Seven track and six field events for members only will be included in the programme.

Chu Fook-sing, who has entered for every event, should do well in the early part of the programme but may be too exhausted for the later events. He will probably choose certain events in which to compete.

Fong Chi-hung, formerly of Wah Yan College, who did well in the inter-school meeting in the field events should be one of the favourites for the Pole Vault and High Jump events.

Following are the entries:

**OPEN EVENTS**  
10,000 Metres:—L/Cpl Taylor, Lewis, Maik Labkha Singh, Myles, J. Corri-ran, Wilson, Joginder Singh, Noda Singh, Harbans Singh, Cpl. D. Cole, Lee Yuk-foon, Leung Nai-yik, Young Wah-sing, Lam Kim-fan, Chan Chu-wai, So Wai-man, Choi You-chuen, Chi Rak-wing, To Su-ye, So Pak-sing, Lee Kild, Leung You-sum, Hong Kit-sang and Choi Wen-kwong.

B. GOSANO,  
PEREIRA  
FOR KOWLOON

B. Gosano and J. Pereira of Kwong Wah have been transferred to Kowloon and will be playing for their new club this week-end.

Men's 400 Metres Relay (Team of four):—Wah Yan College (H.K.), Ling Nam University, King's College, R.A.S.C. and Police Training School.  
Men's 1,600 Metres Relay (Team of four):—Wah Yan College (H.K.), H.K. and Kowloon Residents' Union, "A", H.K. and Kowloon Residents' Union "B", King's College and 36th Heavy Battery, R.A.  
Men's 400 Metres Relay (Under five feet, Team of four):—Wah Yan College (H.K.) and King's College.  
Ladies' 400 Metres Relay (Team of four):—French Convent and South China Athletic Association.

**MEMBERS' EVENTS**  
100 Metres:—Tam Hol-chuen, Cheng Kwan-man, Lo Chee-to, Yee Kai-yan, Sin Kwok-ping and Au Se-pang.  
200 Metres:—Tam Hol-chuen, Cheng Kwan-man, Lo Chee-to and Au Se-pang.  
400 Metres:—Ho Yik-siu, Tam Hol-chuen, Long Kai-ming, Wong Siu-chuen, Cheung Kit-pui, Cheung Chow, Tam Kwong-ka, Sin Kwok-ping and Au Se-ping.  
800 Metres:—Lai Ping-yuen, Ho Yik-siu, Long Kai-ming, Wong Siu-chuen, Cheung Kit-pui, Chan Chu-wai and Cheung Chow.

1,600 Metres:—Lai Ping-yuen, Ho Yik-siu, Wong Siu-chuen, Lam Kim-fan, Chan Chu-wai and Tam Kwan-ka.  
110 Metres High Hurdles:—Chu Fook-sing, Cheung Tung-hoi, Wong Ki-lam and Liu Kwan-cheun.  
110 Metres Hurdles:—Chu Fook-sing.

CLUB "A"  
RUGBY WIN

Club "A," as the result of a last-minute rally, beat Navy "A" by three tries (9 pts.) to a penalty goal (3 pts.) after a scoreless first half and after being 3-0 down.

Club tries were scored by Alice Pearce, the cricketer, D. Hynes and Bosanquet, all of which Castleton failed to convert. Hughes kicked a penalty goal for Navy.

## YACHTING RESULTS

The sweepstake race held by the Yacht Club over 8.6 miles yesterday resulted:

True Blue	16.35.8½	L. Garner	1
Redshank	16.38.42	H. W. Browne	2
Isobel	16.43.30	R. W. Berridge	3
Zephyr	16.43.58	F. Hitchcott	4
Gull	16.44.02	A. O. G. Mills	5
Alisa	16.46.17½	W. A. Ingram	6
Widgeon	16.46.52½	J. H. Brown	7

Long Kai-ming, Cheung Chow and Cheng Kwan-man.

Throwing Discus:—Chu Fook-sing and Yee Kai-yan.

High Jump:—Chu Fook-sing, Cheng Cho-soon, Lo Chu-to and Fong Chi-hung.

Long Jump:—Chu Fook-sing, Cheng Cho-soon, Cheung Tung-hoi, Cheng Kwan-man and Wong Kai-lam.

Pole Vault:—Chu Fook-sing, Tam Hol-chuen, Kwan Kam-pui and Fong Chi-hung.

Throwing Javelin:—Chu Fook-sing, Kwan Kam-pui, Cheung Tung-hoi and Fong Chi-hung.

Step-Hop-Jump:—Chu Fook-sing, Tam Hol-chuen and Cheung Tung-hoi.

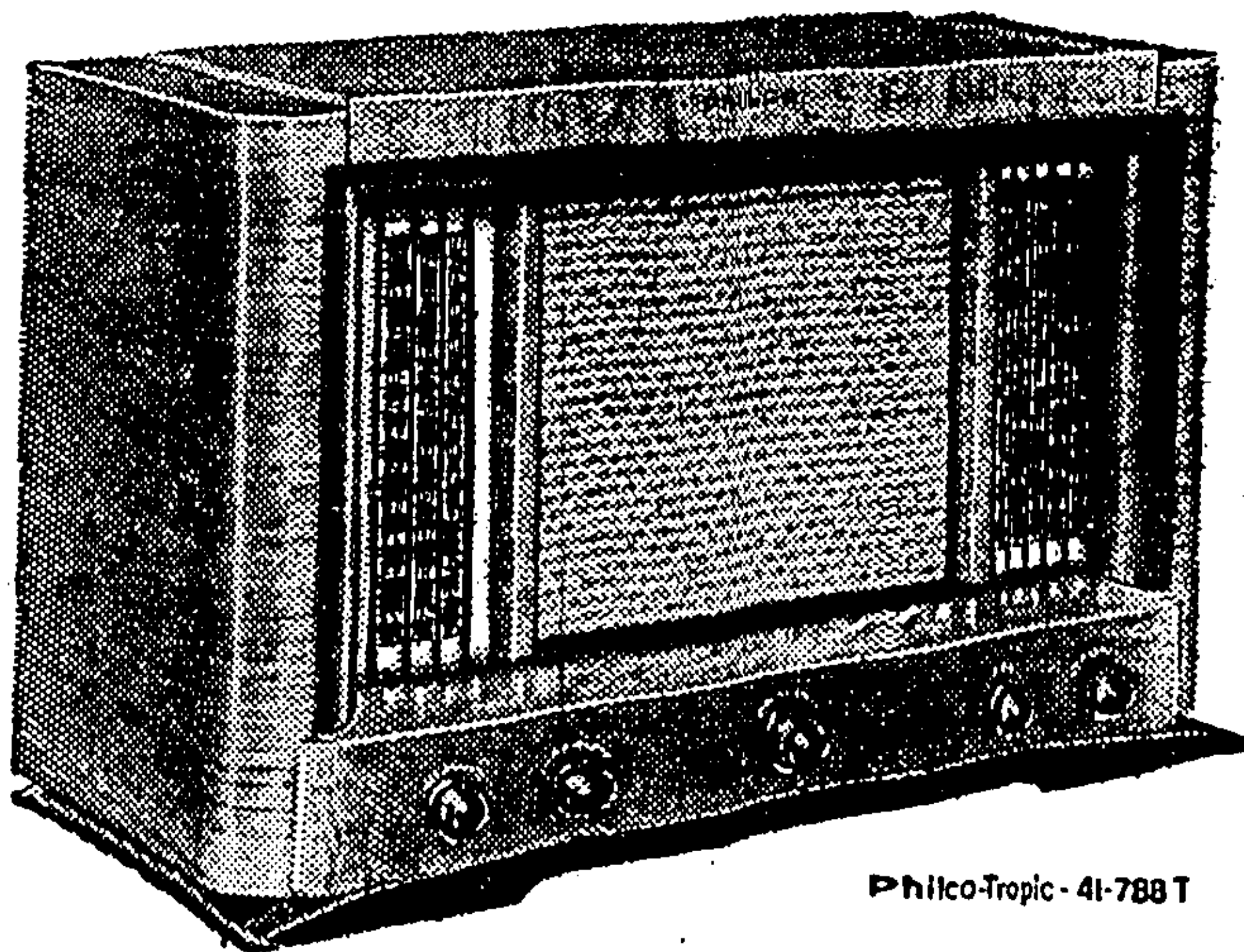
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# FIRM REPRESENTATIONS TO SPAIN ON TANGIER

Vigorous Demarche In "Very Definite Language"

## ANOTHER RAIDLESS DAY

Yesterday was another raidless day for Britain.

A German bomber was shot down off Dover in the afternoon by British fighters without loss to themselves, according to an Air Ministry communique, which adds that otherwise there is nothing to report. — Reuter.

## S. AFRICAN FIFTH COLUMN

MEASURES AGAINST FIFTH COLUMN ACTIVITY IN SOUTH AFRICA WERE ANNOUNCED IN PRETORIA YESTERDAY BY THE MINISTER OF NATIVE AFFAIRS.

Government has ordered the removal to other areas of 400 German missionaries who entered South African native reserves after 1935 because some of the missionaries are carrying on subversive propaganda. — Reuter.

## Grave View Taken In Britain

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO SPAIN IS MAKING "FURTHER VIGOROUS REPRESENTATIONS" IN "VERY DEFINITE LANGUAGE" ABOUT THE RECENT SPANISH ASSUMPTION OF SERVICES HITHERTO DEPENDENT ON THE INTERNATIONAL ADMINISTRATION OF TANGIER.

This categorical statement on the subject was made by the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. R. A. Butler, in reply to a question in the House of Commons yesterday as to the steps being taken to secure the reinstatement of British personnel.

Mr. Butler recalled that following the promulgation of the law on December 1, Britain was assured that the collective and individual rights of British subjects in Tangier would be safeguarded.

The further unilateral action on December 13, with "all the consequences which flow from it," had been vigorously taken up with the Spanish Government.

Mr. Geoffrey Mander (Lib. Wolverhampton) urged Government carefully to reconsider the advisability of continuing to supply food through the British blockade to a government which treats British subjects in this "high-handed and aggressive manner."

Mr. Butler said he used the words "with all consequences

flowing from it" to indicate the gravity with which Government view the latter event.

Mr. Philip Noel-Baker (Lab. Derby) asked if the negotiations were not successful would Government bear in mind the fact that oil was still being allowed to reach Spain, which might be stopped.

Mr. Butler thought "everything will be borne in mind." — Reuter.

## COMPELLED TO WORK FOR NAZIS

The French Government has no power to control French labour in the German-occupied part of France and there is good reason to believe that factory workers there are being forced to work for German war requirements.

This information was given yesterday by the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. R. A. Butler, in reply to a parliamentary question.

Mr. Butler added that it may well be that some workers have been removed to Germany for that purpose.

As far as the British Government knows there is no conclusive evidence to show that factories in unoccupied France are being used for the repair of German aircraft. This is a matter not covered by the Franco-German armistice. — Reuter.

## RETREAT OF ITALIANS TO DERNA INDICATED

(Continued from Page 1)  
no slackening in the British pressure.

The object of the present operations seems to be to isolate Bardia and then mop it up in the way that was so successful in the cases of Sidi Barrani and Sollum. This would very neatly round off the operations which began at Sidi Barrani.

The road connecting Bardia with Tobruk is threatened. British reinforcements are coming up and the Italians may find it impossible to strengthen their base.

The town itself is well manned and well fortified and is not likely to fall without a fiercer struggle than our troops have yet encountered.

## Indians Put Up Grand Show

A New Delhi message says that the Indian troops taking part in the operations include men from

## STOP PRESS

Admitting that fighting between Thailand and Indo-China border troops has continued, the Thailand High Command, in a communique issued yesterday, charged French planes with bombing open towns indiscriminately, according to a semi-official Japanese report from Bangkok.

The communique charged that French planes on Dec. 16 dropped bombs over Sakannakhan, killing eight persons, and also over Udorn, killing one and injuring many others, despite the fact that both towns are known to be open towns and defenceless against aerial attacks. — Reuter.

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all parts of the country. They were among the first to attack and captured three Italian camps besides taking part in other operations.

The spirit and gallantry of the Indian soldiers has been remarked by many observers. Under dive-bombing, they remain cool and determined.

Italian prisoners are still streaming across the Western Desert to internment camps.

Correspondents who interviewed some of the Italian prisoners report that their morale has sunk to zero.

The older men, patriots all, are afraid of the increase of German influence in Italy. — Reuter.

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Printed and Published for the Proprietors, The Newspaper Enterprise Ltd., by Gordon and Burnett, Windsor House, Victoria, Hong Kong.



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NEW YEAR  
1941



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### CALENDAR

CHRISTMAS EVE  
—TUESDAY—  
DECEMBER 24th, 1940.

CHRISTMAS DAY  
—WEDNESDAY—  
DECEMBER 25th, 1940.

BOXING DAY  
—THURSDAY—  
DECEMBER 26th, 1940.

NEW YEAR'S EVE  
—TUESDAY—  
DECEMBER 31st, 1940.

NEW YEAR'S DAY  
—WEDNESDAY—  
JANUARY 1st, 1941.

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WHEN the hands of the clock crept past twelve Christine again tiptoed into Dicky's bedroom. He must be asleep by now, she thought, but he was not asleep and yet how little awake; just lying so still, so flat, so small under the covers, that only the dull glimmer of his open eyes proclaimed any life.

Even as she bent over him, put her hand on his waxen forehead he did not smile, or stir or speak; just lay in that dreadful apathy that was driving her to desperation. She said:

"Shut your eyes, darling. Try to sleep."

He did not shut his eyes, did not answer. By no sign did he show that he had heard or understood. She thought "Even if I did hang his stocking and put the toys on the table he would not know—and I'm so dreadfully tired."

Yet she could not bring herself to run even that risk. Those toys were to be part of the shock that they hoped would arouse him. They and Tom, if she could only be certain of Tom.

She turned on legs that seemed as leaden as the rest of her exhausted body, moving across to the dressing room. Only then did she hear a sound from the bed, but so faint that only anxious ears knew it for a whisper.

"Yes, Dicky?" she asked bending eagerly.

A ghost of a word floated up to her: "Bells!"

"Yes, it's past twelve," she told him.

"Christmas Day?"

"Well, not quite. Not until we've done our Christmas Eve sleep," she said desperately, knowing too well what his next word would be but it came: "Daddy?"

"Give poor Daddy a chance," she tried to make it a natural laugh. "He's got to have his sleep, and he's got such a huge, long way to come, too. But when it's real morning, when you've slept your sleep into day... Try Dicky, it'll really make Daddy quicker—"

"Trying to try," the dry little whisper rattled. "It won't come. If Daddy—"

"Try enormous hard," she urged swiftly, fearing, fearing that promises about Daddy might be more dangerous than not. "Shut eyes, boy. Poor Mummy's got to wait and sleep, too."

He did not shut his eyes—not really. He made the effort, but the thin, bluish lids crept with a terrible labour only as far as the lower rim of the iris, the whites still gleaming through. He hadn't the strength left even to sleep. Not that sleeping or waking made much difference. Still, even that was something, and if she left him he might doze—

She went back to her own bed, lay on it fighting the numb weariness that had settled like a dead weight in every muscle. She knew that she had reached the limit of her own endurance. She had set herself to hold out until Tom arrived, and he had written that it would not be later than Christmas Eve, perhaps before if he could manage it, for he really was due for a long leave. It was his not coming that had broken her. It was as though she had stretched herself taut to bear just the limit of strain and the extra wait had caused her to crack.

She shivered as she thought of Tom's failing. It would be the end of Dicky. That one last spark of life left in the frail little body—his desire to see and romp with his father at Christmas—would be quenched; the dreadful listlessness that had held him since his illness would deepen. He would die.

Dr. Maule had left no doubt about that. "Unless we can rouse him we can do nothing, Mrs. Logan. He's just slipping downhill. Medical science is helpless if there's no will to live. His father might bring that back. The child's wanting him to be here at Christmas shows that there's just enough of the boy left to make a fight."

"Christmas has always been their great time together," Christine had said huskily. "Tom, my husband, is a great boy himself... with the toys and the romping... they're a pair."

"That's it. And with Christmas so near Dicky's just clinging to the memory." Dr. Maule said it so gravely that Christine knew what he meant by this "clinging."

# THE TURNING POINT

By  
Douglas Newton

It was Dicky's last, desperate hold on life. "If Mr. Logan comes that memory might be revived, into activity. It's not much, but it may be the turning point. I mean, once the little beggar sits up and takes an interest in anything, youth should do the rest."

"And he is devoted to his father."

"That, too. I'm counting on that. There's nothing so remarkable as the swing back of children. Recoveries can be startling—but they need a focussing point. You're sure your husband will get leave?"

He said it in a way that told her that if Tom didn't then nothing could save Dicky, and she had answered passionately: "Oh, quite sure. Tom never fails us—never!"

That was true. Tom was always so splendid that way. He made it an article of faith to keep all promises—especially to Dicky. He would move heaven and earth to come, as he said he had, especially after she wrote again telling him all that Dr. Maule had said, urging him to come as early as possible—before Christmas Eve if it could be managed. Knowing Tom, she had been sure he would do it. And yet he hadn't come. Hadn't even answered her.

Oh, whatever the reason, why hadn't Tom come, or wired? With closed eyes she drove her clenched hands into her pillows, sending out her spirit in a passionate clamour to her husband, demanding his coming, commanding it with all her will before it was too late.

Exhaustion must have made her sleep. A thunder in her ears, a whirring of a bell, crashed through to her numbed senses; roused her, dazed and startled. The knocking and ringing broke out again. She sprang up, ran through the flat to the door terrified that Dicky might be frightened. It would be the postman, of course—Christmas Day was definitely here.

It wasn't the postman, but a telegraph boy with three messages. Two were in gay "Greetings" envelopes, the third—her heart jumped in fear as she took it and heard the boy's cheery "Happy Christmas, Ma'am," as he went away. A Happy Christmas! Happy! If that third telegram was from Tom as she dreaded.

Her hands shook as she forced her finger under its flap, and began to tear—and stopped.

Dicky had laughed.

Incredible. She stood rigid, startled, not believing her ears. But it had sounded like a laugh, weak, quavering, pitiful—but a laugh, it must be true. Joy as well as fear so unnerved her that she had to cling to the back of a hall chair, telling herself it just couldn't be. And as she clung Dicky laughed again.

It was true. True!

She flung the telegrams on to the hall table, ran stumbling to the bedroom door, pushed it open with a positive terror of hope weakening her. And again Dicky laughed.

She stood gasping, staring. Dicky's frail figure no longer made its terribly neat mound under the bedclothes. They were crumpled because he had managed to turn on his side. And he was looking up, the white, tight skin of his face puckered in a weak smile, and his eyes were no longer heavy and dull as he watched—Tom!

Tom sat beside Dicky's bed as though he had never been away. His very pose had that heartaching familiarity, the memory of which had strengthened her through every day and night of his absence. The frank boyishness that made him so akin to the boy in Dicky was alive in his

every movement and in his every feature, as he did something utterly ridiculous with Dicky's Christmas toys. Dicky gave a reedy little chuckle, saw Christine, gasped out:

"Mummy. Isn't Daddy a one!" Christine cried from a tight throat: "Tom, Tom, my dear. You got here?"

Her husband looked up, a queer, veiled, warning look, as though to say, "This is not our moment. Dicky alone counts." She heard his voice as in a dream, saying cheerfully:

"Didn't I promise this young fellow-me-lad that not even embattled rhinoceroses could keep me away from him and Christmas pudding?"

"Or—or crocodators," she heard Dick gurgle with joy at Tom's use of their "secret" language. A frail and thin gurgle, yet already how different from his voice of a few hours ago. It was no longer flat and dead. It was alive.

She could only stand, swaying and staring and absolutely stupid under the flood of relief that filled her to the point of weeping.

"Oh, Tom. How? How?" she began. A silly thing to say. He'd slipped in while she was asleep, of course, using his key. Seeing her lying exhausted, he had let her undisturbed while he tipped into Dicky. That was his way—always, so thoughtful, so quick to understand, so practical. She changed her question quickly to "When?"

"Hours an' hours an' hours ago," Dicky's voice ecstatically answered for him. "An' terrible dissipation—he's awful strict, too. Made me sleep first. Toys only after we'd got rid of our Christmas Eve sleep. Jus' like you said. Mums, can I have a drink of milk?"

"Milk, my dear. At once!" she gasped. "Tom—that's the first time he's asked for something for weeks."

"When we men get together there's nothing we can't do," Tom chuckled. "Ain't it so, Goliath?"

Tom's face, so wise, so steady, so strong, smiled at her, telling her that everything was all right now, yet warning her to behave as though all this was ordinary. What a difference his mere presence made. Even his way of taking things for granted carried Dicky over difficult moments.

When she brought the milk, eased Dicky up with an arm about his shoulder, he turned his head away from the cup as he had always done in the past trying days. But now, under Tom's eye, he caught him back, muttered, "Daddy." He wanted Tom to give him his drink.

"Oh never," Tom said cheerfully. "Milk's the nurse's job always—that's the way of it son. It's up to a man to drink. Down with it, monster."

Dick grinned in wan feebleness but drank; not much, but willingly instead of the long struggle of coaxing. She let the thin little figure softly back on to the pillows, looking at Tom with unspeakable gratitude.

"And you, my dear," she whispered. "You must be hungry, too."

"Had all I want already," he smiled. "But get something yourself. I and my motor mechanic here have a particularly nutty race game that calls for the deepest attention."

His glance said: "Leave this to me. I'm the tonic this young man needs. Go and rest, and make yourself pretty, and worry no more."

With a singing heart she went back to her room, bathed and dressed with all the slow luxury that had been denied her during her spell of anxiety. Ate a real breakfast at last. Every now and then she stopped to listen to Dicky's voice. It seemed stranger every time, and it was certainly more animated. Tom was wonderful. He had justified all her hope and trust. He had kept his promise, and Dicky was going to get well.

He played quietly, gently, understandingly with all the toys, never exciting the child. He knew exactly when to stop and what to do when he did. She slipped in in mid-morning with a suggestion about not over exerting Dicky, to find Dicky placidly lying on his back, both his small hands in Tom's big brown one, his face serene and listening. Before she could speak Tom said:

"We are about to travel, per flying to Africa, where the Ibo-Iberi hunt lions in a strange and daring manner... which incidentally, my dear, that this is the moment for you to go out and get a spot of fresh air rather than be involved in a purely male if not cannibalistic episode."

His eye winked sagely, then his head drooped and his lids closed over his eyes, and she knew that he meant to tale-tell Dicky to sleep, as he had so often done in the past. She blew both heartfelt kisses and went out breathing the good air as she had not hoped to breath it again.

It was glorious out. She strolled in the park with a sense of delicious freedom. She was even able to take her first peep at the shops, or what the Christmas shopping had left in the unshuttered ones. She knew everything was going to be right and it was. When she got back Dicky was asleep, really deeply and soundly asleep, breathing normally and with a colour already showing in his face.

She wanted to hug Tom for that and everything, but his glance warned her. Dicky's spindly fingers were gripped tight on his hand, any movement might wake him. She made a mocking grimace:

"Horrible imp—he comes between us—We haven't said how-do-you-do, or talked—"

"Plenty of time for that, my dear later—and it'll be better for making to-day all Dicky's."

"I know," she breathed. "Oh, Tom, you don't know what your coming has meant to me—us."

"I'm not beyond guessing," he smiled.

"And—and I was afraid you mightn't come."

"I made up my mind to come," he said. "Nothing could have stopped me—Nothing on earth."

Dicky stirred a little then, his eyes warned her and she fled for fear her voice and presence would spoil the magic. Singing gently she began to prepare lunch.

They had a picnic lunch in the bedroom. Dicky did not want to miss a moment of his father, and, anyhow, it was a joy to them both to see him eat. Yes, he actually wanted to eat. Little bits of chicken and jelly with the beginnings of a boy's appetite. They could scarcely give attention to their own food: it was such a great moment.

After that he wanted to play with Tom again, and Tom persuaded her to go and rest. It seemed selfish of her, but Dicky was so entirely centred on Tom, was so manifestly improving, while she was still so terribly weary—that she gave in. She shut herself in her room to sleep until tea time—and woke at seven.

She could not believe the clock at first, and when she did she hurried into Dicky's bedroom overwhelmed with contrition. It was dark, there was no sound in it except Dicky's breathing. She called "Tom" softly, but there was no answer. She clicked on the screened night lamp and saw he wasn't there.

Sure that he had taken the chance to stretch his legs while Dicky slept, she was not even upset when she found he was not in the flat. She merely busied herself getting dinner ready—when, at least, they would be together. Her ear on the alert for any sound of his coming back or Dicky's awakening, and when she heard the boy move she went into him.

She heard him yawn, a delicious, natural yawn. He said in something of his old voice: "I'm terrifically hungry—Can I have something—an' a big drink—?"

"Of course dear—what would you like?"

"Cake, an' chicken and—almost anything. Daddy says I've got to eat like a trooper, so's to be quite well when he comes again."

"Comes again?" she gasped.

"Comes really," he said quite calmly. "This was only a sort of pretend time, you know."

"Pretend," she caught herself up to say as naturally as she could, "Daddy's gone then?"

"Had to be back," Dick said. "But he'll be here again quite soon, an' there's no need about worrying; it'll be for a longer and gorgeouser time then—and real—"

"Real?" she gulped, yet Dicky didn't seem light-headed, more normal than ever in fact. She switched on the room light. He was more normal. As Dr. Maule had said, Tom's coming had made all the difference—only what did he mean by "real" or by Tom's going back like this?

She glanced wildly round the room, and the first thing she saw was the plate of cold chicken she had cut for Tom's lunch. It was where she had set it on an occasional table—and it hadn't even been touched. She remembered then that she hadn't seen his hat or coat in the hall—no visible sign of him at all, except himself—and she hadn't touched him. And as she grasped the strangeness of it all she remembered the telegram she hadn't opened. With a gigantic effort to master her dread she said to Dicky:

"I'll see what secrets the larder has for you," and went out into the hall, snatching the telegram from the table, bursting it open. It was from a hospital, it read:

Regret to say husband, Mr. Logan, met with accident: not serious but will prevent taking his leave for some weeks.

Cradley, M.D.

At that same moment Robin Cradley was saying to a nursing sister as he stood by a hospital bed: "Ah, he's coming out of it—he slept all day, I suppose?"

"Like a child, doctor?"

"No dreams, you think?"

"None as far as I could tell, and I watched for them, knowing how wrought up he was over that boy of his."

"Yes, I think he would have been in bad case if I hadn't given him that sleeping draught—I only hope his wife got my wife in time to prepare the boy against disappointment. Hallo, Logan, had a good rest?"

"Splendid, been with Dicky all day."

"En?" blinked Dr. Cradley.

"Dream, be hanged, it was—He caught sight of the nurse's uniform, switched his eyes in surprise over the hospital surroundings. By jove—perhaps it was an' yet so real—"

"You look better for it, anyhow," the doctor hastened to say. Tom Logan looked at him in a strange way. "Yes," he said. "Yes, I feel better—I feel that the boy will be all right now, he's turned the corner. Queer, but I feel that in my bones—"



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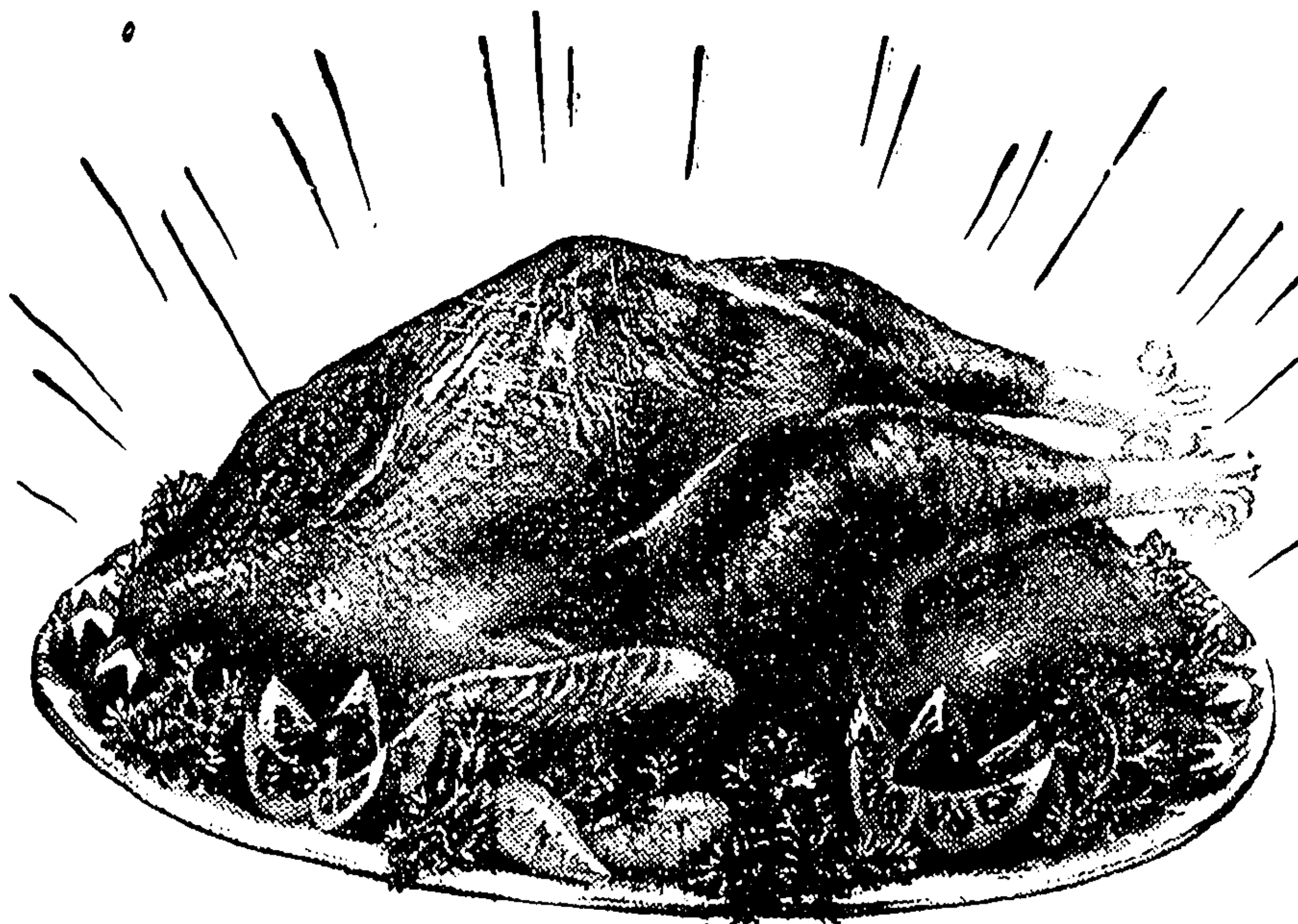
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# FANCY FROCKS FOR PARTY FROLICS



BY DORIS MARY DAVY

THIS is the time to talk of the jolly parties and fancy dress dances we shall all soon be enjoying, or perhaps you have started the gayest of seasons?

It is fun to think out ideas for pretty and ingenious costumes, which, of course, we shall wear with a casual jaunty air. We are sure to feel jolly and light-hearted on these dazzling, festive occasions. The delightful balloons in all their vivid colourings, Japanese lanterns, streamers and crackers, not to mention the table with the marvellous spread of iced cakes in every imaginable size and colour, all help to make the party a superlatively happy time.

The first sight of the Christmas tree with the adorable fairy doll which sits so charmingly on the topmost bough makes you sigh and wish it were yours. So near, yet so far, is the Noah's Ark which would keep one very quiet for hours. When the tiny candles are alight, perhaps done with small coloured electric bulbs they twinkle like thousands of nodding stars.

## We're Growing Up

What an adorable DUTCH GIRL, a big sister will make. She is fair and rather plump and will fit into this picture beautifully. Her dress of striped cotton is very full and is gathered to the tight little bodice. A band of white trims the square neck and sleeves. The white cotton apron is trimmed

with strips of vivid colours and patches, and these patches also adorn the skirt. A fetching little



Dutch Girl

cap is worn, and long plaits and clogs should complete this costume.

## Laden With Tinsel

Silver tinsel makes a pretty finish to the tree when it is draped from branch to branch, and a few glass witch balls of bright colours are also delightful. Crackers and tiny bags of sweets bring

joy to small girls and boys. You may have many ideas of what you would like to wear, but here are a few illustrations which will help to bring you up to date. They are all inexpensive and easy to make at home. A few could be evolved from clothes you already have, should you have a last-minute invitation and no fancy costume to hand.

## As A Milkmaid

A dainty little MILKMAID is an attractive character, whether you are dark or fair, so long as you have rosy cheeks. Then you can portray a fresh little maid all ready for work in the dairy with her stool and pail.

A charming sunbonnet and frock of cotton printed with a tiny pink flower or leaves on a white background will look fresh and pretty with a white apron of cotton or organdie to finish the picture.

A few may not have time to make a fancy dress, but you may remember you had a frock and sunbonnet last summer. That is the very thing. A tiny apron could be borrowed and a small stool and pail can easily be bought at any store.

## Oriental Splendour

The PERSIAN LADY reminds one of the alluring East. It would be an exciting creation for some little girl. The jacket is of green velvet trimmed with bands of gold, and this is worn over a white blouse. The trousers are of yellow gauze with large coloured sequins sewn on at intervals, and a vivid striped sash swatches the waist. The turban is of the same gauze as the trousers.

The shoes can always be hired at a fancy dress store, and this costume will be found very comfortable and easy to dance and romp in, and it is very simple and inexpensive to make at short notice.

## For Cheeky Sons

The cheeky COOLIE BOY feels comfortable and jolly in his decorative costume which consists of a magyar sa'teen tunic of white over yellow sa'teen shorts. The wide sleeves are lined with yellow and the tunic is bound with scarlet. The yellow sa'teen plaque on his chest is decorated with Chinese letters in black. Poster paint was used for this, and the attractive little coolie hat is in canvas or straw. Mother or sister could make this costume in a very

short time. Sweet Seventeen in her dazzling youthfulness should easily find a costume which is charming, sweet and fresh. A bouquet of flowers is as fresh as the morning dew, and what better idea for a fancy costume could anyone conceive. The bodice is a mass of multi-coloured flowers sewn over a cotton foundation. The skirt is made of white Cellophane or net, and round the waist is tied an enormous bow of satin ribbon. On her hair she might wear a long nosegay of flowers, fresh ones would be charming.

## Such Mixed Company

There is sure to be a galaxy of colours at the party. The parade will show Polish peasants, Costers, Persian ladies, Colliers, Mexican girls, Argentine dancers, Tyrolean peasants and pirates, Senoritas and Red Indians, Victorian ladies, and Caucasians with hundreds of other characters which have stepped



Bouquet of Flowers

from history books and fairy tales, long ago legends and our own imaginations.

These characters are too many to mention here, but they will look delightful in their exotic costumes with lanterns softly swaying in the warm air. With what pleasure we shall then thank our host and hostess for a very delightful evening, and home we shall go to dream of more happy parties to come.



Milkmaid

Persian Lady

Coolie Boy

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I WENT Christmas shopping this morning, a long list in my hand.

First, something for Jane; she's not quite two. A bit too young for books and dolls; she lives in her own dynamic world where things appear to happen not wisely but too well. She makes patterns on the carpet with the contents of the coal-box; or finding Mother's handbag she tips the



Something for Jane, she's not quite two.

family finance piece by piece on to the floor.

All this because she's at the age when she feels the urge to fill and

empty; and, of course, investigate till further orders, for how can she otherwise find out all the things in a vastly intriguing world which she wants to know?

So let's get her something that will let her fill and empty, and something that she may make patterns with, avoiding painful retribution.

#### Lessons For Fingers

A bag of large, bright wooden balls with holes drilled through their waistlines, which she can thread upon a stick. They're a good idea; she can fill and empty boxes with them, too. Or a set of wooden nestboxes; she can fill the big one with the smaller ones in their successive sizes, then tip them out and start again. She can build a tower with them, too; and if she knocks it over—well, she'll be just as pleased to make another!

Another good idea is a trolley with wooden cylinders to fit in little holes, and bright cupped balls to fit like heads upon the cylinders. Six little soldiers to pull around with her until she's tired, and then be knocked to pieces!

She enjoys a bit of destruction now and then; it gives her a sense of power in an adult-controlled world. Well, these are things she

can destroy whenever the spirit moves her.

And she won't know that every time she fits the bits together again her fingers are having one



She'll enjoy washing them occasionally.

more lesson in control. But her mother will.

John is three. He likes things to make. His fingers are still quite small, and they won't always do exactly what he wants them to; but still, he likes to try.

#### Give Him A Hammer

He can join parts together; not with real nails or screws, of

course, but wooden pegs are easy. He'd like a box of bricks with holes and pegs to fit them, and a hammer to fix the parts together. The things he'll make won't look like anything we recognise for a bit, but that doesn't matter. It's the fitting and hammering that he'll enjoy, because he needs it.

He won't tire of it easily, either; at his age he always wants to be making something. Every time he fits the parts together his fingers become a shade more skilful, and his brain associates cause and effect more easily.

Jigsaws and picture blocks are good for him, too. If the pictures are good and recognisable, and the parts large enough for his little fingers to control, he'll play with them for hours.

Cynthia is four. She loves dolls, of course. She'd like a set of doll's clothes to put on and take off; she'll enjoy washing them occasionally, too. A time will come when she won't be anxious to do anything so useful, so we'll make the most of it, and teach her while she wants to learn!

She's starting school quite soon. She knows her letters; by the sound, of course, not by name. We can buy for her a box of loose letters with which she can build her own little words.

And Jimmy? Well, he's at school; he started in September. The problem with him is the resting-time after his midday meal. For food subjected to immediate and perpetual motion must inevitably lead to Trouble; but quite certainly he will lie low and say nuffin' only if he's got plenty to do.

He can make patterns by plaiting strips of coloured paper, or fit bright balls on a holed black background into a mosaic design. He can have pictures of ships and castles and all sorts of exciting things on cards, with holes at half-inch intervals along the outline, and, with a blunt raffia needle and rainbow wool, watch his own coloured picture grow.

And when he says: "But what



Swings provide exercise.

can I do?" the answer will be in the cupboard!

#### Those Soldiers

We preach peace and practice war. For Saturdays and holidays there are always forts and armies; and guns and pistols are very dear to a small boy's heart. We may lament the warlike tendencies of our sons. But man has fought and hunted for the preservation of his race since the beginning of Time; and the instinct to prize his weapons is passed on to each generation.

There are toys, too, for physical development. Motors, fairy-cycles, swings—all provide exercise and make the children grow. They keep them warm and out in the fresh air when winter weather prohibits ordinary playing out of doors.

They are of tremendous value, too; the elements of balance are so easily learned in early years, when a tumble here and there is part of the fun, and doesn't really matter. This is a very real job of work these toys can do, if the children may develop a sense of security without the admonition of that black-edged voice: "Take care." Unless of course it's absolutely necessary.

Christmas shopping on these lines is tremendous, you'll find. And not expensive, either.



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"WHAT shall we do?" One often hears this question during a Christmas house party. Christmas, after all, is a time when everybody wants to be enjoying themselves and doing something, and if you have a good fund of tricks and teasers, a few games and some posers up your sleeve, you have every reason to hope for a truly merry time.

It is a good idea to be ready with something to interest and amuse your guests almost from the moment they arrive. For example, if you want a good "warming-up" item, you could not do better than to write the name of each guest expected on a small piece of paper or a slip of card. Put all the cards into a hat or bowl and duly mix them up. As the guests arrive see that they are given one of the names—not their own, of course—then instruct them to find the person whose name they have on the paper.

Quite soon, they will all be saying, "Are you Mr. Brown?" or more familiarly "Is this charming girl Peggy by any chance?"—and the like. This is an excellent idea when a number of strange people get together and it is surprising how soon everybody will be friends.

It's a good notion to have a simple little teaser at hand to interest people while waiting for the Jones or Smiths (who are always late). Consider this:

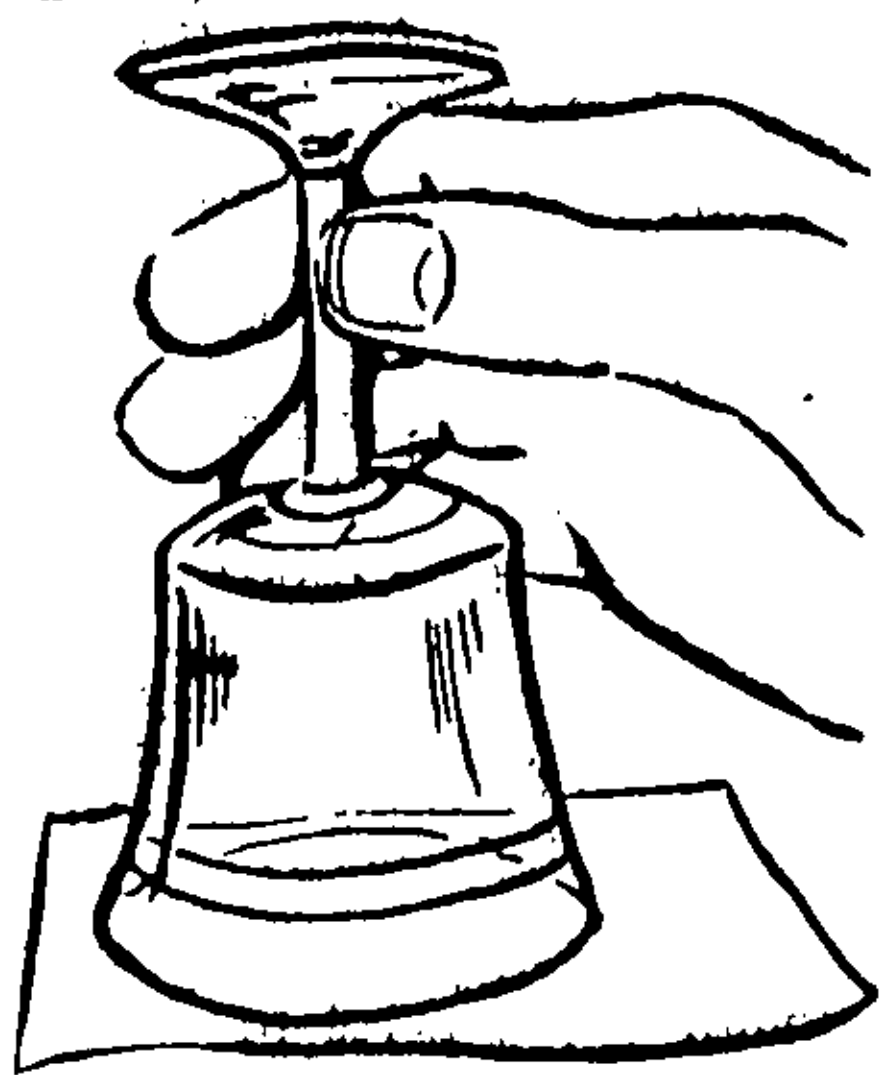
### Money Teaser

For this item a handful of pennies is needed, and the idea is to ask people to say how many pennies, placed one on top of the other, would be necessary to make a stack one inch high.

Of course, a ruler must be ruled out, and don't let anyone start experimenting with a halfpenny, as that measures one inch across. All sorts of numbers will be ventured, and most folk will be surprised to know that it takes fifteen

pennies to make that one-inch pile.

While talking of tricks, an ingenious after-dinner one is trying to turn a wineglass, which is full of water, upside down. The object being to keep the water in the glass, of course.



Water Stays Inside.

If you value that clean tablecloth, or maybe the carpet, don't let anyone forestall the effectiveness of your trick by a few experiments. Simply fill the glass right to the brim and then take a

sheet of glazed paper—notepaper will do—and place it on top of the glass. Press the paper firmly with one hand and invert the glass steadily with the other. Your guests—and maybe you as well—will be surprised to see that the paper adheres to the glass when your hand is removed, and lo, you are holding a wineglass of water upside down, as promised.

While on the subject of tricks, another one that earns full marks for the person with a steady hand is—

### Knotting The Cigarette

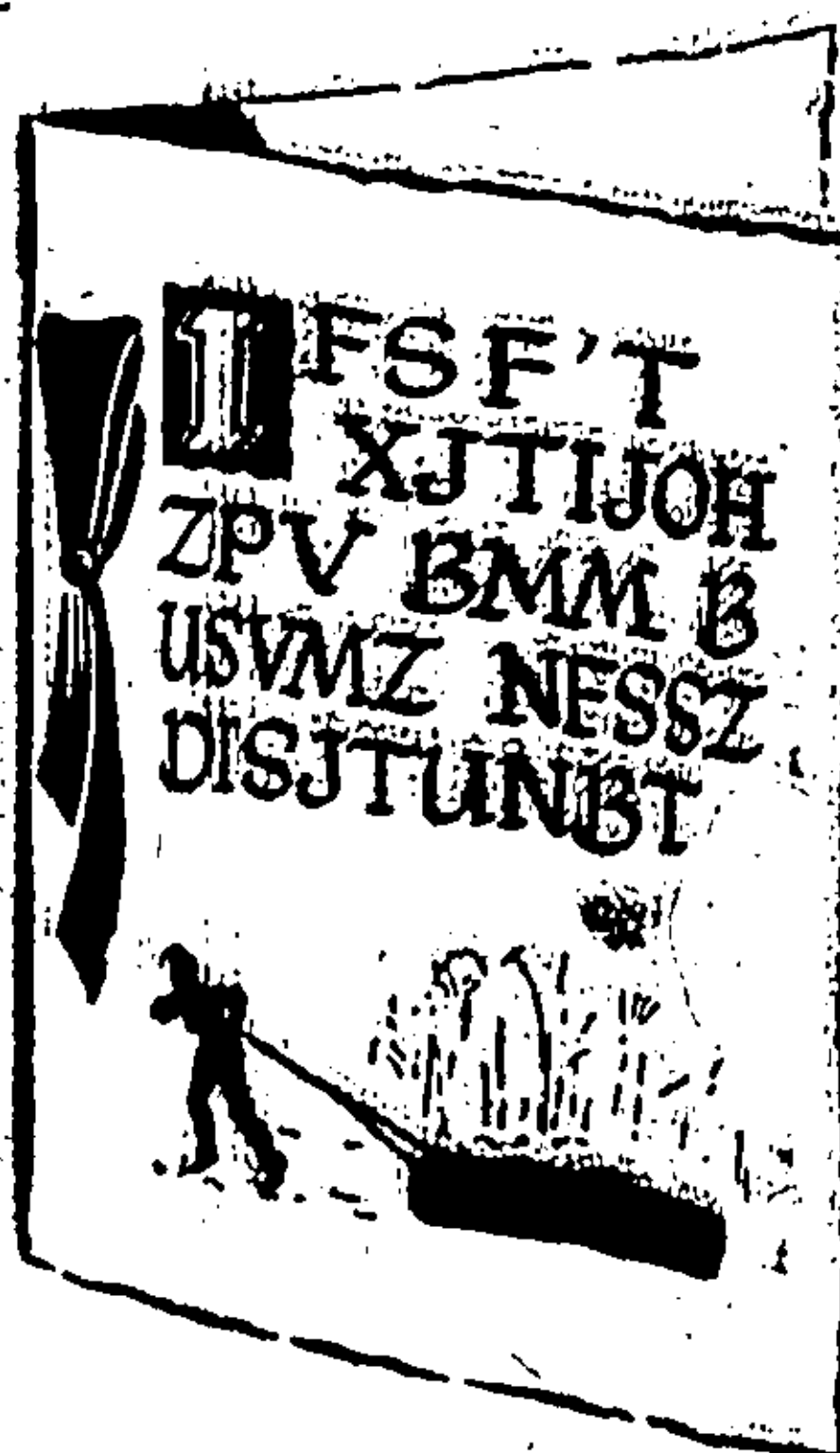
Invite the company to tie a knot in a cigarette, but without breaking it in any way. This is where you get out that box of smokes that Aunt What-Was-Her-Name sent you the Christmas before last (it's a good way of disposing of them!). It should not come as a surprise to you that unless they know the trick everyone will fail. That is where you step right in and collect that applause.

Beforehand you should have saved several pieces of Cellophane wrapping from cigarette boxes and the like. Select a piece of this Cellophane and wrap it round the cigarette firmly several times, leaving a margin of one inch at either end of the cigarette. Now twist the Cellophane ends slightly, making sure to keep the whole thing quite taut, and you will find that you can gradually turn the whole affair into a knot and duly tie it.

Of course, by means of clever lighting effects and a certain sleight-of-hand, you might be able to persuade the company that the trick was performed without Cellophane even.

It is hardly likely that anyone will receive a Christmas card such as you see here. The circumstances seem to be, however, that in Furitania the Reigning Fury stopped even the sending of Yuletide wishes, so that many of the inhabitants were forced to use cards in code. An example is shown here, and, although it didn't deceive the secret-service organization of the country concerned, it may baffle you for a few minutes.

The code was formed by making one letter of the alphabet stand for another. See if you or your guests can decipher the greeting. It would be a good idea to put up a prize for the first one getting the message right, wouldn't it?



Queer Card.

And talking of prizes, here's an excellent scheme if you want a good party competition. Lay in a stock of ordinary wire pipe-cleaners and give three to each person entering the competition. Competitors are instructed to make the most interesting or amusing object they can by twisting and joining the three pipe-cleaners. They must not be cut in any way, and, for the sake of fairness, all three cleaners must be used in each "creation."

### Christmas Charity

Now try this seasonable problem. It concerns a certain charitable gentleman who took 100 children to a pantomime. He obtained seats for some of the children at 1s. 6d. each, and the

others were accommodated at 1s. per head. The total cost was £6 17s. 6d. Can you work out how many children sat in each of the two kinds of seat? If that one heats you for the time being carry on with this picture-puzzle.

To solve it, write down the three words which the pictures illustrate and use them, together with the other two letters in the puzzle, to spell the name of rather a busy person just now. All the letters must be used.

And here is another good party novelty! Have you ever seen

### A Needle That Floats

Believe it or not, such an apparent impossibility can be achieved. Like most other things there is a catch in this one. The "effects" comprise a bowl of



Who Is This?

water, a needle, and a piece of cigarette paper. First of all, you rest the needle on the piece of cigarette paper, and then place that very gently on top of the water in the bowl. Gradually the paper will absorb water and then slowly sink. But, don't be alarmed, the needle is left floating on the surface of the water, and you take your bow as an obvious magician.

Another effective trick is performed with a candle and matches. A half-used candle is preferable, and the whole affair looks much better in a darkened room. Place the candle on a table and light it, introducing some cross-patter while the wick gets well warmed. Ask someone to come and blow out the candle, after which you inform the company that you can relight it without actually touching the wick.

In fact, you say that the feat will be performed by holding the lighted match an inch or so above the candle. The secret is to have the match lit and ready to hold in that position immediately the candle is blown out, because gases will mingle with the smoke as soon as the candle is out, and these rise up to the match which ignites them. The flame runs down the column of smoke to the wick. Be careful not to risk spoiling this trick by a draughty room.

### A Games Drive

Have you ever thought what good fun can be had from a few simple guessing, competitions and the like, worked in the form of a progressive test? It is really good fun and interesting for your guests, especially if there is a prize to be won at the end.

This item needs a little preparation beforehand. About a dozen different items will be wanted, although these can be varied according to the number of your party and the time you wish the "turn" to last. Arm each guest with a pencil and paper, and tell them that there are, say, twelve tasks for them to do, and they must write the result of each one on their answer papers as they complete it.

No doubt you will have all sorts of clever ideas of your own as to what tests to impose, but here are a few to show you the sort of things that prove effective.

See how many grains of rice can be extracted from a deep bowl, in half a minute, by means of two knitting needles.

Give twelve (or more) letters on cards, all mixed up, and ask competitors to make the longest word they can from these. Award points according to the number of letters used.

Fill up a glass jar with peas and invite the "victims" to guess how many there are in the jar.

Measure up a yard or so, of string, roll it up into a bit of a tangle, and ask its length.

Make up a sort of mystery parcel, in which some object is wrapped in cloth and tissue paper and tied with string. Competitors have to feel the parcel only, and try to guess the object it contains.

See who can make the highest score with three darts.

and so on! No doubt you will all have much more clever ideas, but remember that very often the simpler the idea the more it appeals. If you make them too complicated it will take longer for the games to warm up. In deciding upon the winner, you should give points for each item, and then award the prize (or prizes) to the highest totals.

And, by the way, do you happen to know the difference between a wife and an income-tax collector? In case you don't the answer is fifty—you see, an income-tax collector only takes your money twice a year, whereas a wife "collects" fifty-two times per annum.

Now for another puzzle. It is quite an easy one really, and the idea is simply to replace each row of asterisks below with a seasonable word. If the right words are selected you will be able to read off eight four-letter words in each of the down columns thus formed.

A O E H A A I T

S T S W S L Y W

And now, if by any chance you want to win some money, or at least be on the right side of things, here is

### A CERTAIN WINNER

For this item you require 24 match-sticks and a willing victim. You invite your opponent to enjoy a little game of matchstick grubbing, and before the game starts even, you can tell him he is going to lose.

The rules of the game are simply these: each player takes it in turn to remove from the pile of 24 matches either one or two sticks at each turn. More than one or two sticks at each go must not be removed, but whether it is one or two is entirely at the player's option. The winner is the person who removes the last match or matches from the table.

Supposing your opponent goes first and takes one match you must then take two; should he have taken two matches, however, you must take one only. Knowing this trick you will realise that the matches are removed in threes and therefore you must win the game. If you should go first, take only one match, and if your opponent takes one, you take one again, and then follow on in the ordinary way, making sure that each pair of moves adds up to three.

You will find that whatever moves your friend makes, keeping these simple rules in mind, you will always win the game by taking the last match or matches on the table.

And now finally, Each letter in the following sum stands for a figure and the first stage of the sum is multiplication and the second addition. Curiously enough, as you can see, the final answer is the reverse of the number you start with.

G Y C B R A L N T

T N L A R B C G Y

T N L A R B C Y G

Now then, can you puzzle out which figures the letters stand for? The Mystic Greeting: "Here's wishing you a truly merry Christmas."

Christmas Charity: 75 at 1/6 and 25 at 1/-.

Picture Puzzle: Father Christmas.

Word Puzzle: Presents and Yuletide.

Sum: 123456789 times 8 plus 9=987654321.

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WE all like to have our fortune told at Christmas time. Although we may look upon it just as party fun, it is always interesting to hear what the future has in store for us, and the guest who can tell fortunes is likely to be the most popular person at the party.

But although it is thrilling to have your fortune told in detail, waiting your turn is apt to become tedious, especially where there are a large number of guests. A much better plan for the party hostess who wants to keep everyone happy at once is to have some fortune-telling games in which everyone can "have a go."

Here are some ideas for fortune-telling which are sure to go down well at your next party. You can play them all with things you are sure to have about the house, and the methods are so simple that you can pick them up in five minutes.

### Keeping Company

Would you like to know what friends you are going to make in 1941? Then take from a pack of playing cards all the court cards—that is, the ace, king, queen and knave of each suit, 16 cards in all. The rest of the pack is not required.

Remove from the pack of 16 the card representing yourself or the "subject" whose fortune you are telling, choosing it as follows:

King of Hearts represents a young, fair man, King of Diamonds an older, fair (or grey-haired) man, King of Clubs a young, dark man, King of Spades an older, dark man. Queen of Hearts represents a young, fair woman, Queen of Diamonds an older, fair (or grey-haired) woman, Queen of Clubs a young, dark woman, Queen of Spades an older, dark woman.

Draw three cards, face downwards from the remaining ones, add the "subject" to these, shuffle, and turn up. By noting the details

below, you can foretell the company you will keep in the coming year.

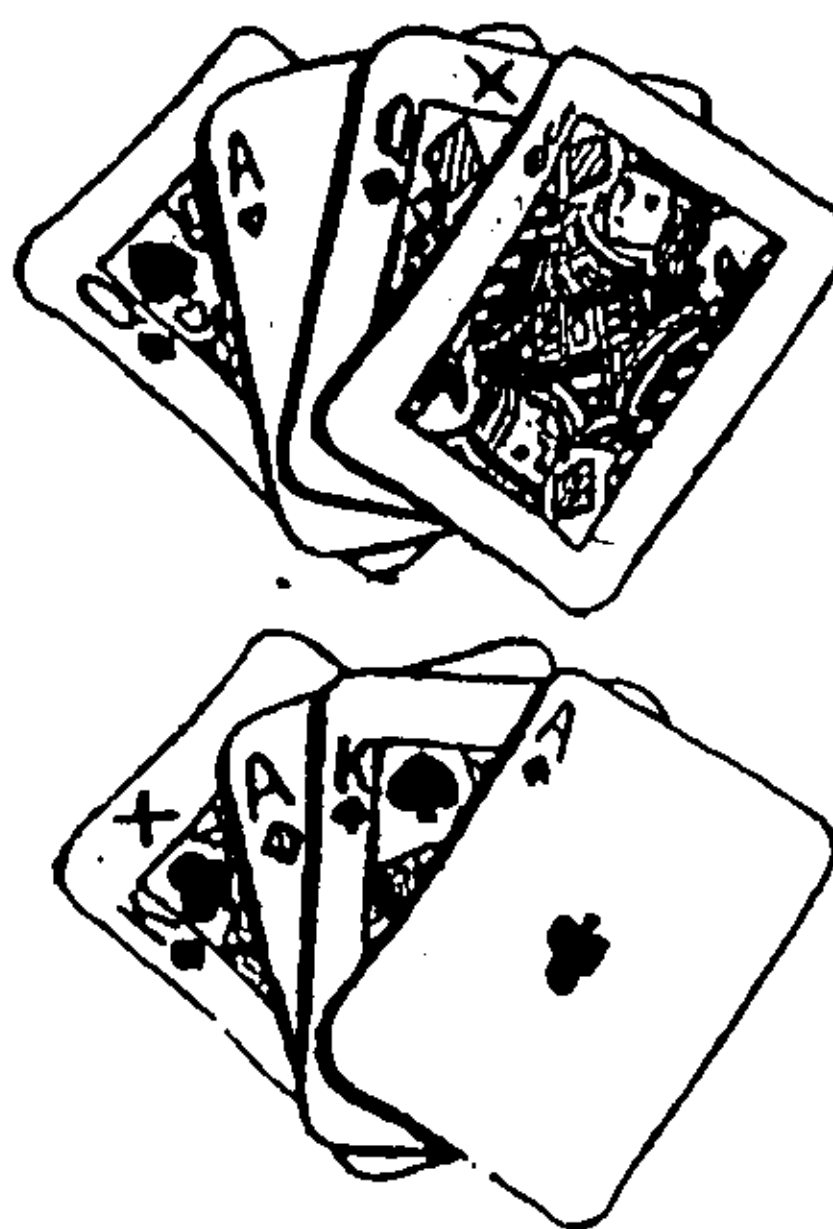


FIG. 1

Kings and Queens have the meaning already given. In addition, King's frequently suggest people of authority or superior social standing. All Knaves indicate a slight "spot of bother." Black Knaves (and also black Queens) suggest gossip or slander; red Knaves show flirtations, or people in uniform (perhaps a policeman stopping your car, or a postman bringing your income-tax form!).

Ace of Diamonds means money, Ace of Hearts love and affection, Ace of Clubs work and progress, Ace of Spades slight obstacles or else a change of circumstances.

Two examples are shown in Fig. 1, from which you will soon learn to forecast an interesting fortune. In each case a cross indicates the "subject." Miss Blonde, for instance, is likely to have a flirtation, or perhaps a dark woman causing gossip about her, but the Ace of Hearts shows that she will find the right man before long. Her dark-haired brother or boy friend, however, as shown in the second example, is all set for a good year in the world of business. Money and promotion is promised by the two aces, while the King of Spades suggests an influential friend who will help to create this happy state of affairs.

### Dart Board Fortune

Every home has a dart-board nowadays, and when you grow tired of the ordinary way of playing try fortune-telling instead. For this, take no notice of the numbers, but let the four main divisions on the board indicate four aspects of life, as shown in Fig. 2, respectively money; home, work and travel. If you cannot remember these four, write them on slips of paper, and fix to the board with drawing-pins.

Each person throws three darts, either aiming definitely at a particular spot, or letting each dart take its chance. If a dart goes off the board, you may have another throw. When all three have been placed, you can determine the

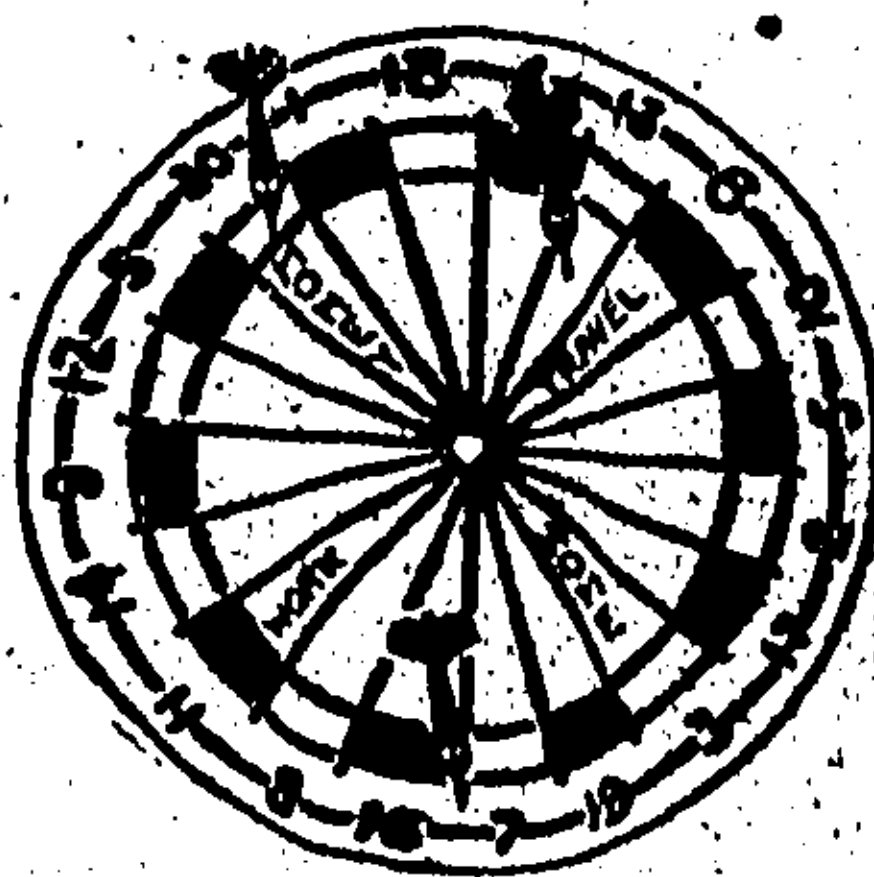


FIG. 2

"subject's" fortune from the following meanings.

A dart in any of the named spaces, good progress, happiness and success in that particular aspect of life. Either side of a space—changes and new schemes in that part of your life, but ultimately for the good. "Next door but one" to a space—difficulties and hindrances, which will make or mar your future according to the way you deal with them.

A dart in the centre is specially lucky, promising a good year all round. To score a "double" means a "double dose" of whatever the rest of the space indicates, whether good or bad, and similarly with a "treble." A dart in the outer rim of the board shows a rather "neither nor" year to come, with few changes and slow but steady progress. The position of the three darts shown in Fig. 2 may be translated in the following terms. This will be an exceptionally good year financially, with a promise of either a new home or an enjoyable holiday which opens new prospects. Your work and friends remain much the same, bringing happiness and quiet contentment.

### Spin A Coin

You need a chess or draughts board for this game, and a number of similar coins—one for each person. The coin will depend on the size of your squares. It should be fairly large in proportion to the squares, similar to the proportions shown in Fig. 3.

Everyone spins a coin, choosing different parts of the board. When

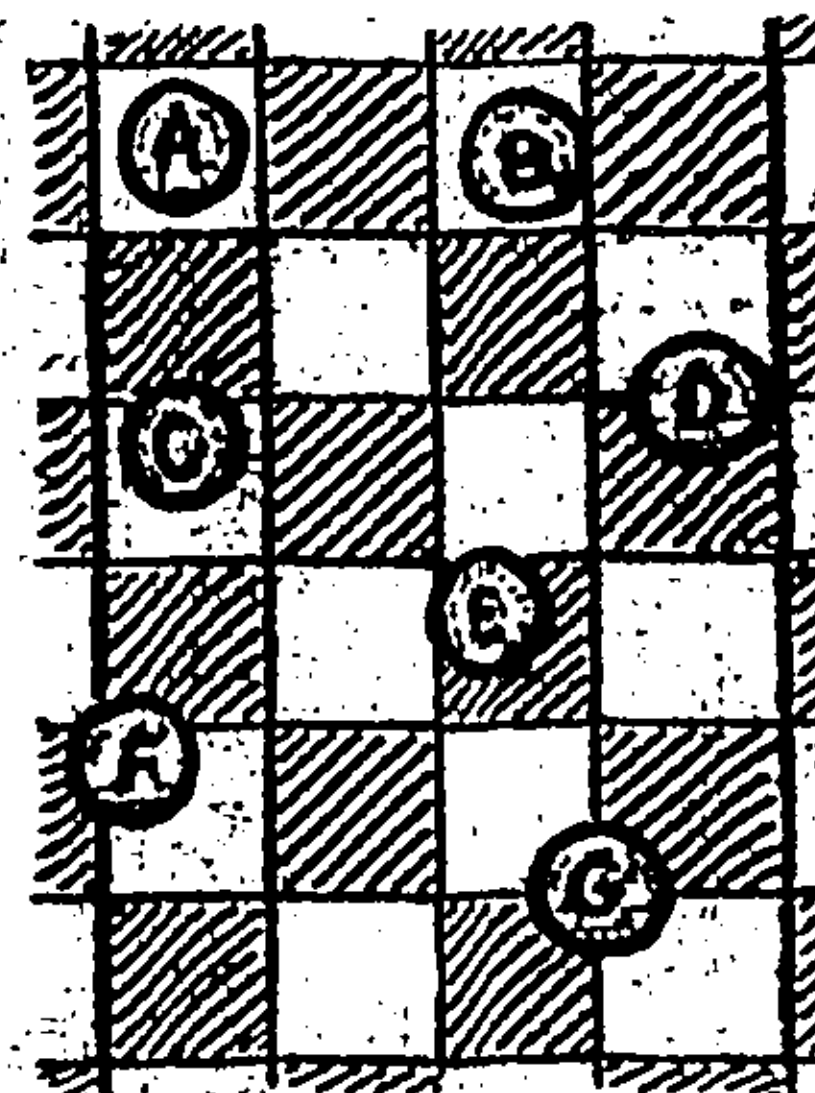


FIG. 3

all the coins are at rest on the board, your luck is forecast according to the positions explained below, and also shown in Fig. 3.

A.—In centre of square—home, life and love affairs go smoothly. Make few changes this year.

B.—Irregularly placed within square—a new home or an addition to the family. Look for happiness this year within your home circle.

C.—Touching one line—unexpected happenings—slight promotion in business—small financial improvement if at home.

D.—Centrally across one line—new friends or interests—new hobby or job—Be ready to seize any opportunity which comes along.

E.—Touching two lines—you have to make decisions in the coming year—friends or events are pulling you in two different ways.

F.—Touching two lines and a corner—you will go places and do things this year—travel and excitement is in store for you.

G.—Centrally at junction of four squares—this is your lucky year—everything will go right for you. Providing you look before you leap, you are sure to leap in the right direction!

### Spills for Luck

Have a bundle of coloured spills about the house, those that men use to light their pipes. If you haven't you can buy a bundle for a copper or so, and they are just the things for fortune-telling.

They are usually in four colours—green, yellow, pink and purple. To each colour allot one of the aspects of your life, as for the dart-board method. The best arrangement is—green for travel, yellow for money, pink for home and friends, purple for work.

If your spills have a different assortment of colours from those stated here, you can substitute others to suite your purpose, providing that you always keep to the same ones.

Give each person twenty spills—five in each of the four colours. If you have sufficient spills, it is good fun to let everyone "spill their spills" together, giving each person a clear space on the floor. Mix your twenty spills well

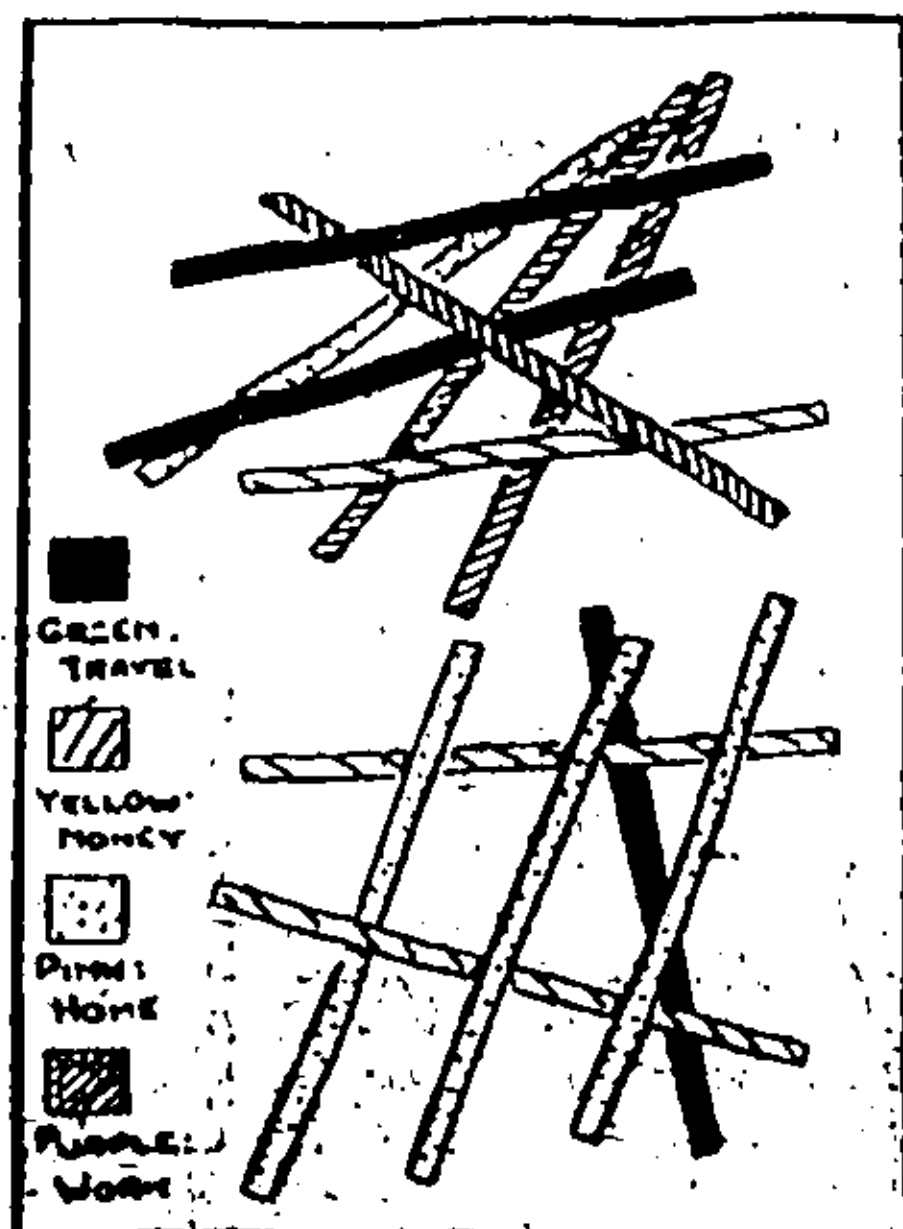


FIG. 4

together, hold them between your two hands at shoulder height, and let the spills drop gently to the floor. You will probably find that they have fallen in one or more small groups, with a few isolated spills lying apart.

Remove all the isolated ones, and if there is more than one group, remove all but the largest. This leaves one group of spills, containing only two or three, perhaps a dozen or so. The size of the group is unimportant.

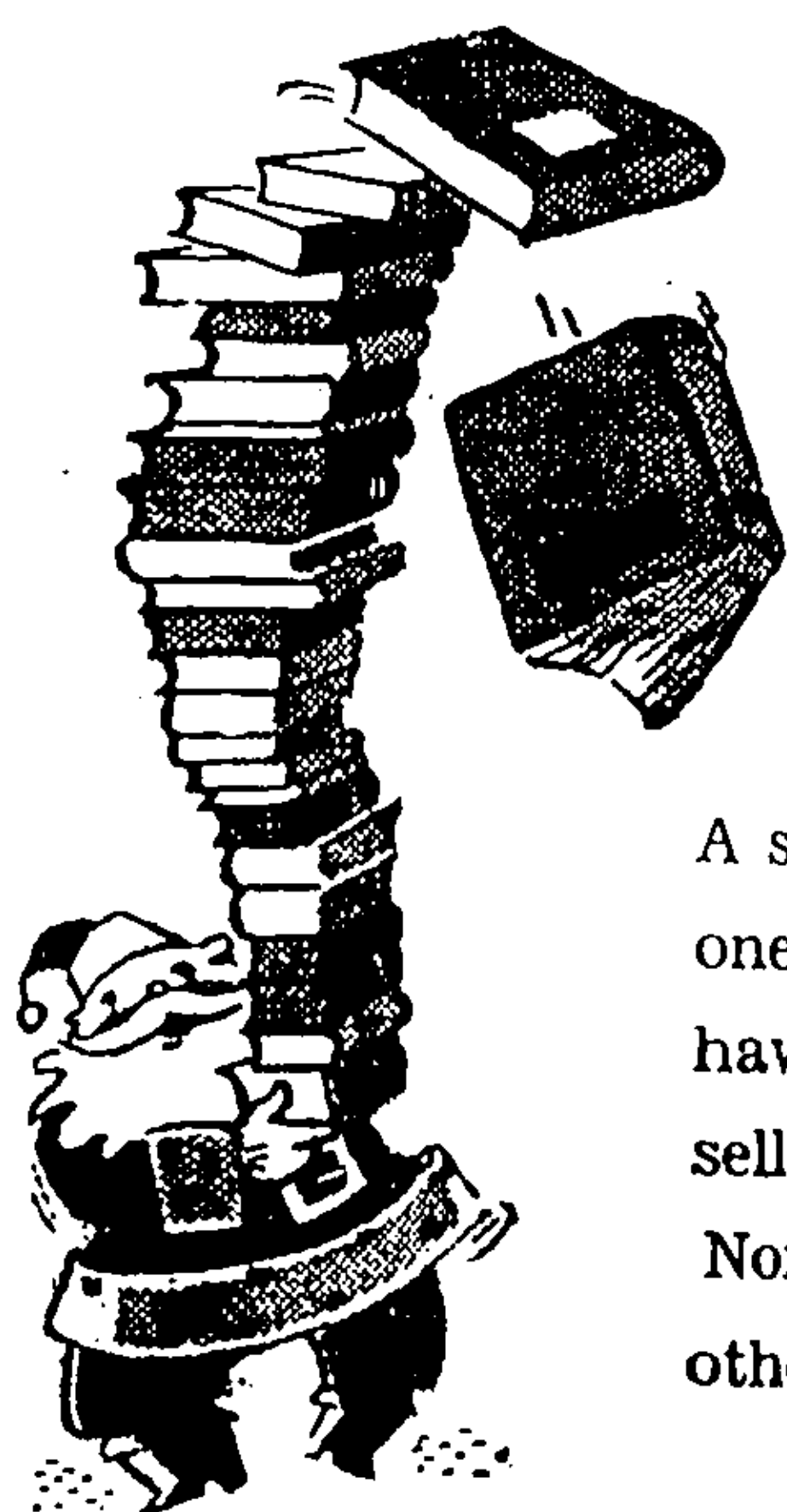
As you will readily see, many interesting facts can be forecast from the colours and position of the spills in the group. A large proportion of yellow ones suggests good financial prospects, several green ones suggest that you are "going places," and so on.

A very irregular group suggests a year full of unexpected happenings; where some kind of pattern is formed, your life will go according to plan.

Two examples are given in Fig. 4. The first shows good business prospects, with some four or five connected with your work, possibly unexpected ones. Take care not to let this work and travel upset your home life too much (note the one "home" spill beneath all the others). The second indicates a peaceful year with home and comfortable prospects in evidence.

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It is a mistake for people to have birthdays within a week or two of Christmas. Relatives, generally speaking, do not mind giving two presents a year at decent intervals, but when the two occasions are separated only by a few days, one of two things is bound to happen.

The kind uncle or aunt says, "Well, dear, as your birthday and Christmas are so close together I am going to buy you a very nice present to do for both."

And the present costs just about the same as the ordinary Christmas or birthday present would have cost. The only difference is that in the course of the year they weigh out once instead of twice. This is all very well for the uncle and aunt but very unfortunate for the nephew or niece.

I knew somebody it was a girl of course, who got over the difficulty by declaring to all who were concerned, that, since she was so unfortunate as to be born on a Boxing Day, she intended to keep her birthday on the 26th of June. This gave everybody time to recover from having given one present before being called upon to make the next.

Stella Linklater had not thought of this, for in many ways she was a simple girl. That is to say, fairly simple and at least not grasping. Probably she did not notice her misfortune; at least it was not pointed out to her by those who made one present do for two.

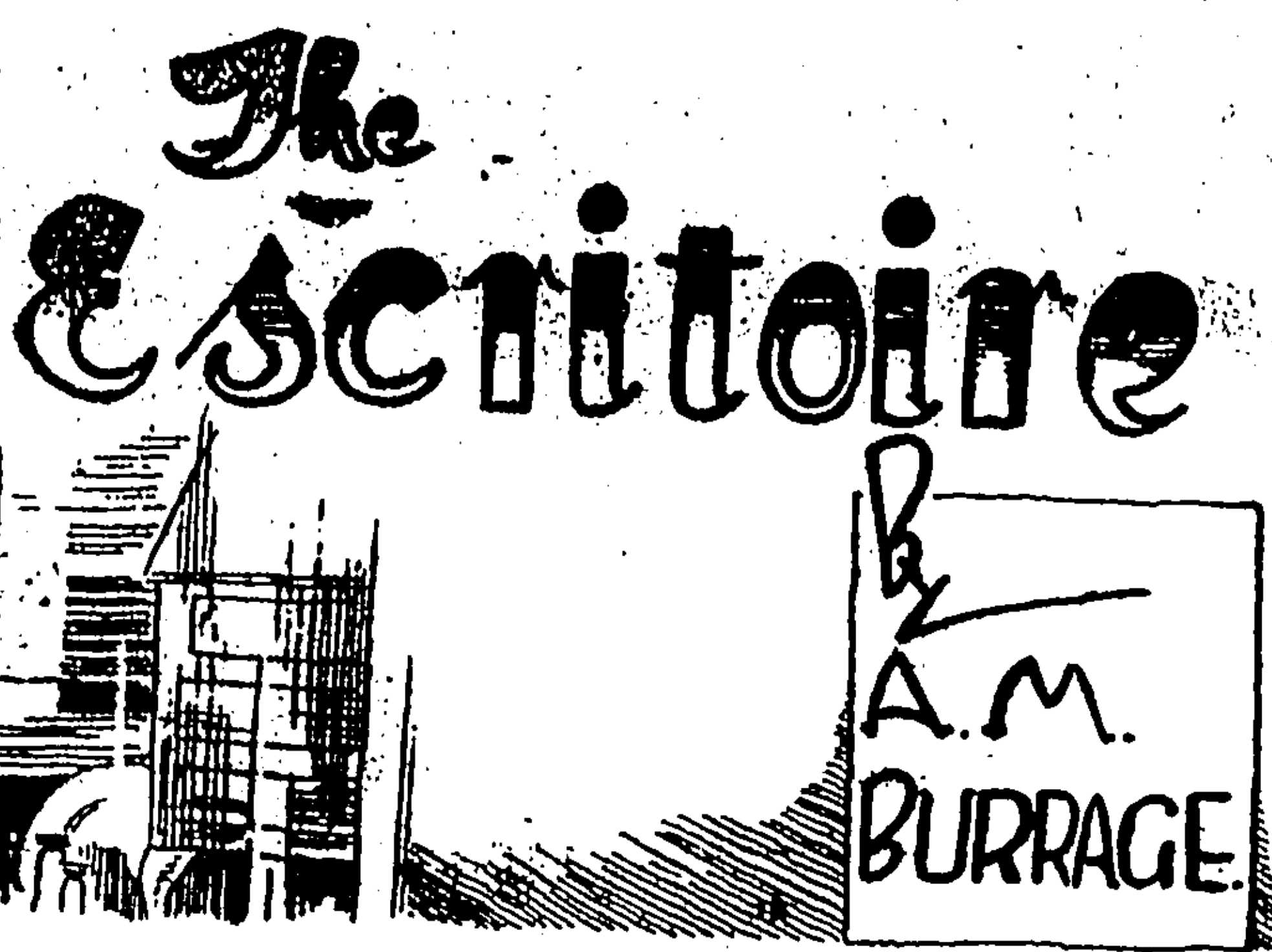
But when she had just turned the corner of twenty and a young man fell seriously in love with her, he noticed the embarrassing circumstances it didn't.

The young man was Norman Talland, one of those names which goes with a swing, and the owner thereof may be expected to perform all those deeds of chivalry and daring which are to be seen only on the pictures. But a name like that wants a lot of living up to.

When you're an underpaid clerk, with no pretensions to good looks, rather shy and all that, and inclined to freckle, you have a job to live up to a name like Norman Talland.

Our Norman Talland, was too young to have served in the war, wretchedly poor at all games except chess, as plain as a home-made pie, of sound but not outstanding intelligence, and at heart as romantic as all your handsome fellows.

His people were dead. He had no living relative but a blind aunt who rather exaggerated when



was not in one of those "safe" jobs in which a man's salary increases every year until he retires on pension. The "safe" job may not appeal to the spirit of adventure, but no man with responsibilities can be happy in the thought that the next month's end may see him adrift on the becalmed sea of unemployment.

For Stella he was a most unsuitable suitor. Her parents liked him well enough as a man, but

Concerning him they had used that last word many times, and always gave it that emphasis which deserves the capital letter.

But, of course, Stella fell in love with him. She was the sort of girl who would—as if she did it for the sheer pleasure of annoying her people.

There was the usual family rumour. Norman, like the man he was, went straightforwardly to Papa and told him. Papa was stern and non-committal. No engagement, of course, until, as he vaguely expressed it, "matters improved." He was not born yesterday and he knew the folly of forbidding the young man; the house, thereby investing him with the romantic glamour he seemed to lack.

No, he was welcome as a friend, but—he lingered lovingly over this useful little word—no engagement, at least not for the present. The situation as old as the hills, as you see, and as new as the latest edition of an evening paper to each such pathetic pair of lovers.

Christmas came, but although

Norman had put himself through a course of semi-starvation he had scraped only sufficient. With this he bought a manicure set, in return for which he intended to extract one half-penny from Stella. For they say that you must never "give" things which cut, in case the gift cuts friendship. That was all right for the Christmas present, but what about the birthday gift?

And then he noticed the escritoire in the window of the second-hand furniture dealers. It was a fine old piece of highly-polished oak, and even on that dull morning little focuses of light gleamed on its surface. What made him stop and look twice at a piece of furniture he could not afford to buy is one of those everyday mysteries of life.

The thought came to him that if he could only buy it Stella would have it in her own room and think of him every time she sat down to write her letters. Utterly beyond his wildest dreams of finance, of course, but the Good Fairy, straight out of one of the old tales, happened to be passing unseen and flicked our young friend with her wand.

Inspired by the magic touch he walked in and inquired the price in the large manner of one who can afford to be careless about money. The long-nosed dealer eyed him superciliously.

"Twenty-five pounds," he said. "That's a very fine piece. Came out of the sale of effects of the late Sir Oswald Brending, the shipping magnate."

Norman just saved himself from laughing aloud. Then the Good Fairy touched him again with the wand which works miracles.

"Look here," he said, "I haven't got £25, but I'd like that escritoire. What about 10s. down and 10s. a week until the payments end? I can give you the usual references."

The dealer scratched his head. He had had that escritoire on his hands for longer that he cared to think. Driven to bargain he would have taken £10 for it and been content with only a small profit.

"All right," he said, "I'll take that. I've seen you about here a lot. I know your address and I know who you are. I'll get you to sign a form and I'll give you a receipt for your first 10s. The man will be back in a few minutes, and I'll send it round at once."

Norman followed the man at a distance, saw him deposit the piece of furniture at its destination, sighed and went back. On his way he took out a cigarette. Then he thought twice, sighed again, and put it back in the packet. Couldn't afford to be rash with cigarettes now. He would smoke another in two hours' time, make it last 20 minutes—he had found that he could do that!—and start another one two hours afterwards.

On the Christmas night he was bidden to a party at the Linklaters. The parents could have done without him and not suffered in consequence, but had to ask him for Stella's sake. It was only for Stella's sake that he went. She came out into the hall while he was taking off his coat, and frowned at him.

"You're a very bad lad!" she said.

"I know," he answered lightly. "That's what makes me so attractive. These very good men are all very well in their way, I suppose, but they're awfully dull. No ginger."

"You know what I'm talking about."

"I don't—as usual."

"That writing-desk thing."

"Oh that? Sorry if you don't."

"Oh, darling, it was too sweet of you. But I'm angry because you couldn't possibly afford it."

"Been in my family for years. George IV gave it to my great-great-grandfather, who happened to be one of his favourites."

She laughed and then frowned.

"Do you know what happens to wicked men who—er—don't tell

(Continued on Page 23.)



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# WHY CHRISTMAS GHOSTS?

By MAURICE NOEL HENNESSY



It seems very strange that most writers of ghostly phenomena carefully avoid that all-important question—why do ghosts appear more at Christmas than at any other time of the year?

Ghosts are seldom seen on summer evenings, they always seem to choose the festive season, and even the telling of a ghost story in summer seems to lack the charm that it has when told around a blazing fire, on a wild winter evening.

There appears to be no definite expression of opinion on the subject, but there are a few outstanding features of ghostly apparitions which give us a solution to the problem.

One of the main categories into which these spirits can be classi-

Red is the Family Ghost. Spirits follow certain families, wherever they may be, and the circumstances and reputed causes of their appearance vary in nearly every instance. In certain families they appear to come as a warning against approaching death or evil; in others, they come annually as a kind of anniversary event.

In Scotland and Ireland this type of ghost is most frequent; most of the spirits and spirit stories that enhance the glamour of the Scottish highlands and the Irish valleys are of the family variety. Few of the Scottish families of repute are without their ghosts.

## Isn't It Natural?

On consideration, an excellent case for the appearance of the family ghost at Christmas can be made. Christmas is the great occasion for the gathering together of all the members of a family. From far and near people come to spend the festive season in the bosom of their families. This fact in itself constitutes a feature of the old Christmas that is fast dying out, but nevertheless presents an interesting point of view.

Isn't it quite natural that in this family re-union, the members who have passed on should come back to the fold in order to be present at the family gathering. Perhaps the force of memory and the re-



The snow on a leafless tree makes very strange figures.

miniscences of the past have such psychological effect that imagination runs riot and ghosts are "seen."

Again, Christmas is the time of feasting and merry making; sometimes the latter is a little more than mere merrymaking. Red wine flows freely and often ghosts appear more often. Readers, draw your own conclusions. Have you ever seen a ghost after a night of Christmas revelry?

A rather interesting idea presents itself in this regard. The

Christmas of the past was also associated with snow on the ground, and like ghosts the snow is white. But, after all, why should ghosts be white, why could they not be blue or yellow or green. But then, there are green ghosts in Scotland, however.

To resume, the trees are bare in winter and the snow on a leafless tree makes very strange figures, indeed many a stout-hearted person has received a scare from a snow-covered limb before now. What then could be seen by someone whose vision is blurred by the good cheer of Christmas? Ghosts, ghosts, and more ghosts.

A more serious cause for Christmas Ghosts is, of course, religion, and here appears to be the most acceptable theory. The fact that the birth of Christianity is the real significance of Christmas and the fact that Christianity is the source of all things spiritual, presents an important viewpoint for the Ghost lover.

No doubt, much research would present a fine case for this, but at the moment the more obvious facts must be accepted. And these are that Christmas was by the very nature of its beginning associated with supernatural things, and the modern tendency to see things in the same light is nothing more or less than a relic of the ancient forms of the festive season.

Ireland, that land of ghosts, presents a peculiar custom which is really the only one that offers an



Glamis Castle, whose ghost is probably the most famous.

explanation of the Christmas ghost. Away in the west of Connemara, in the poor peasants' cottages, there is a very strong belief that the Holy Family visit the homes of the peasantry. Consequently, they leave their doors wide open; leave a bright fire in the hearth and prepare the table for three. Of their very humble fare, they lay a generous quantity on the table.

Their belief is really amazing and if they do see spirits at Christmas time, they think nothing of it. They expect it rather than look on it as a faint possibility.

## Simple Explanations

Then again, spirits often manifest their presence in a variety of ways, for example the guttering of a candle, the hooting of an owl, peculiar ticking sounds and various other ways.

The fact that Christmas frequently brings stormy winds might easily account for the guttering of candles, despite the fact that many will avow that when this strange thing happens, there is no draught. A little too much food—dogs frequently suffer from this complaint at Christmas—may account for the howling dogs. Many of the other manifestations may be explained in a similar manner, by some psychological or even physiological happening.

Old mansions and castles are usually the "right" places to see ghosts at Christmas. Here again the family element is noticeable, and it would appear that the family ghost is really the Christmas ghost. There is scarcely any family castle in Scotland without its ghosts; probably the ghost of Glamis Castle is the most famous.

Even Sir Walter Scott seems to have been scared by this particular ghost. He wrote: "It contains also a curious monument of the peril of feudal times, being a secret chamber, the entrance of which, by the law or custom of the family, must only be known to three persons at once, viz., the Earl of Strathmore, his heir-apparent, and any third person whom they may take into their confidence."

It would appear from this quotation that this chamber was the family ghost room. The following quotation shows what Scott thought of the Ghost atmosphere of the place. "I must own, that as I heard door after door shut, after my conductor had retired, I began to consider myself too far from the living, and somewhat too near the dead."

## Ask One!

Nuns and Monks seem to be a peculiar and frequent aspect of Christmas Ghosts. Here, maybe, religion is the explanation. They too may be returning to their own homes at Christmas: back to their monasteries where they spent so many peaceful days.

Careful research has provided no stronger case for the Christmas Ghost. Perhaps you may be more fortunate, or unfortunate than I have been, and may have occasion to ask some Christmas ghost why he calls at the festive season. Does he wish to partake of the festive fare or is it just that he is desirous of renewing acquaintance with the old home.

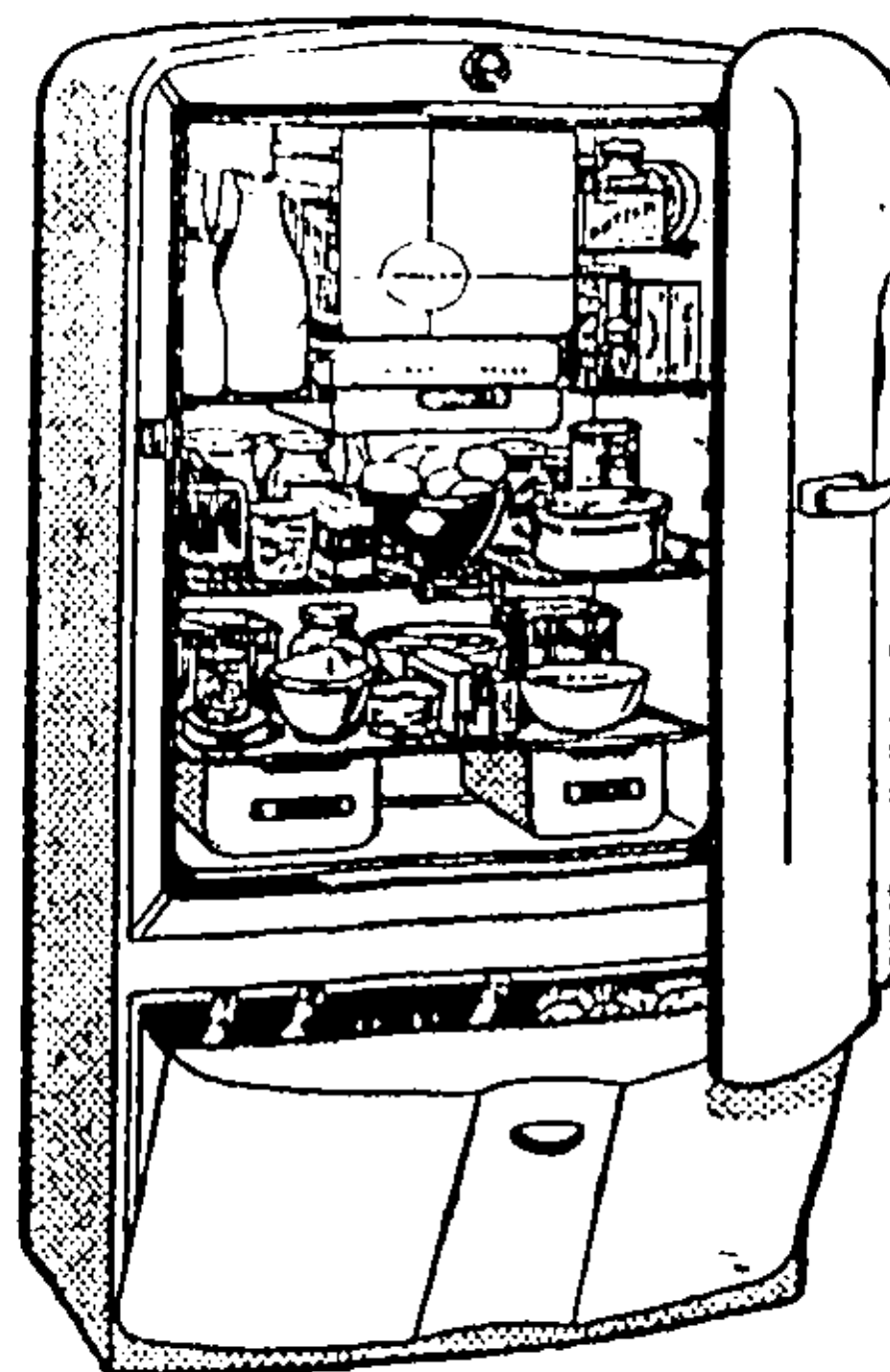
Whatever be the explanation, the Christmas Ghost is an institution. It is an integral part of the old Christmas glamour, and the old ancestral hall would lose much of its ancient charm if the Ghost changed his time to any other time of the year.

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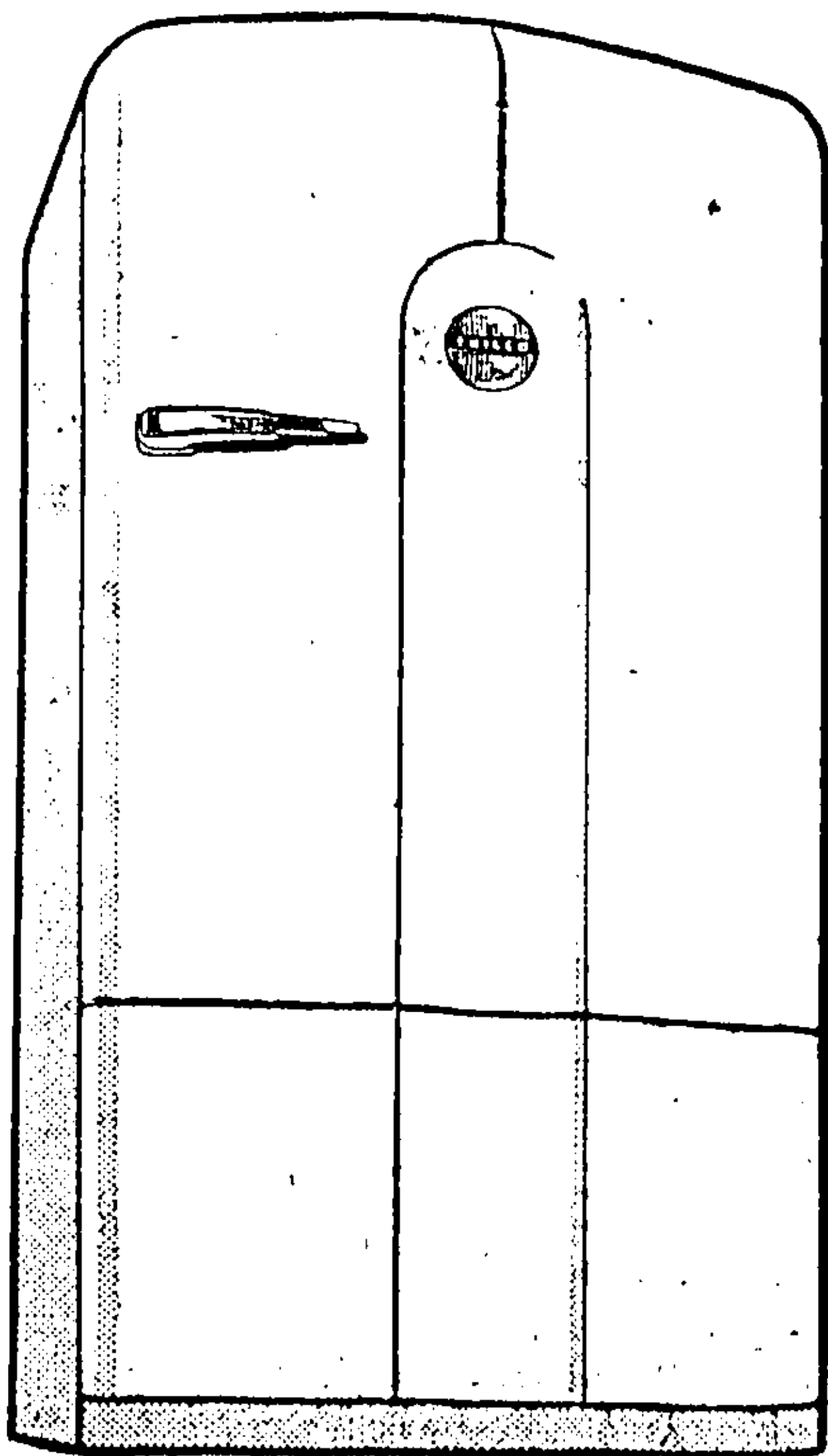
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**CHRISTMAS** simply would not be Christmas unless you gave a party, and if you think out beforehand what your guests are to play, you will find that you will enjoy the party as much as they do!

Make out a programme on paper, writing down more games that you will require, then you can make your choice at the time.

It's an excellent idea to sandwich a quiet game between two noisy ones, a sitting down one between moving about ones and so on. Then your guests won't lose their breath or feel they weren't so young as they used to be!

If you're going to have paper and pencil games, then see that you have a supply of both, including a trick pencil that is rubber and won't write. Your friends



Autograph Hunters

will enjoy that, only see that you have a proper one in readiness as a substitute.

Another point to remember is that if you are having competitions, keep the answers in some drawer so that you know exactly where they are. Things have such a habit of disappearing at party time!

Now for some jolly games that your guests will thoroughly enjoy:

**AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS** makes an excellent game to set the ball rolling.

Provide each guest whether young or old with a pencil and a plain postcard. Then ask everyone to go round and get the signature of everyone else. See the idea? Immediately everyone in the room begins to rush round excitedly, asking people whom they've never seen before for their autograph, and the whole place becomes full of bustle and chatter.

Of course you don't allow this autograph hunting to go on indefinitely. At the end of ten minutes or quarter of an hour you cry a halt, and then see who has collected the most names.

The winner may be given a small autograph album as a prize. It would be most appropriate.

**LUCKY CHAIR.**—Arrange the chairs in a circle facing outwards, there should be as many chairs as you have guests, and one should have a cushion on it to show that it is a lucky chair.

Now the fun begins. All the guests line up round the chairs



Stamp Team

and while someone plays the piano as for **MUSICAL CHAIRS**, the line walks round. Each time the music stops everyone sits down on the chair nearest to him. Whoever sits in the lucky chair counts one point.

To prevent your friends from becoming completely dizzy, suggest that they walk round alternate ways, first time to the right, second time to the left and so on.

And if your guests are young and energetic then get them to run round instead of walking. They'll love it.

As soon as anyone gets three points he cries "My luck's in," and the game stops.

He could be presented with a prize, if you're feeling generous, but it's not at all necessary.

A sitting-down game will make a change now, especially if you have a few great-aunts assembled, so why not play **I HAVE FOUR LEGS**?

This is a very quiet game. Everyone sits down and the player who is chosen to begin thinks of an object that has four legs, such as bed, table, chair, and so on. He then turns to his next door neighbour and says, "I have four legs and I begin with—" giving the first letter of the chosen word.

His next-door neighbour may have three guesses, but must make all before the first player counts ten.

If he fails to think of the right answer in spite of this, he is out of the game. The first player then thinks of another word and asks his next door neighbour but one. Of course, if the second player is successful it is his turn to think of a word.

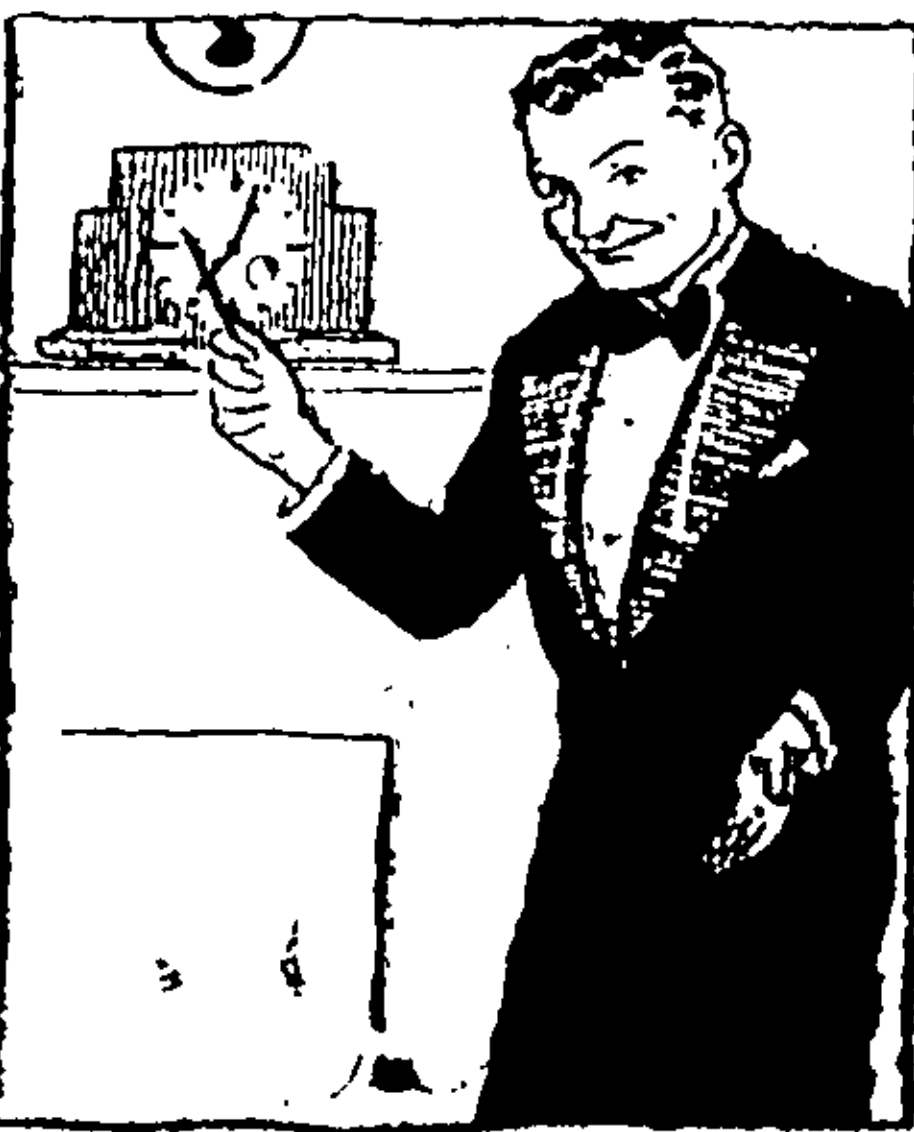
The winners are those left in at the end of the game which should be stopped as soon as anyone begins to look bored.

Everyone will be ready to stretch his legs again now, so there is a chance to play **WHERE'S THE BELL?** One guest is given a bell which he takes to any room in the house, hiding anywhere he likes. After the remaining guests have counted one hundred they set out in pursuit.

In the meantime the hider begins to ring the bell and continues to ring it until a player touches him.

To get the full benefit of the game it should be played in the dark, but it is nearly as enjoyable and less dangerous if played in the light.

The winner then takes his turn at hiding and so the fun goes on. **SPEARING THE RING** makes an excellent game to play next



Time Telling

and will collect all your guests together again.

Hang a curtain ring on a string and let it swing shoulder length in an open doorway.

Give one player a walking stick, invite him to stand six paces away from the ring, and tell him to walk forward quickly and spear the ring on the end of the stick. He may succeed or he may not. If he does he scores one point. If he pauses on the way he is disqualified at once.

Everyone takes a turn and the winner is the first player to score half-a-dozen points.

He should be awarded a prize, the funnier the better. Something like an animal balloon will be appreciated both by him and rest of the party, so don't forget.

Everyone likes a team game, so try **STAMP TEAM**.

Make a collection before the party of all the used stamps you can find, whatever the value.

Ask one player to be umpire, unless you like to take on the job yourself, and invite two other players to pick up sides, beginning by choosing the children first. The two teams go to one end of the room, facing the opposite end.

Place the stamps in one large pile at the opposite end, about a yard away from the wall, and behind them, with back to the wall, the umpire should stand.

Now the fun begins.

The umpire calls out any value he likes, such as fivepence halfpenny. Immediately the first player in each team runs up to the pile of stamps, and selects as many as will make up the value of fivepence halfpenny.

The first player to hand the correct stamps to the umpire scores one point for his side.

When everyone has had a turn the sides count up their points and the winning one is acclaimed.

There is no need to say, of course, that children should be given very simple amounts, and if possible a child should run against a child in the opposing team. Such little points add greatly to the happiness of the party in general.

**TIME TELLING** will fit very well into the minutes that follow when everyone is recovering his breath.

Ask one of the players to think of a certain hour which you intend to guess. Tell him you will point to the various hours on the clock, and all he has to do to help you is to add the number of times you point to the hour he has chosen. When the total reaches 20 he must tell you. You will then triumphantly tell him that the hour at which you are then pointing is his chosen one—which it is. You then invite other players to try to tell the time in this way, and they will find it very mystifying.

This is how it is done. When you point, take any seven different numbers, asking after each one if the total is yet twenty. The eighth time you must point to twelve, the ninth to eleven, and so on backwards, stopping only when you are told the total is 20, which will be at the required hour. It's quite easy!

Everyone will enjoy a musical



Flower Hunters

game to follow, so what about **MUSICAL STICK**?

All the players stand in a circle, and one is given a stick. While music is played as for **MUSICAL CHAIRS**, the stick is passed round the circle from one to the other. Whoever is holding it when the music stops is out of the game, and has to retire and form part of the audience.

The winner is the player left in until the end.

Now for a competition. One that your friends will appreciate, whatever their age, is **FLOWER HUNTERS**. Cut up a number of pictures of flowers before the party, using those out of old gardening catalogues. Hide these in different parts of the house (or room, if more convenient), and then invite everyone to go flower gathering.

The winner is the one who has "picked" the largest number of flowers at the end of 10 minutes.

By the way, if you haven't a

garden or cannot bear to cut up your catalogue, play the game by writing out the names of flowers and hiding these slips of paper instead. It will be quite good fun.

Or, if you like the picture idea, substitute toys from a Christmas catalogue instead, and play **LOST TOYS**. This will have a particular appeal to the youngsters, anyway.

Now is the time to play **CRACKERS**.

The players divide into two sides, one being Midget crackers and the other Giant crackers. All the players except the two leaders stand in the middle of the room with their eyes shut. The two leaders go to the opposite ends of the room.

At the word "Go" the Midget leader begins calling out "Pop, pop," while the Giant cracker leader calls out "Bang, bang." They continue their cries while their players try to find them with their eyes still shut. The winning crackers are those who have all their crackers together first.

Finally, here is a quiet as well as being a musical game.

**BOX OF BEADS.**—For this game put as many beads (buttons, nuts, or some other small objects), as you can find into a box lid. All the players sit in a circle, and while music is played, the box is passed round, each player taking one of the objects before passing the box on. As soon as the music stops, as in Musical Chairs, the box is still passed on, but no player may take out a bead until the music begins again. This continues until all the beads have gone, when the totals are counted up. The winner is the one with the highest total.

The music should be played for only short periods of time.



'Tis a  
**Doubting World.**

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# The Haunted House In B— Square

IT was Christmas Eve and Big Ben had just struck eight when Bill Gover, affectionately dubbed "The Nipper" by his pals, burglar and ex-con, turned into B— Square, Mayfair. For some peculiar reason a corner house at once arrested his attention.

It was number 13. Like so many criminals, Bill was superstitious. He believed in numbers. Number 13 in another London Square had once brought him in a good haul. This number 13 might prove equally lucky. So he eyed its exterior with professional interest. All its windows were in darkness except one on the first floor, and the blinds of that particular window not being drawn down, Bill could see into the room. Standing in front of the dressing table was a blonde, he knew that by the top of her head, which shone like burnished gold. He could not see her face, because of the mirror.

What interested him most about her, however, were her hands; the white, jewelled, scarlet tipped fingers dangled a sparkling necklace.

"Diamonds," he said softly to himself. "If they're genuine they would fetch a mint of money, enough to set me up in a pub." To own a cosy public house in White-chapel or Lambeth was the height of his ambition. "They're worth trying for. I'll come again later, when the coast is a bit clearer."

Strolling off he whiled away the next few hours in a coffee house in Soho. He stayed there till close on midnight. It was now snowing, and cold and beastly enough to clear the street of loiterers. All who had homes were only too glad to get back to them. This was all in his favour, for when he reached B— Square, it was deserted, and few of the houses showed lights. Number 13 was in total darkness.

Having assured himself no policeman was in lurking anywhere near, he trod noiselessly down the area steps, and was nearly at the bottom of them when he slipped. His head struck a wall, and he lapsed into unconsciousness. For how long, he could not say. When his brain functioned again, he got

up and examined the area win-

dows. They were all barred, except a very small one. If Bill had not been a very small man—that was why his intimates named him "The Nipper"—he could never have got through it. He certainly had to squeeze a good deal.

He alighted in a ladder. The air felt dank and chilly, but it was a very chilly night.

Slipping on a pair of felt slippers, they were part of his stock in trade, and flashing his electric torch cautiously around, he moved slowly forward; out of the ladder into a kitchen, where a nearly spent fire glowed dully in the large range, out into a stone flagged passage and up a wooden staircase on the ground floor.

The light from a lamp-post in the Square shone through the fan-light over the front door, and called into evidence dark shadows. There was something strange about the house, what it was he

took off her opera cloak and he saw the gems he so coveted sparkling round her neck. If only she would make haste and get into bed he would try and grab them. But my lady was in no hurry. For some time she stood by the bedside. There was a half-frightened, half-resolute look in her eyes, and lines of pain about her dainty little mouth as she gazed thoughtfully at the sleeper.

Once there came an expression into her face that Bill did not like. It gave him the creeps, it was cruel, and seemed incongruous in one so young and fair. He was glad when she left the bedside and disrobing, which did not take her a jiffy, slipped into a suit of dainty pearl buttoned silk pyjamas, and switching off the light, got into bed.

Bill waited till he felt assured she and the man were slumbering, and then came quietly from his lair. Everywhere was very still, no sounds but the pattering of snowflakes against the window, not even the rustling or squeaking of a mouse.

The lady had laid the necklace and her other jewels on the dressing table, and their sparkle and glitter when he flashed his torch on them, made his mouth water. He was about to grab the lot and make a bolt for it, when he heard something that made him start in apprehension.

It was the gentle, surreptitious trying of the door handle. In an instant he was back in his hiding place, and not a second too soon for the door opened noiselessly and a white face peered through the aperture.

It was a woman, a woman with smooth black hair parted down the middle. The glow from the heater illuminating her long, narrow face, and emphasising its whiteness to a quite startling degree, threw the features into strong relief, and they were of a kind not easily forgotten. A hawk-shaped nose, tight, thin lipped mouth and dark obliquely set eyes, sinister eyes, that glittered evilly as they wandered furtively round the room.

"Strike me pink!" Bill inwardly ejaculated. "What a nasty looking devil! I wonder what she's up to?" and he shivered.

Moving with cat-like stealth, the woman crossed the floor to the bedside and bending over the man, listened with fiendish intent to his breathing. Then, apparently satisfied he was asleep, she gently drew the bedclothes from around his neck, and producing a shining, razor edge, horn handled knife from under her clothes, deliberately cut the wretched man's throat.

Tiptoeing noiselessly round the bedstead and holding the dripping knife ready to strike again: if necessary, she peered derisively down into the blonde lady's face. Frozen with horror and unable to move a limb or utter a sound, Bill, in his hiding place, watched. At length, apparently satisfied the blonde was asleep, the murderess made for the dressing table, and picking up the necklace thrust it in her bosom.

At that moment there was a slight noise close beside Bill. What caused it he did not know. It might have been the wind, a mouse—anything. The murderess heard it too.

Darting to the curtains, she pulled them aside. Bill made a frantic effort to break the spell that still held him limp and tongue-tied. He could do nothing. Outside the snow was falling faster than ever and the wind blew the flakes against the window panes with increasing vigour. Save for the slight noise this made everywhere was deathly still. Bill never forgot that stillness; there was something so weird and unusual about it. The woman stood, with her ugly, sinister face thrust forward, her eyes full of evil mockery mocking at his terror and inability to defend himself. Raising the keen knife, her lips wreathed in a cruel smile, she paused, gloating at his suspense; and then with a swift, sudden action, she stabbed. Bill felt an awful, agonising pain and then all was a blank. He came back to consciousness, to find himself lying, nearly buried in snow, in the very spot in the area where he had fallen and bumped his head.

Puzzled beyond words, for it had all seemed too real and vivid to be a dream, he staggered to his feet, and discovered he had no cap. It must have dropped off. (Continued on Page 22)

By ELLIOTT  
O'DONNET

could not say, but he did not like it. It made him creepy.

The sound of footsteps outside made him halt. There was no mistaking that measured tread, even though the snow muffled it. It was one of his enemies, a policeman, and his heart skipped a beat when the footsteps stopped outside the house. Was the copper looking at his imprints on the area steps? Would he ring the bell?

Bill did not breathe freely till the steps moved on, he then tiptoed softly to the staircase leading to the first floor. From afar off came the sound of singing, carols, probably on the wireless, but it sent Bill's memory fleeing back to the time when he was a choir boy. A choir boy then, a hardened burglar now. The irony of fate; and Bill smiled grimly. He wondered what the shepherds who watched their flocks, and Noel, would think of him, going up the stairs to pinch these diamonds, and on Christmas Eve too. Lord blimey! It was funny. Then he jumped, as a dark, shadowy form darted past him. It was a big, black cat.

Arriving on the first floor, the light from his torch revealed a door nearly opposite him.

"That's the room," he told himself.

Tiptoeing noiselessly across the landing, and cursing when the boards creaked, he halted at the door and, with his ear pressed against the panel, listened intently. Not a sound from within and no light showing under the door. A gentle tapping in his rear made him swing round in alarm. It was only a spray of ivy beaten against the staircase window by the wind and snow.

Cautiously, and with bated breath, he tried the door handle. The door was not locked. Opening it noiselessly he stepped into the room. The sound of deep, regular breathing came from the bed. The occupant was an elderly, clean-shaven grey-haired man, and he appeared to be sound asleep. There was no one else.

Bill's gaze, wandering round the handsomely furnished room, rested on the walnut dressing table. The elaborate display of silver backed toilet requisites suggested a woman, the blonde lady with the diamonds, but where was she, and where were they?

He was examining with feverish haste the contents of the dressing table drawers when he caught the tapping of high heeled shoes on the staircase. In a panic he at once hid behind the heavy curtains covering the window recess. Only just in time, for hardly had he concealed himself before someone entered the room.

Bill peeped through a chink in the curtains. It was the blonde! Tall and slender, with neat features, and a scarlet, cupid bow mouth and heavily lashed blue eyes; she was really beautiful. Even Bill, who had been very much off women since his wife ran off with his best friend, while he was last in prison, had to admit that. He was not, however, so much interested in her looks as he was in her jewels. The diamond necklace was not on the dressing table, or in any of the drawers. Was she wearing it? The answer came when she

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**NO** Christmas party would really be complete without its parlor magician. There will always come the moment when his performance will be eagerly welcomed as an aid to the general entertainment.

The guest who has a little repertoire of simple tricks of magic will be the most popular man in the room.

The tricks can be of the simplest kind—indeed, the less elaborate they are the more the bewilderment and the greater the fun. Those I am going to describe here have all been chosen because they require no other articles of apparatus than those found in daily use and require little preparation.

What they do require, of course, is a little practice. Given that, and a little well-thought-out accompanying patter, the tricks I have selected will be found very effective indeed.

Let us start with cards. Here's a first-class trick which is thoroughly mystifying to the audience, and which will be found remarkably easy to perform.

Taking a pack of cards, you give them a thorough shuffle and then hand the pack round to two or three members of the company also to shuffle. That should convince everyone that it is impossible for you to have the slightest idea where any particular card is placed in the pack when the shuffling is completed.

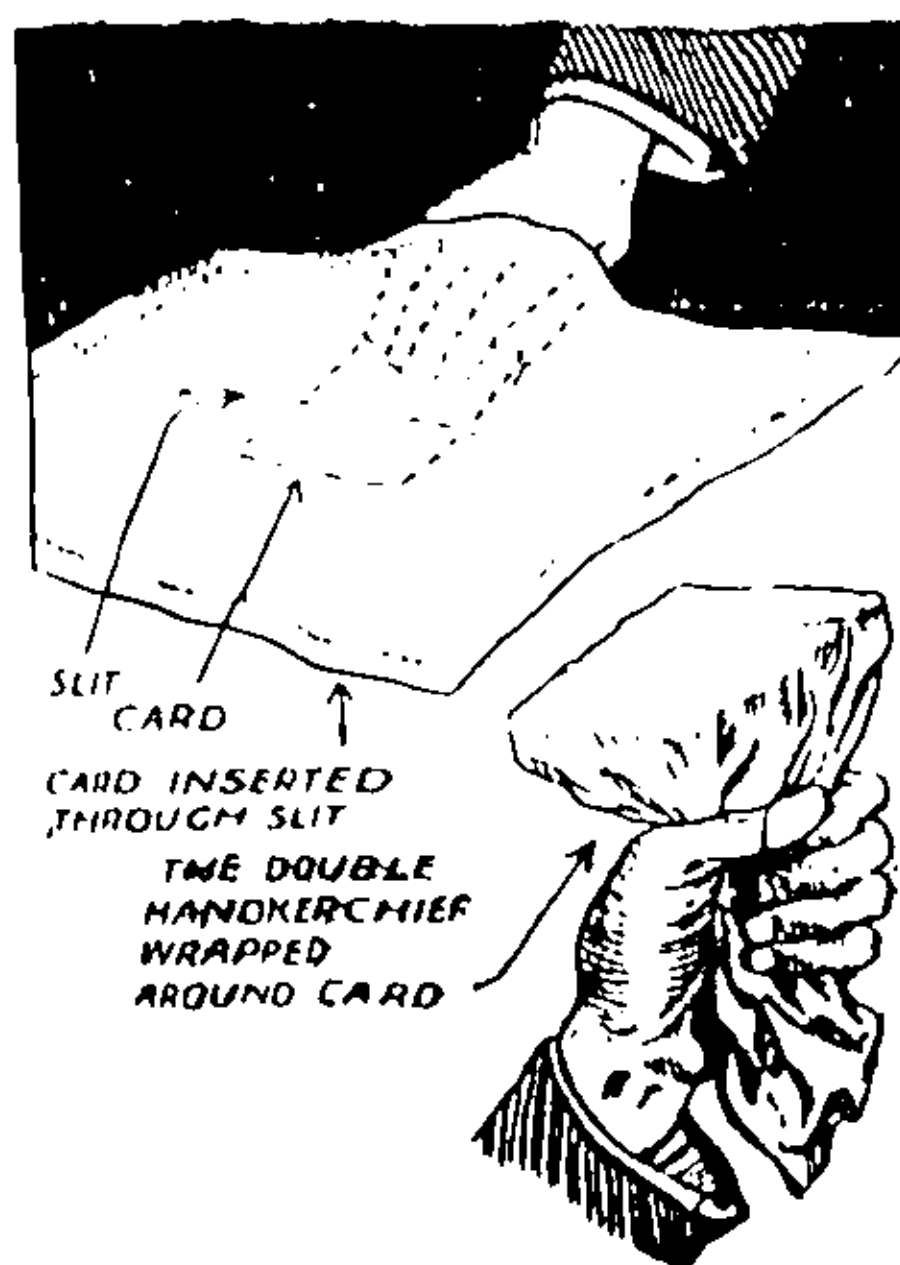
Regaining the cards, you put them, without another glance, in a small box which is fitted with a lid. This you close. Then, with a hearty thump on the top of the box you announce that you know quite well what the top card of the pack is. "It's the seven of spades," you say with assurance, at the same time opening the box and picking out the top card, which you display to your audience. They will see with astonishment that sure enough it is the seven of spades.

#### Thought-Reading Powers

You pick four or five other cards from the top of the boxed pack, and spread them fanwise on the table, still, of course, face downwards. You name each card without a glance at its face, afterwards showing it to the audience to prove you are right. And you are absolutely.



It's very baffling, and yet all very simple. That box has a false lid. Between it and the real lid you will have concealed beforehand five or six cards, the values and order of which you have memorised. The thump you give



Disappearing Card.

the box will knock down the dummy lid, putting the concealed cards at the top of the pack in the order you have arranged them.

And all you have to do is to pick them from the box one at a time and announce their values—with your eyes shut, if you like.

Here's an excellent card trick—for which the little preparation that is necessary will be found well worth while.

That preparation consists of sewing two ordinary pocket handkerchiefs together round the edges, and then cutting a neat slit, just wide enough to take a playing card, in the centre of one of them.

What you are going to do is to make a card disappear. You accordingly display to your audience a card you have already selected, and then place it under the double handkerchief.

Your audience, of course, does not suspect for an instant that it is any other than an ordinary single handkerchief. Nor, if you do it adroitly enough—as you will with a little practice—will they notice you slip the card through the slit, which is on the underside of the double handkerchief.

Once you have the card through the slit you wrap the double handkerchief completely about it, bunching the ends of the fabric so that the shape of the card can be plainly seen. You can even get some one to hold it, so that they can feel the card is still there.

Then, taking hold of a corner of the fabric, you bid the holder to release the card. As soon as he does so you flourish the handkerchief in the air.

The card will seem to have vanished entirely. Throwing the handkerchief down apparently carelessly—but in a spot where it will escape examination—you then ask someone to look, say, under the hearthrug or in a drawer, or maybe under the clock. And there the card will be found.

Or rather, a duplicate, from an exactly similar pack, which you have quietly "planted" there a good deal earlier in the evening.

A third effective little card trick which I will now describe will, if properly carried out, convince your friends that you really possess thought-reading powers.

All you do is to put three little heaps of cards face downwards on the table. Then you ask a member of the audience to think hard about any one of the heaps he chooses. If, you explain, he concentrates hard enough, you

will be able to tell him just what heap he has in mind.

While he is in the throes of concentration you let your audience see you scribble something on a piece of paper with a pencil. Then you ask the man who has been concentrating just which heap he has had in mind.



Blow Sharply!

When he indicates it you smilingly point to the slip of paper and ask him to read aloud what you have written on it. He does so. "Your choice will be the five heap," he reads.

You then direct him to turn over the heap he has selected. He is startled to find it is a five heap. The truth is that it was bound to be. One of the three heaps, which you will carefully have arranged beforehand, consists of five cards; the second consists of the four fives—the five of each suit; and the third of an ace and a pair of twos.

Each of the heaps, in short, would answer the description of a five heap. Take care, of course, to shuffle up the cards as soon as the trick is completed.

Now for some tricks with coins.

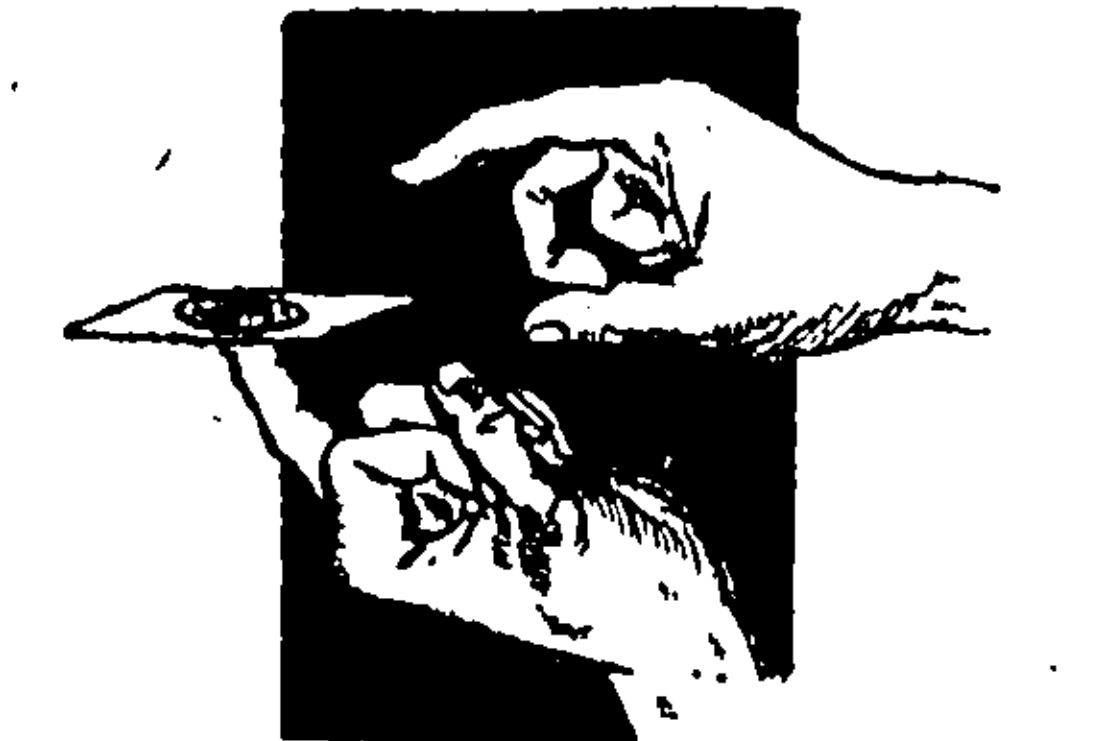
These, too, can be very simple, yet very effective.

#### Jumping Sixpence

Take this one of making a sixpenny piece jump out from under a shilling without touching either coin. It's not nearly so difficult as it sounds, once you have the knack, and a little practice will soon give you that.

You take an empty wine-glass, drop the sixpence into it, and the shilling on top. You challenge any of your audience to get the sixpence without touching either of the coins or the glass itself.

It's a challenge that won't be taken up. Then you proceed to do



Just a flick.

it yourself. What you do is to bend down towards the glass and blow as hard as you can, not directly on to the shilling, but a little to one side.

And to the surprise of everyone the shilling will spin over, and as it does so flick the sixpence into the air and out of the glass.

Quite simple, too, after you have practised it, is this little trick with a penny. It is one that will captivate any children in your audience.

Holding up the middle finger of your left hand, you carefully balance on your finger tip a cigarette card. On top of that you place a penny, taking care to ensure that it is resting absolutely centrally over the finger tip.

What you set out to do now is to remove the cigarette card without disturbing the penny. Everyone will declare it just cannot be done.

But it can. This is the way. You just give the card a sharp flick, using the thumb and middle finger of the right hand. And the card will just fly right away, leaving the penny in position on the tip of your finger.

(Continued on Page 15)

## THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT!

### No. 1. HAMPER

- 1 quart Lanson Champagne
- 1 " Gordon's Dry Gin
- 1 " Black & White Whisky

**\$20.00**

### No. 2. HAMPER

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- 1 " Black & White Whisky
- 1 " Gordon's Dry Gin
- 1 " Hunt's Manzanilla Sherry

**\$25.00**

### No. 3. HAMPER

- 1 quart Lanson Dry Champagne
- 1 " Black & White Whisky
- 1 " Gordon's Dry Gin
- 1 " Hunt's Vino de Pasto Sherry
- 1 " Sandeman's One Star Port
- 1 pint Gordon's Creme de Menthe

**\$35.00**

### No. 4. HAMPER

- 1 quart Lanson Dry Champagne
- 1 " Black & White Whisky
- 1 " Gordon's Dry Gin
- 1 " Courvoisier Three Star Brandy
- 1 " Hunt's Old Brown Sherry
- 1 " Hunt's Full Rich Port
- 1 " Pommard Burgundy
- 1 " Sauterne White Wine
- 1 " Gordon's Sloe Gin
- 1 pint Gordon's Creme de Menthe

**\$55.00**

### No. 5. HAMPER

- 1 quart V. C. P. Champagne
- 1 " Black & White Whisky
- 1 " Gordon's Dry Gin
- 1 " Courvoisier V. O. Brandy
- 1 " Sandeman Brown Bang Sherry
- 1 " Sandeman Partner Port
- 1 " Sauterne White Wine
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- 1 " Gordon's Rum Shrub
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**\$70.00**

SPECIAL HAMPERS MADE TO CUSTOMERS' REQUIREMENTS

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Hundreds of houses in England are left in the undisturbed possession of ghosts—left because these ghosts had tried beyond endurance the nerves of the people who had once lived there.

The ghost thus is a public menace. You buy an old house and you may find its peace upset by something out of the grisly past. Others may scoff and laugh, but you know that something is brooding under your roof which strikes terror in the hearts of your servants and makes your guests leave post-haste with impossible excuses. What are you going to do about it?

Nothing. You will suffer in silence because you do not wish to expose yourself to public ridicule and because you do not know that ghosts can be laid.

The ghost is in your house probably because he has nowhere else to go. He is anchored there and will not be dispossessed. It is still in his view, his own, and he considers you an intruder.

I agree that all this sounds fantastic nonsense. But there is nothing sensible about ghosts. There is only one practical way to deal with them. It is this:

Assume first that the manifestations are signs of the presence of a tormented soul; that the disturbance is an SOS from the dead. Then find out what is the nightmare from which the dead is suffering. Dissipate it, and with the nightmare the ghost will go.

Take a medium to the house, let him go into a trance and ask his "controls" for help. They will sense the trouble of your ghost, get hold of him and "push him" into the medium. Then you can talk to him direct.

I cannot assure you yet whether this practice is free from snags. I know, however, that it works.

The experimenter must cross-examine the possessing entity, who

must be told, if he does not know it, that he is making himself a nuisance, that the place belongs to him no more, that he is dead. If he does not believe you, let him look into the mirror. The shock of finding himself in a strange body will break the spell. He will stop suspecting or abusing you.

Tell him that he is the victim of a fancy of his own mind, that he should forswear vengeance if he harboured any, that he should pray for guidance. Pray with him if he cannot pray alone. You will find an increasing emotional response, and presently the ghost will slip out of the body of the medium—free. He may never disturb the house again.

Recently I had to deal with two bad cases of haunting.

An old manor house in Surrey was the scene of one. The ghost walked, knocked and appeared in a form so solid that the owners of the house—a man and his wife—took him for an intruding tramp. Independently they challenged him and answered his idiotic leer by hitting him. The man crashed to the floor and fainted. His wife tore her hand on the lintel of the door in front of which the ghost stood, and she then fled in panic.

I waited up for three nights hoping to meet the ghost and finally, through the help of a famous trance medium, I got hold of him and had an interview more poignant with drama than any scene I ever witnessed.

The medium grew cataleptic. Then a dreadful change came over her. Her cheeks sank in, her chin dropped, her face became distorted and hideous. It was the face of a tormented man whom pain had deprived of his reason.

I beckoned to the owners of the house to step forward. The man, visibly shaken, declared that the face was the exact image of the ghost. His wife almost collapsed.

By dint of much persuasion, the

# Do You Believe In Ghosts?

ghost began to articulate. He threw himself on his knees and cried for mercy. He seized my hand in a terrific grip. I cried out in pain. For two days after-

## Asks Dr. NANDOR FODOR

wards my hand was swollen, and it hurt for two weeks. Using strange and mediaeval forms of speech which were hard to follow, the ghost gradually told his story. Betrayed by Buckingham nearly 400 years ago, he was imprisoned, maimed and murdered, and was still seeking vengeance on Buckingham.

He could not believe he was dead. I fought and argued with him, and finally, for the sake of his wife and son, he agreed to forswear his vengeance. Almost immediately he cried: "Hold me! Hold me! I am slipping!" The next moment he was gone and the medium's consciousness returned.

There are many things about the story which have yet to be verified. But I have the assurance of the man in the house that he now enjoys undisturbed possession.

The second recent ghost-laying

adventure took me to Yorkshire. An SOS came from an ancient country house the name of which I am not at liberty to disclose. Old-fashioned wire bells, which require a strong pull and cannot be short-circuited by wires touching or by mice and rats rang intermittently for five days.

Two days after the bells started ringing, an apparition was seen—independently by two servants—bending over an ancient cradle. I found the owners of the house extremely level-headed, intelligent people. There seemed nothing wrong with the bells, and my questioning of the five servants left me satisfied that a genuine mystery confronted me. I was accompanied by a well-known London trance medium. I expected to hear, through her, of one ghost, but found instead that I had to deal with three.

One ghost followed the cradle which belonged to her child. The child was taken from her to be used as a substitute in a Court intrigue and she was imprisoned. She got away, without realising that it was by death, and was still seeking her child.

The second ghost was a woman who lived in or near the house and had poisoned her husband and killed her child.

The third ghost was a deformed boy who was earth-bound because of arrested mental development. It was this boy who rang the bells.

As the ghosts unburdened themselves, a change came about in their mental condition. The pall of darkness which enveloped them



seemed to be lightened.

In a vision, the deformed boy saw his mother and father beckoning for him in a beautiful garden; a nurse came for the mother who lost her child by Court intrigue; and the poisoner was swept out of her state of despair after a passionate prayer.

I cannot yet tell how much of these strange stories might be verified by historic research. Neither can I prove that these ghosts were responsible for disturbing the peace of the house, nor even that they have been laid.

At the best, I could only prove by indirect methods, that I was in contact with something beyond our ken.

The ghost of the woman poisoner wrote down her name when I pushed a piece of paper under the medium's hand.

Back in London I handed this paper to a well-known woman, of whose psychic powers I have a high opinion. Without reading the paper, she placed it on her forehead and passed into a state of abstraction. In the course of this, to my surprise, she gave me a number of visual symbols and phrases which were bewildering nonsense to her, but which fully applied to the story as told by the ghost.

It was a strange occurrence, but I made me lean strongly towards the assumption that I was in touch with grimmer realities than the medium's own power of dramatisation.

## CARDS, COINS AND CORKS

(Continued from Page 14.)

It's easy to make a sixpenny piece do what you tell it to do—when you know the secret.

What you require for this trick is a table cloth, a tumbler, and two shilling pieces as well as the sixpence. Then you are equipped for an entertaining little demonstration.

First of all you place the shillings on the cloth, just far enough apart to allow the rim of the tumbler, placed upside down, to stand between them.

Before you place the tumbler you put the sixpence just halfway between the two shillings. Then you ask your audience whether they think it possible to move the sixpence without touching either the glass or the other two coins.

It will indeed seem impossible, but you will proceed to do it. It's really quite simple. All you do is to scratch the cloth with your finger nails. The sixpence will then move either towards or away from you.

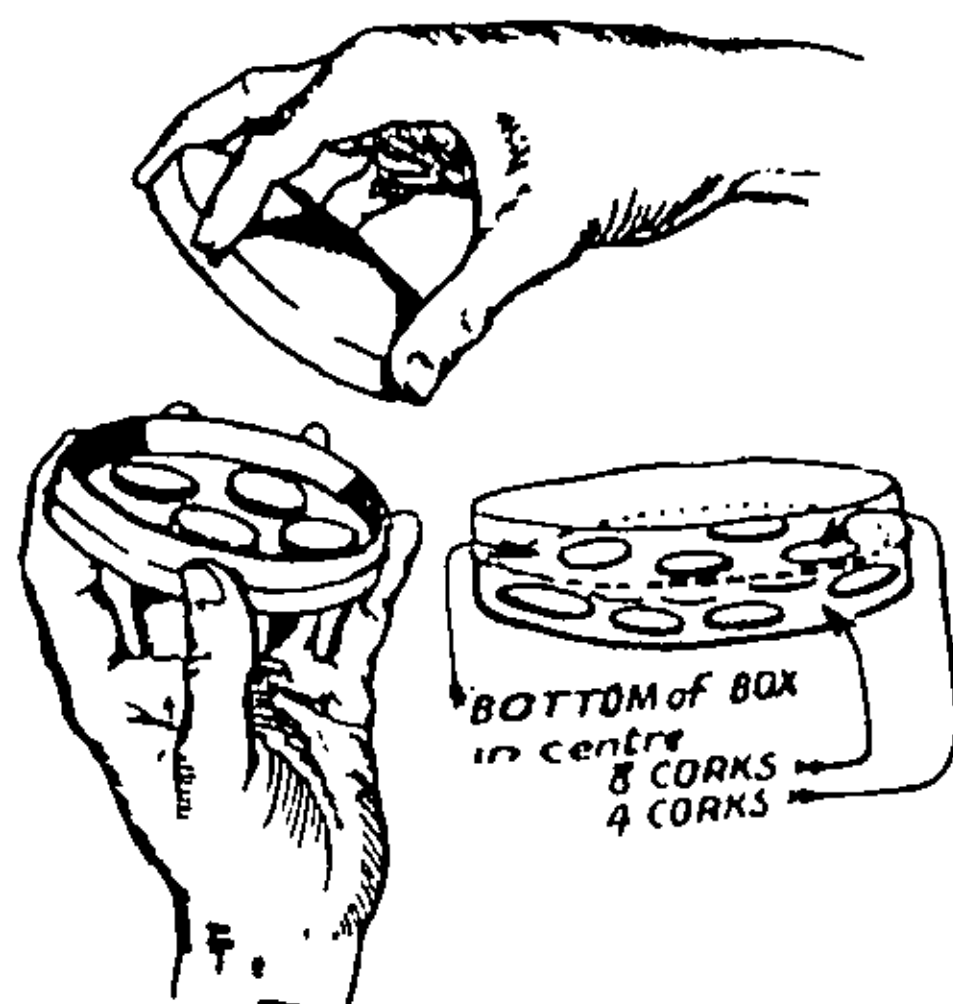
### Can You Multiply?

Quite a baffling trick with corks can be performed if there is a little careful preparation.

In this trick you show a small circular wooden box. Into this you place four pieces of cork and slip on the lid. Then you make a few mysterious passes over the box, remove the lid—and show the interior. To the astonishment of everyone the four corks have become eight.

You then replace the lid, make some more passes, and once more remove the lid. The eight corks have diminished to four once again.

Startling, yet really quite simple. The box really has two lids, and the bottom of the box is really in the middle. The four corks rest in the top half of the box, the eight in the bottom. Which quantity is produced to the gaze of the audience depends on which lid is removed. All you have to do to change the four into eight is adroitly to turn the box upside-



With a Double Bottom.

down, turning it back again when you want to turn the eight into four again.

## LAST MINUTE WRINKLES

Crackers give that little "extra" look to your Christmas table.

Holly, if obtainable, is always welcome.

Remove all trussings from Christmas poultry before serving.

icing on the Christmas cake can best be "bored" for candles by doing it with a HOT gimlet.

Serve your Christmas cocktails ICE-COLD.

Tune your Radio beforehand, then there will be no delays.

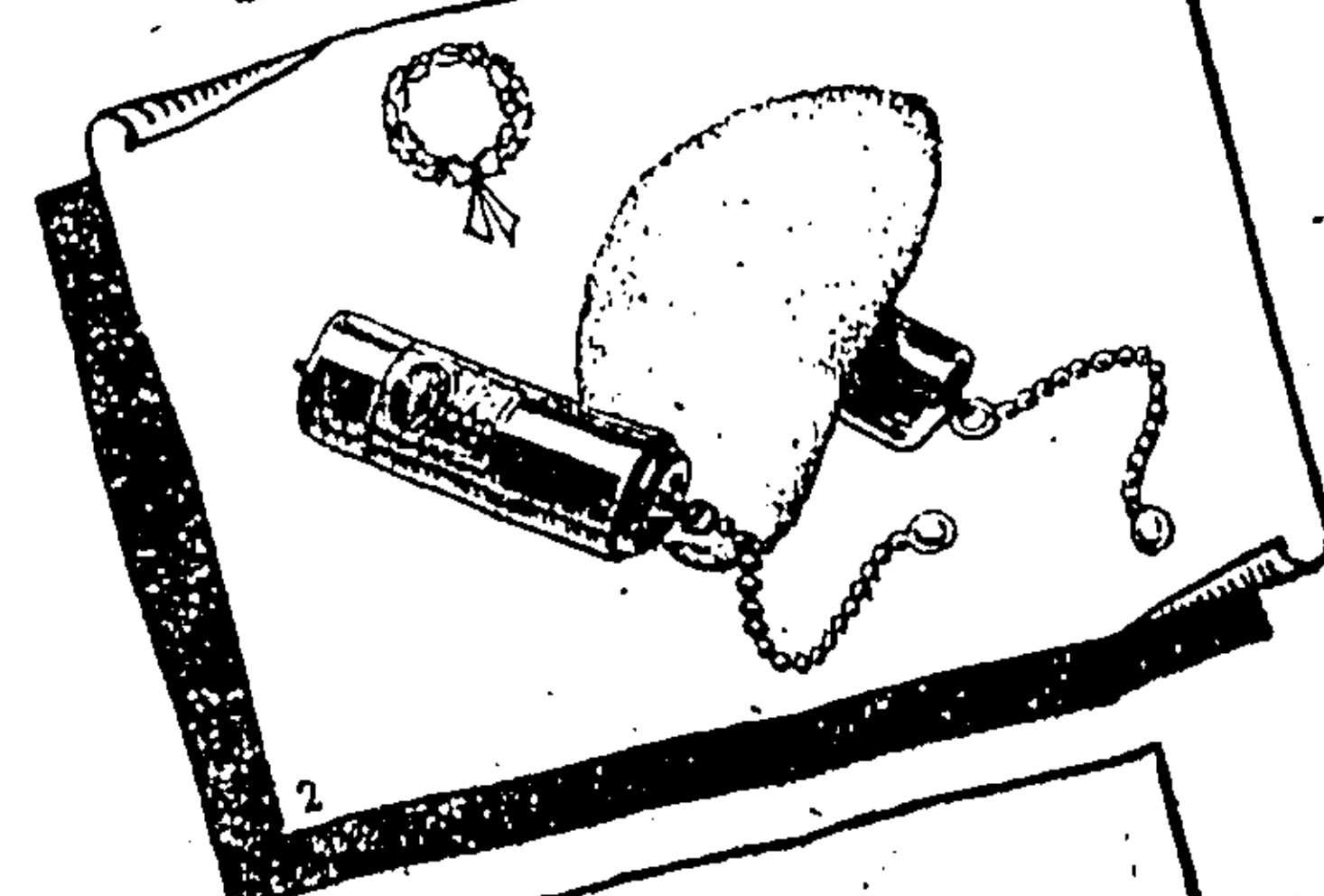
Make sure that all your wine is opened and decanted before it is wanted for use.

Always POLISH your table fruit with a dry glass-cloth—it looks better when this is done.

Soda-water is handy to have by one for the sparkling dilution of "aolt" drinks. Some of your guests may not care for alcoholic drinks.

## Gift Suggestions

Choose your gifts where choosing is easy—where the selection is the largest in the city! Come to Wing On's! You'll find the right gift for everyone—here are a few suggestions:



1. You'll find the right writing point to suit every person on your list from Esterbrook—the only fountain pen that provides a choice of 18 Re-New-Point styles for every hand.

Fountain Pen \$5.75 and up.

Pen and Pencil set \$11.50 and up.

2. Give a gift that's practical—the kind of a gift that she would buy for herself. Give a new "Pixie" Powder Puff—a full size puff that can be carried in the smallest evening bag.

3. Give a specially arranged basket of fruit this year—it's a gift that is always sure of a welcome!

THE  
WING ON CO., LTD.



# Stirring Things Up

WHEN Mrs. Stork invited Mr. Monk to a Christmas party, he was rather surprised, for Mrs. Stork was not in the habit of giving parties of any kind. She would go anywhere and join in any fun provided by her friends, but no one had ever heard of Mrs. Stork going to the trouble of throwing a party in her own house.

"Come early, and bring a friend with you," said Mrs. Stork.

"Thanks—I will," agreed Mr. Monk, more and more astonished.

"Bring your toothbrushes and stay the night," added Mrs. Stork. "I shall be having a few friends in on Christmas Eve, Mr. Hippo is coming, and two nice young Spoonbills who sing and dance."

"Fancy me dancing with a Spoonbill!" exclaimed Mr. Monk.

"Well, you'll have to do your bit," said Mrs. Stork. "We're going to make 'whoopie', we're going to stir things up."

"Don't forget to stir up the mince and the Christmas pudding," said Mr. Monk, as an afterthought.

"No, and don't you teach me how to throw a party!" said Mrs. Stork, who seemed rather touchy.

Mr. Monk saw he was treading on sacred ground, so he just waved a paw and told Mrs. Stork she could certainly expect him and his friend early on Christmas Eve. After leaving Mrs. Stork, Mr. Monk hurried to a friend's house to pass on Mrs. Stork's invitation.

The friend Mr. Monk intended to take with him to Mrs. Stork's party was Jumbo the elephant. He knew that Jumbo had been left out of a good many parties on account of his size, and Mr. Monk was determined that his elephant friend should have a

good time for once in a while. They both set off in good time to Mrs. Stork's house. Jumbo put some holly in his hat-band to give himself a festive appearance, and Mr. Monk carried a bunch of mistletoe to be put to good use at the party.

Jumbo walked very quickly, it was almost a trot, and Mr. Monk had some difficulty in keeping the pace. "Not so fast!" he said. "There's plenty of time."

"It's those new boots you are wearing," said Jumbo. "I don't know anyone who can walk properly in new boots."

"Maybe you are right," retorted Mr. Monk, "but you don't expect me to go to a party in old boots, surely."

"I don't wear boots myself,"

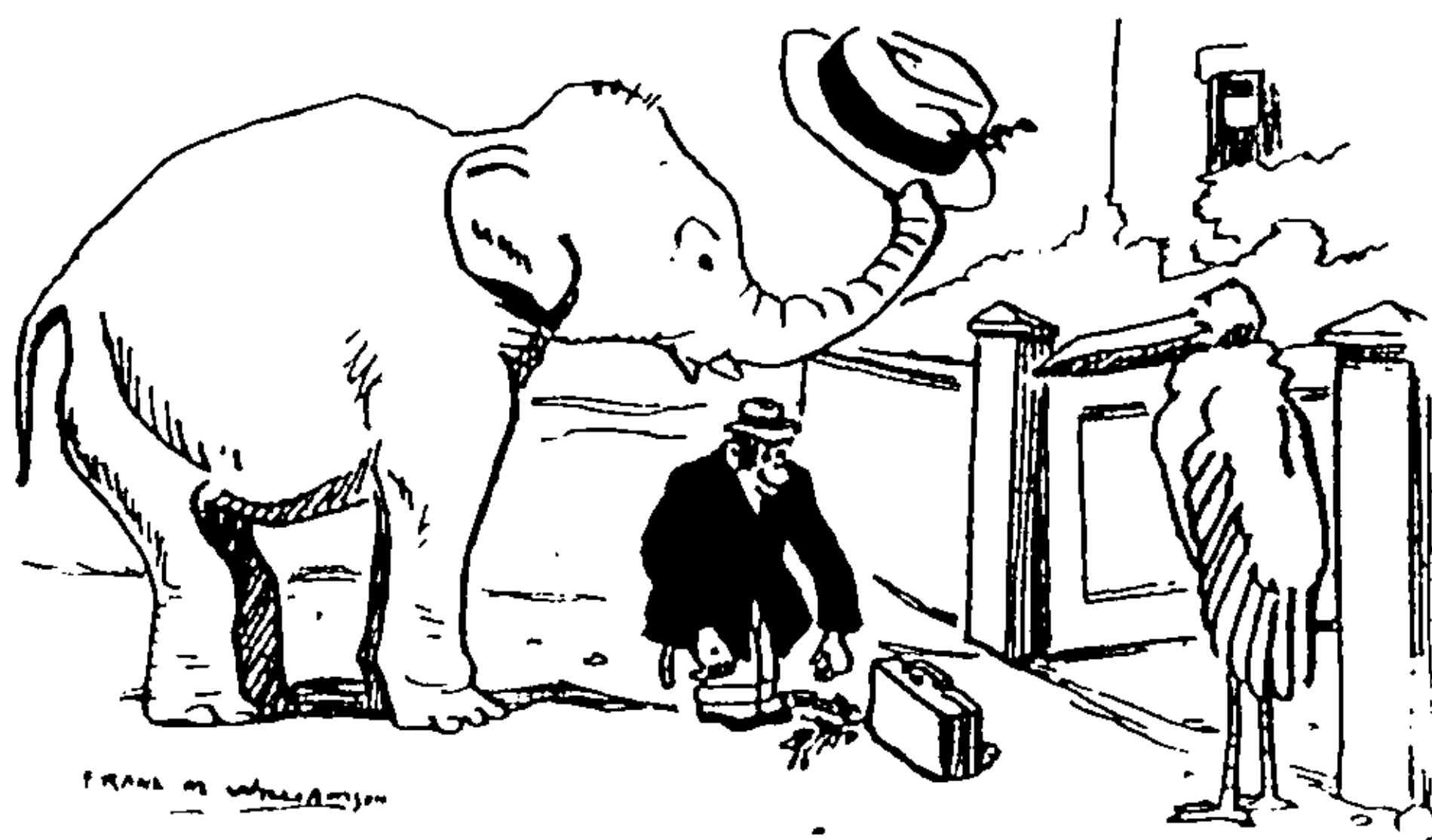
said Jumbo, "so I don't know anything about it."

Mr. Monk thought his friend ought to be wearing a pair of boots on this occasion, but he didn't like to say so. He got Jumbo to carry the week-end case for the rest of the journey, and this arrangement enabled them to move more rapidly.

At last they arrived at Mrs. Stork's little villa. She was standing at her gate waiting for them.

"My friend, Jumbo," said Mr. Monk, introducing the elephant. Jumbo remembered to raise his hat with his trunk.

"I didn't expect you to bring such a big boy friend," she cried. "I'm sure I don't know where I shall put him at bedtime, for I haven't a bed big enough to hold him."



JUMBO RAISED HIS HAT WITH HIS TRUNK.

Jumbo reached over the table with his trunk and picked up the cake, he opened his great mouth and popped the cake inside it.

A gasp of dismay came from everyone at the table, and Mr. Monk was obliged to say something to break the ominous silence which followed this lapse.

"I must apologise for my friend Jumbo," said Mr. Monk. "He is not used to Christmas parties, and is inclined to forget his manners."

The elephant gave a grunt of contempt. He was too tough to excuse himself. After that the supper fell rather flat, and Mrs. Stork was relieved when some of her guests said it was time they were getting ready to go home.

She remembered that Mr. Monk and Jumbo would be staying the night, and during the time her guests were saying goodbye and wishing her a Merry Christmas, she was racking her brain trying to think of somewhere for the elephant to sleep.

After the others had gone, Jumbo settled the question for himself. He picked up a big rug from the entrance hall and made his way through the open window to the garden.

"Where are you going?" shouted his hostess in alarm.

"I'm going to sleep on this rug under the roof of the wood shed," said Jumbo. "I shall be all right there, whether it snows or not." guests seemed to be doing just what they liked, and she was powerless to raise any objections.

"Toodle off to bed," advised Mr. Monk, giving her a push with his foot. "I'll look after Jumbo."

"I'm so glad," said Mrs. Stork. "Yes, I will go to bed now, for I am tired."

"Don't open your bedroom window," said Mr. Monk.

"Why not?" inquired his hostess wearily.

"Jumbo snores," said Mr. Monk, "enough said."

Mrs. Stork had hoped to sleep a little later than usual on Christmas morning, but soon after sunrise she heard an awful banging sound in the garden. In great haste she opened the window and looked out.

There was Jumbo with the hall rug hanging over his trunk and Mr. Monk was standing near. Mr. Monk soon became busy on the rug. He picked up a carpet beater and started to bang the dust out of it.

"What on earth are you trying to do?" bleated Mrs. Stork.

"Don't worry about me," said Jumbo, "any old spot will do for me—I've hit the hay many a time."

"All right, I'll think about that later," said Mrs. Stork. "Come inside, both of you."

Jumbo pushed his way into the house through an open French window, and managed to break the glass in doing it.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Stork. "Whatever shall I do?"

"Stuff an old apron through the hole, that will keep the draught out," suggested Mr. Monk. "I've often done it."

"Yes, but what will the guests say?" inquired Mrs. Stork, looking very distressed.

"Jigger the guests," said Mr. Monk. "They are coming to make 'whoopie' and they will not notice a little thing like that."

While Mr. Monk and his hostess were talking two Spoonbills were seen coming through the gateway, followed by the third guest, Mr. Hippo.

Mr. Monk gave Mrs. Stork a poke under the wing.

"Now straighten your face, your guests have arrived, and they will not want to see you looking doleful, I know," he said.

A tear was trickling down Mrs. Stork's cheek, but she hastily flicked it away and went to meet her guests.

The two Spoonbills seemed to be full of beans, and Mr. Hippo waved a portable wireless set he was bringing to the party.

"We shall be all right for dancing," bawled Mr. Hippo gaily.

After everybody had entered the Mrs. Stork sighed. All her house Mr. Hippo enlisted the services of Jumbo to help him to move the furniture.

"We want plenty of room for dancing," he said, "all we can get."

No one seemed to consult Mrs. Stork, who simply looked on while her furniture was being pushed about the room. The smashing of her french window had left the poor dear with a dazed kind of feeling which rendered her incapable of taking any part in the preparations for the event. Mrs. Stork was beginning to be sorry for herself already.

Mr. Monk noticed how pre-occupied she was, and he tried to reassure her. "Take it easy, we'll stir things up for you in a bit," he said. "Leave it to Jumbo and to me."

Jumbo tried to dance with one of the Spoonbills, but she complained that he was trying to choke her with his trunk.

Mr. Monk did better with the other bird, for they kept it up as long as there was any dance music on the radio. Then supper was served, and Mr. Monk had to confess he had never faced a more generous spread on anybody's table.

The behaviour of his elephant friend was his only regret. There was only one Christmas cake on the table, a splendid cake it was, with almond icing an inch thick and decorated with crystallised

"Just shaking the old rug before taking it inside the house," said Mr. Monk, looking rather hurt. "Is breakfast ready?"

Mrs. Stork had stood a deal from these two guests, but there is a limit even to a Stork's patience. "You are not staying here for breakfast, Mr. Monk," she said, "I'm stopping in bed for several hours yet, so you may consider your visit at an end."

"Do you mean that we have to buzz off?" exclaimed Mr. Monk, looking very astounded.

"I mean just that," said Mrs. Stork, closing her bedroom window with a convincing bang.

Mr. Monk turned to his friend Jumbo. "What do you think about that?" he said. "Can you beat it?"

"Forget it," said Jumbo. "Let's get a move on, I've to join a carol singing party this morning, it will be more fun than beating carpets."

The behaviour of his elephant friend was his only regret. There was only one Christmas cake on the table, a splendid cake it was, with almond icing an inch thick and decorated with crystallised

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# YULETIDE PERPLEXITIES

by  
**MORLEY ADAMS**

If you're going to be the life and soul of the party this Christmas you'll want to be able to pose a problem with the best; if not, here's a good chance to brighten up the old grey matter with a teaser or three. Puzzles you'll enjoy solving, puzzles you'll enjoy setting in your turn, here's all the fun of the Christmas fare.

## Siesta

After three helpings of turkey and four of Christmas pudding, followed by nuts, fruit, sweets and fizzy ginger beer, Bertie was in no mood for violent exercise, so he settled down with a book to wait for the inevitable convulsions.

He soon dozed off, and after his meal he had some vivid dreams. Illustrated in the picture are some of the many things he dreamed about. Curiously enough, the letters in the names of these objects can be rearranged to form the name of the book Bertie was reading and the name of its author. The figures indicate the number of letters in the names of the objects.



See if you can discover what Bertie was reading.

## Puzzling Letter

"I'm writing a letter to Auntie about the Christmas party we went to yesterday," said Jack, "and just for fun I've written figures instead of some of the words. Each figure represents a letter and if the letters are arranged in the order 1234567890 they make a word something to do with building a house. Do you think she'll be able to solve it? She likes puzzles."

"It's not so very hard," said Jill. Here's a portion of the letter. See if you can discover the words in the letter, and the keyword.

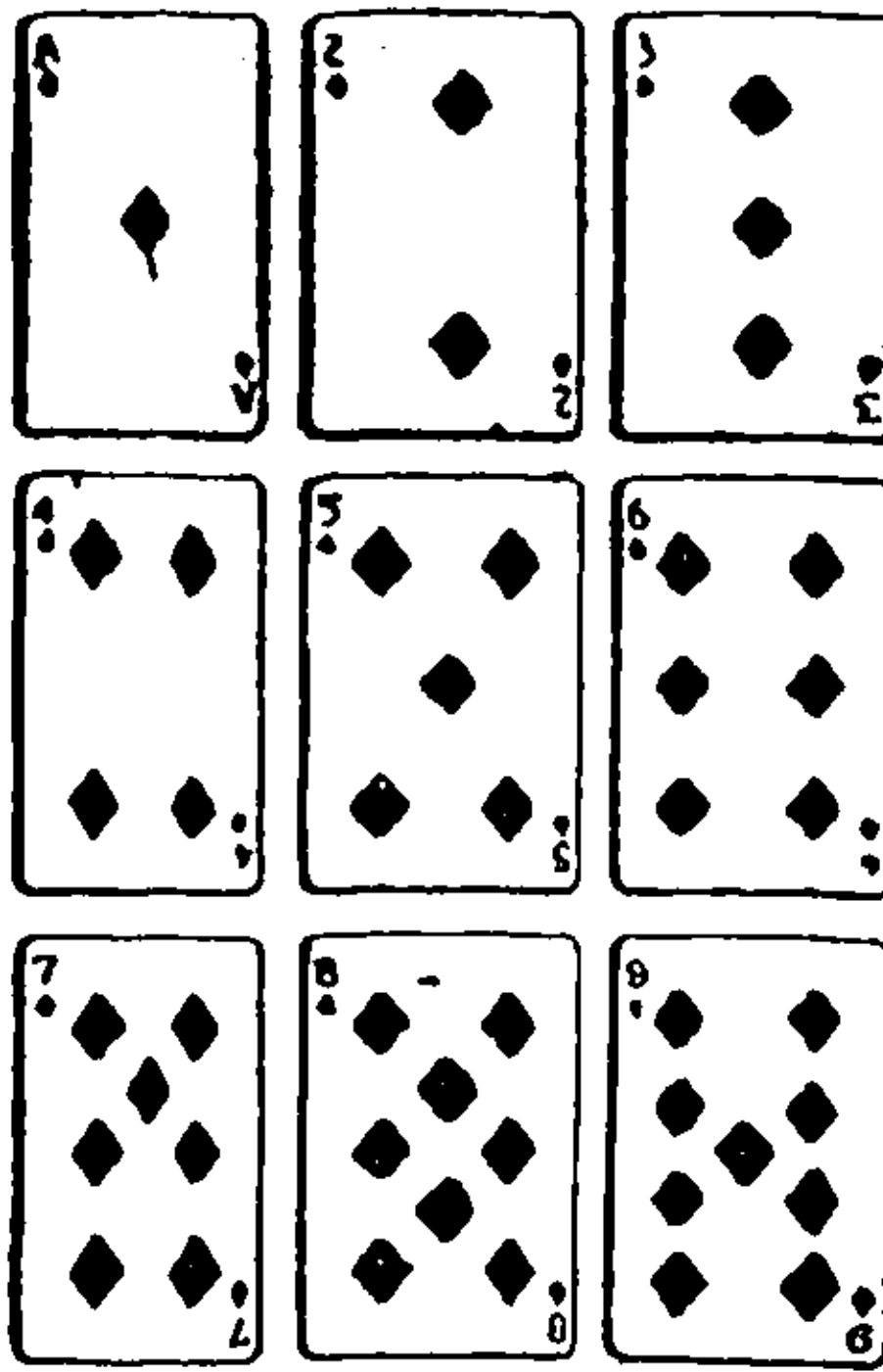
"After tea Uncle 879645 suggested games and we made a 45375 with 'Postman's Knock,' which made 322 the 03724 080026, especially my 484567 30964. Charades followed and kept our 89567645 for a long time, 311632890 34 85 does to those who like acting. The other games were obviously a 457389 on Uncle,

but he was 34 30826 34 any. The party finished with the 4890890 of 'Auld Lang Syne,' and we thanked our host for a very 12634395 and 695675389890 evening."

## Card Trickery

"Patience, Hey?" cried Smart Alec, intruding on a hitherto-peaceful game. "Nothing like a game of patience, eh, what?"

"The whisky's in the dining-



room," snapped Great-aunt Maria, who doesn't like to have a bout of patience disturbed.

"S'funny thing," persisted Smart Alec; "I see you've put each of the four sides? There's cards valued 1 to 9 on the table. You've only got to exchange the

positions of three pairs of cards to make a simple addition sum. The third row will prove to be the total of the first two rows if calculated like a simple addition sum carrying forward the tens to the next column."

"Will you go away!" cried Great-aunt Maria, which is a way great-aunts have, but all the same she sat down and did solve the puzzle.

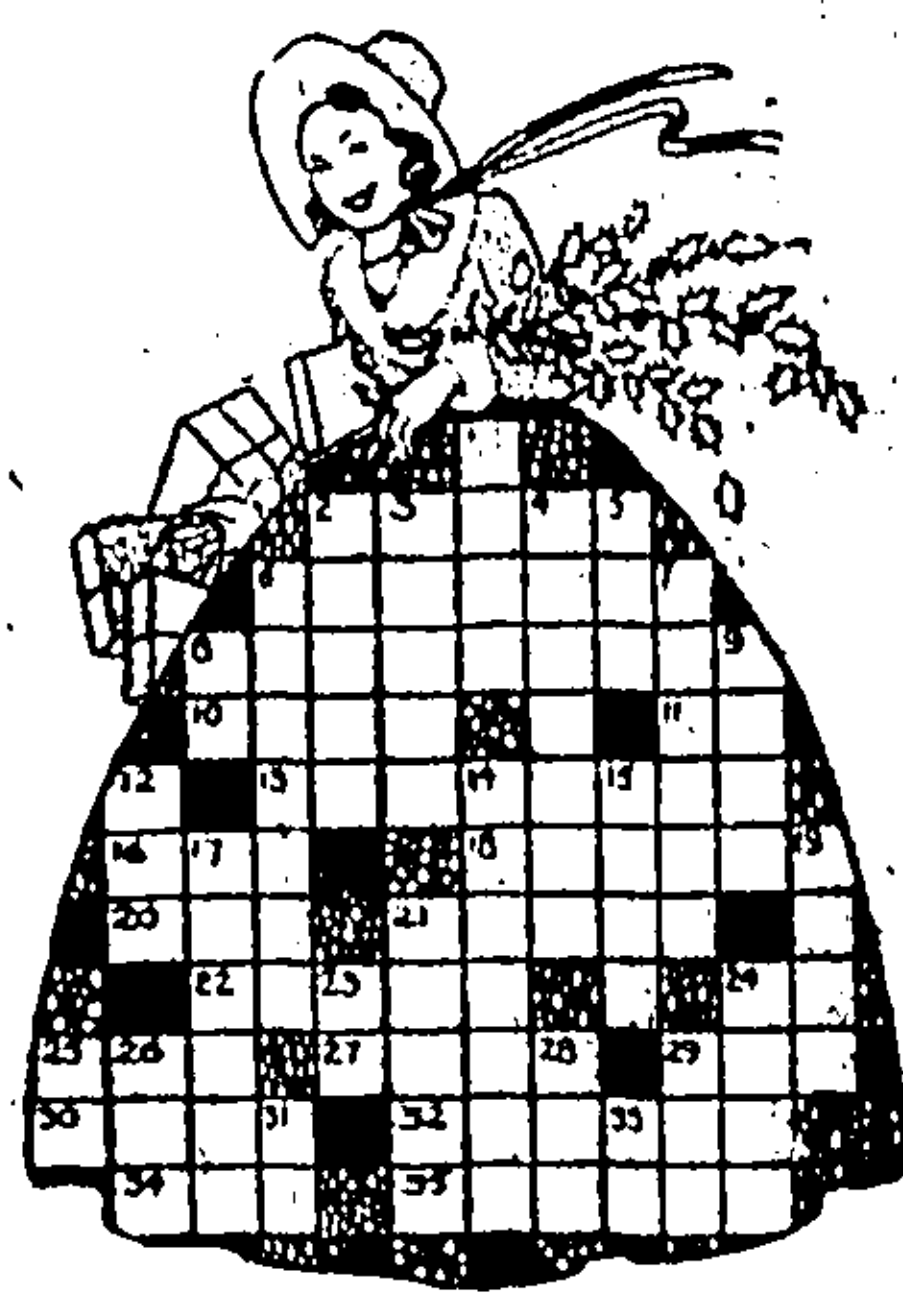
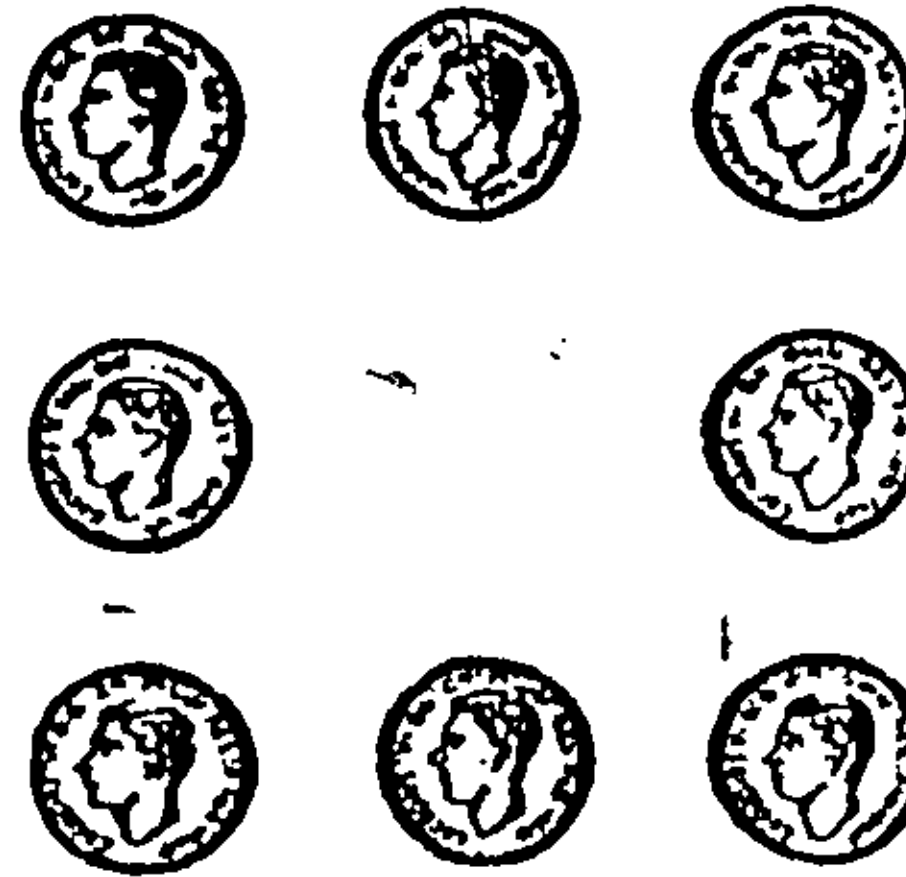
Can you make the three exchanges?

## Crackerjack

"Well, that's good I've got exactly 50 crackers," said Jack. "I did have five boxes of them, but some out of each box have been used. Now let's see, in the Red box and the Blue box together there are 27 crackers, in the Blue box and the Green box there are 19 crackers, in the Green box and the Yellow box there are 13 crackers, while the total number of crackers in the Yellow and Orange boxes is 19 again. Now, I wonder if you can tell me how many crackers there are in each box?"

## A Quick One

This ought not to keep you long. It's a test of your smartness. Arrange eight pennies on four sides of a square as shown. Now, what is the largest number of coins you



## Yule-Tide Crossword

### CLUES ACROSS

2. Christmas song.
6. Crown.
8. Foretells weather.
10. Mohammedan leader.
11. Negative.
13. Divisions of army.
16. Part of foot.
18. Precious stones.
20. Make a mistake.
21. Boxes.
22. Very pale.
24. Short "thanks."
25. Human being.
27. Wise men came from.
29. Peer.
30. Outer rim.
32. Evening party.
34. Lair.
35. Come out.

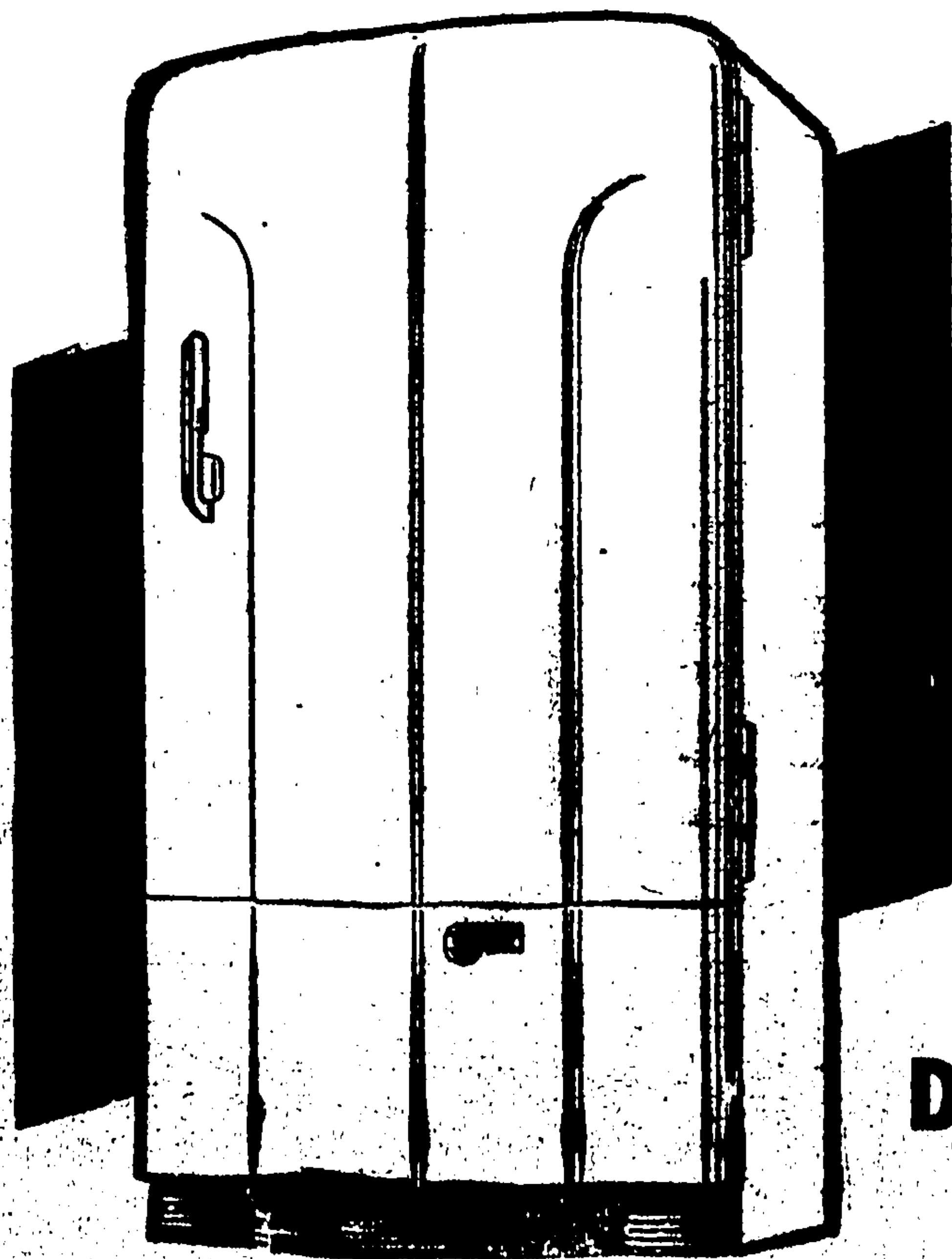
### DOWN

1. Away.
2. Sea substance.
3. Fragrance.
4. Heavy.
5. Allow.
6. Open air "fans."
7. Popular game.
8. Curtain "bit."
9. Flower.
12. Consumed.
14. Horizontal beam.
15. Do what one is told.
17. Juicy fruit.
19. Remain.
21. Stop.
23. Pronoun.
24. Usually fir at Christmas.
25. Myself.
26. Total.
28. Often man's Christmas gift.
29. Wooden pin.
31. Curtail "end."
33. Red Rufus (initials).

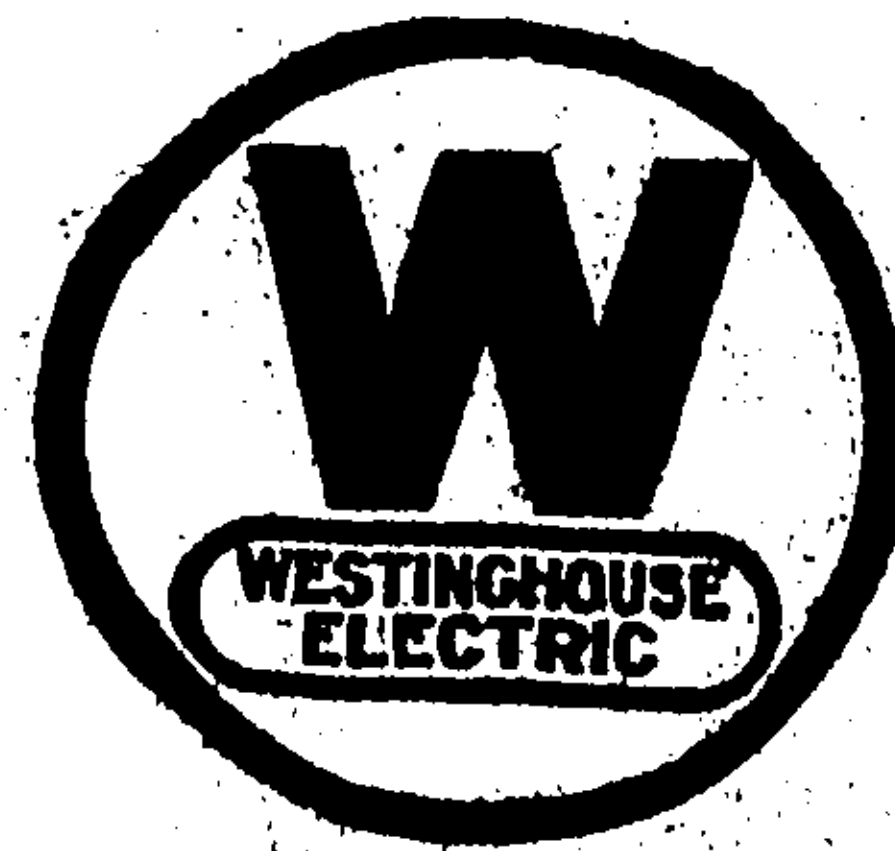
(Continued on Page 18)

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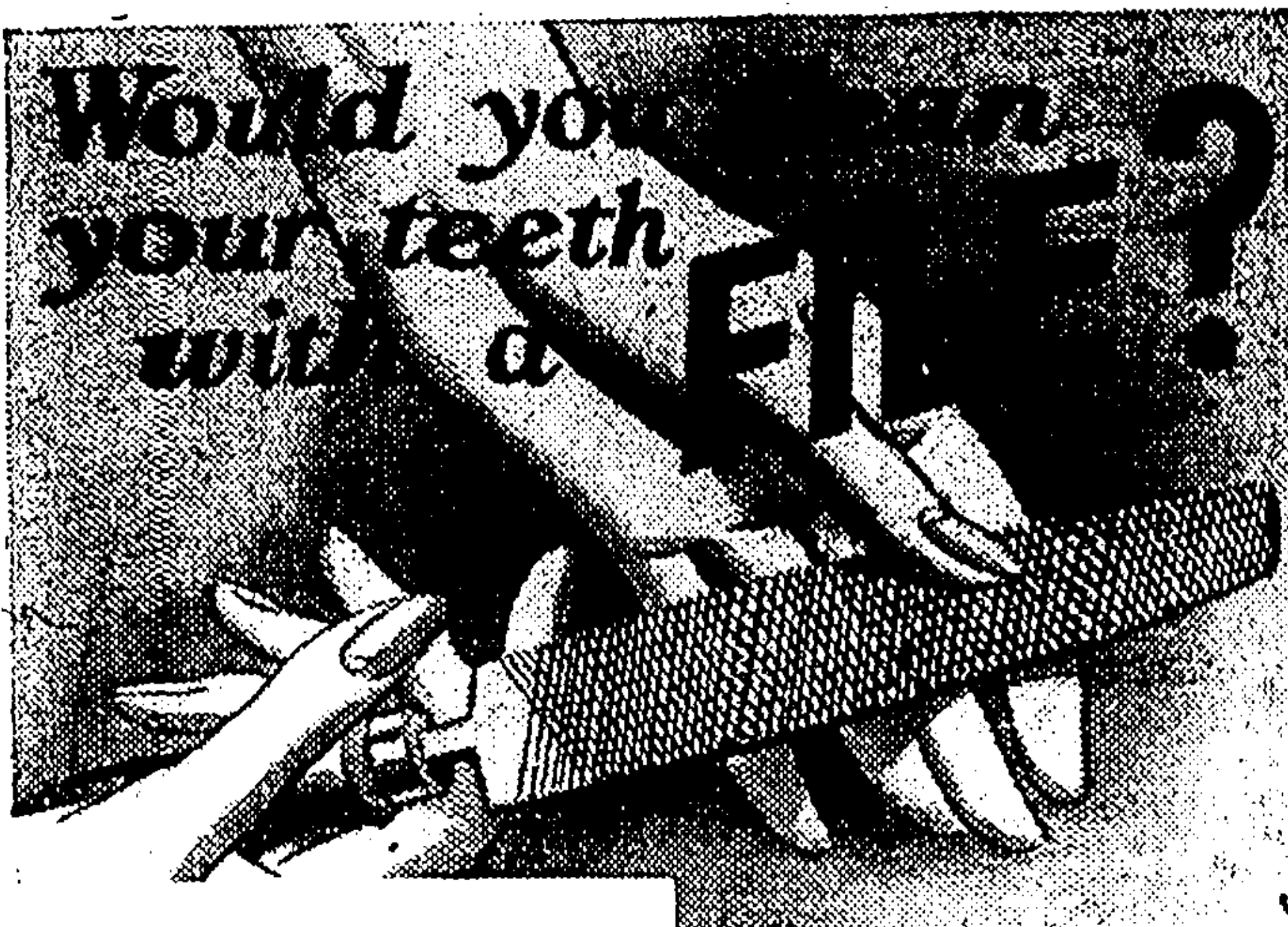
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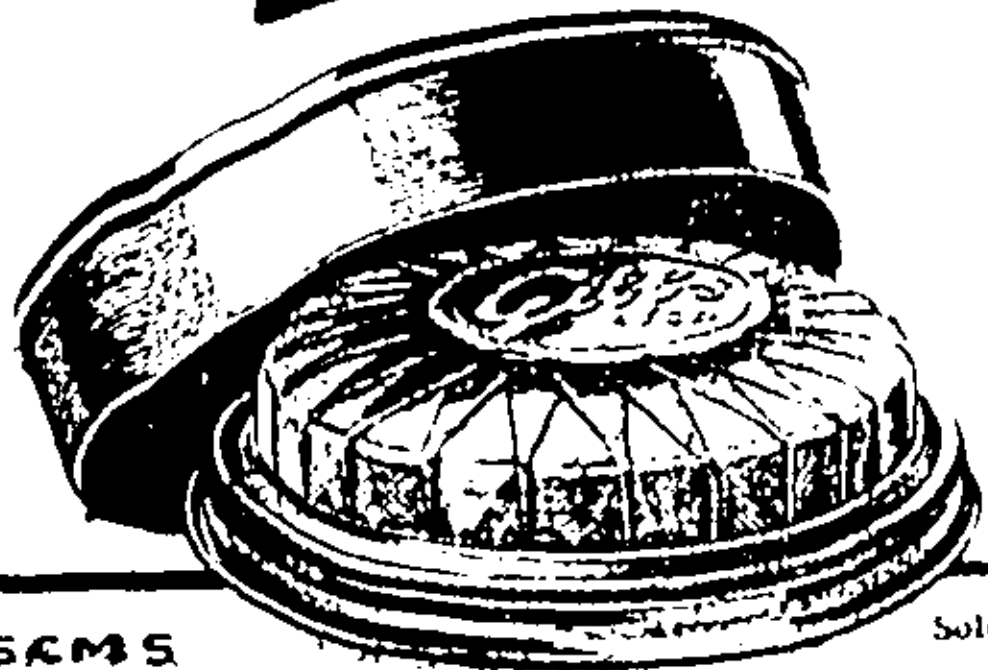
Of course you wouldn't, because you know that it would destroy the delicate enamel of your teeth. And yet you may be using a harsh tooth-cleaner which is doing just that to your teeth!

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special ingredient which polishes the teeth brilliantly and can never scratch. Even after using Gibbs Dentifrice for only two or three days you will see a difference—your teeth will gleam! In addition, its penetrating foam will keep them thoroughly clean and healthy, and make your mouth feel fresh. In fact Gibbs is the most thorough, though the most gentle, dentifrice you can buy.

Give your teeth a **SHINE** with

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# YULETIDE PERPLEXITIES

(Continued from Page 17.)

## Christmas Shopping

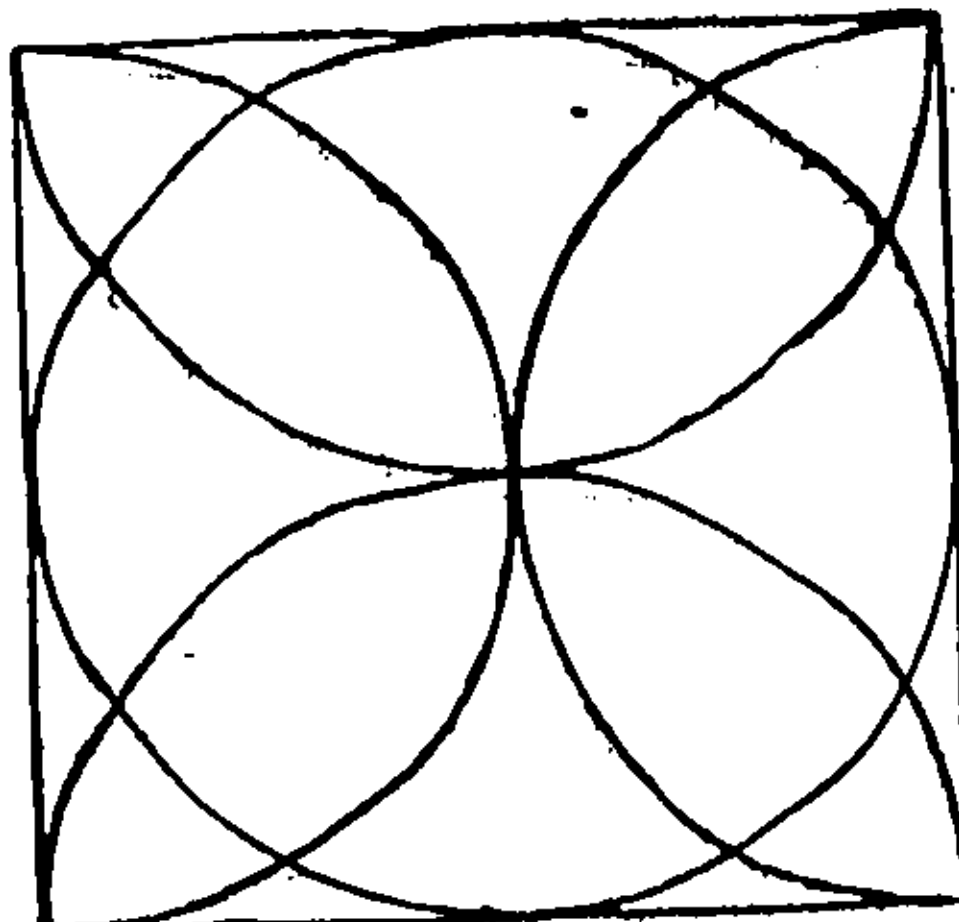
Sammy Spenditt went out to do his Christmas shopping yesterday. First he spent half the money he had in his pocket on a present for Mother, then 3s. 6d. on a book for Father. Half his remaining money went on his sister Mary's present, and then there was 2s. 6d. for Granny's gift. His remaining cash was again reduced by half when Sammy decided to stand himself a little refreshment, and having so many parcels to carry he took a penny bus ride home. Outside his house he met a creditor who insisted on being paid and Sammy's capital was again halved.



When Sammy finally arrived home and counted his wealth he discovered he had only 6d. left. What sum did he start his expedition with?

## Keep in Line!

Uncle Albert was going to give his young nephew Reggie his



usual Christmas half-crown when an idea struck him.

"Now, I'm going to give you half-a-crown for Christmas, Reggie," he cried, "but if you're smart you can double it. See the design on that table-mat. Well, if you can copy that without taking your pencil from the paper, and without crossing a line or going back over it, I'll make it five bob this Christmas."

Could you have earned 5s., as Reggie did?

## With Charitable Intent

Seven friends set out to raise £2,000 for a certain Christmas charity in which they were annually interested, each subscribing as much as he could reasonably afford.

Unfortunately they did not quite succeed in their attempt. Subsequent analysis of the subscription list showed that three had exceeded the average by £40, £140, and £240 respectively, whilst three subscribed less than the average by £50, £100, and £200 respectively.

The other subscription was £190.

How much short of £2,000 did they raise?

## Christmas Kind

"What sort of a Christmas do you expect to have," asked Abel of Willing.

"Well," said Willing, "there are several factors that might contribute to different sorts of Yuletides. For instance, if I had an AILERON I could make it an AIR NOEL. Now here are some more sorts of Christmas I might have. Each is composed of the letter of a well-known word. See if you can find them all."

- 1.—RABID NOEL.
- 2.—MY SOUR NOEL.
- 3.—MADE NOEL.
- 4.—BIG NOEL.
- 5.—CITES NOEL.
- 6.—CURSE NOEL.

## On The Air

All you have to do in this puzzle is to place in the vacant row of

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
O	P	O	E	L	R	L	E	
V	I	A	V	A	A	A	A	D
E	N	S	E	S	T	T	N	G
R	E	T	R	T	E	E	D	E

squares the name of a popular detective character that will change all the four-letter words (reading down) into five-letter ones.

## SOLUTIONS

### Siesta

A CHRISTMAS CAROL—  
CHARLES DICKENS.

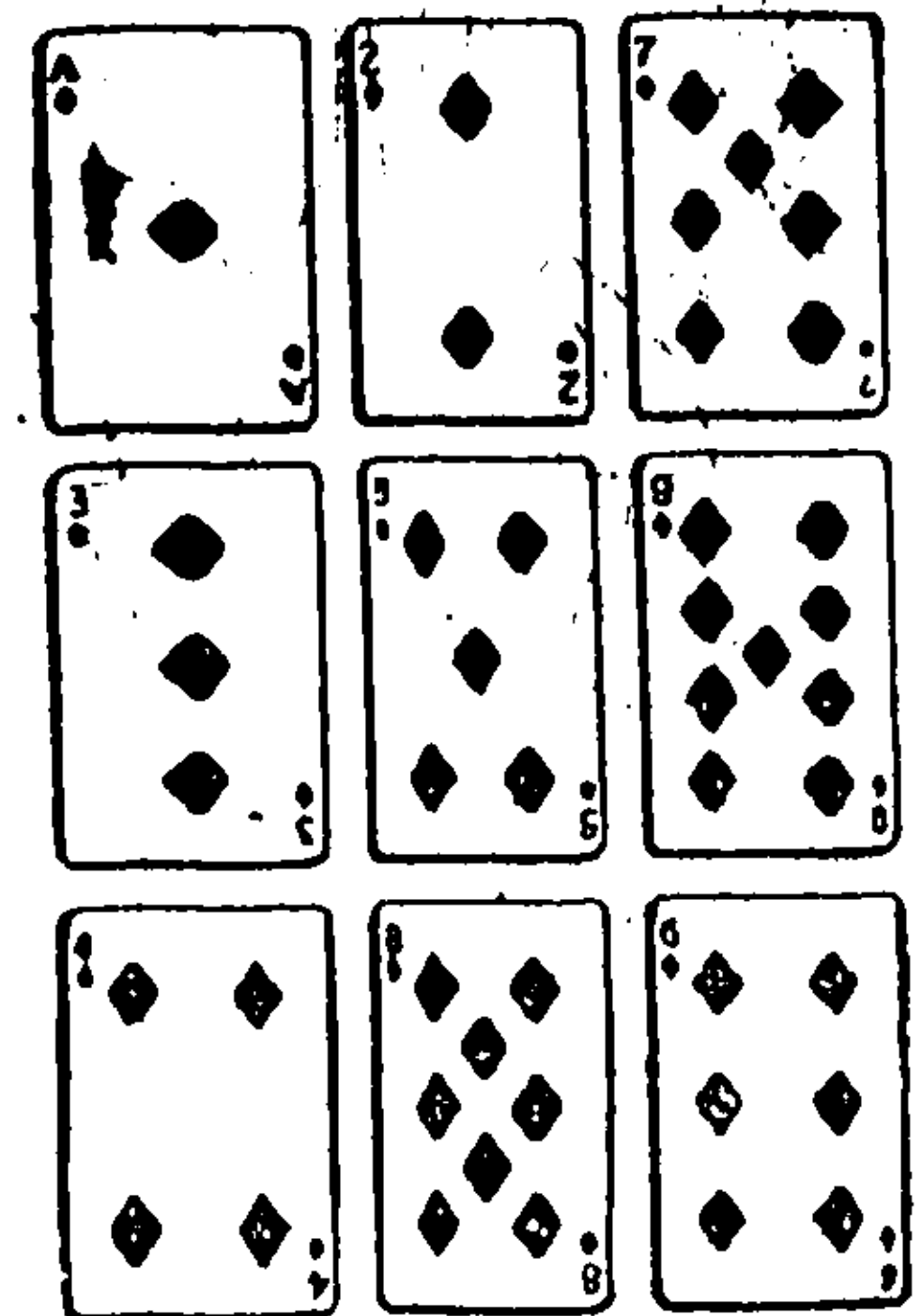
The objects were: CHICKENS, RAM, STAR ARCH, SCALES, IDOL.

## Puzzling Letter

Keyword:

PLASTERING  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

## Card Trickery

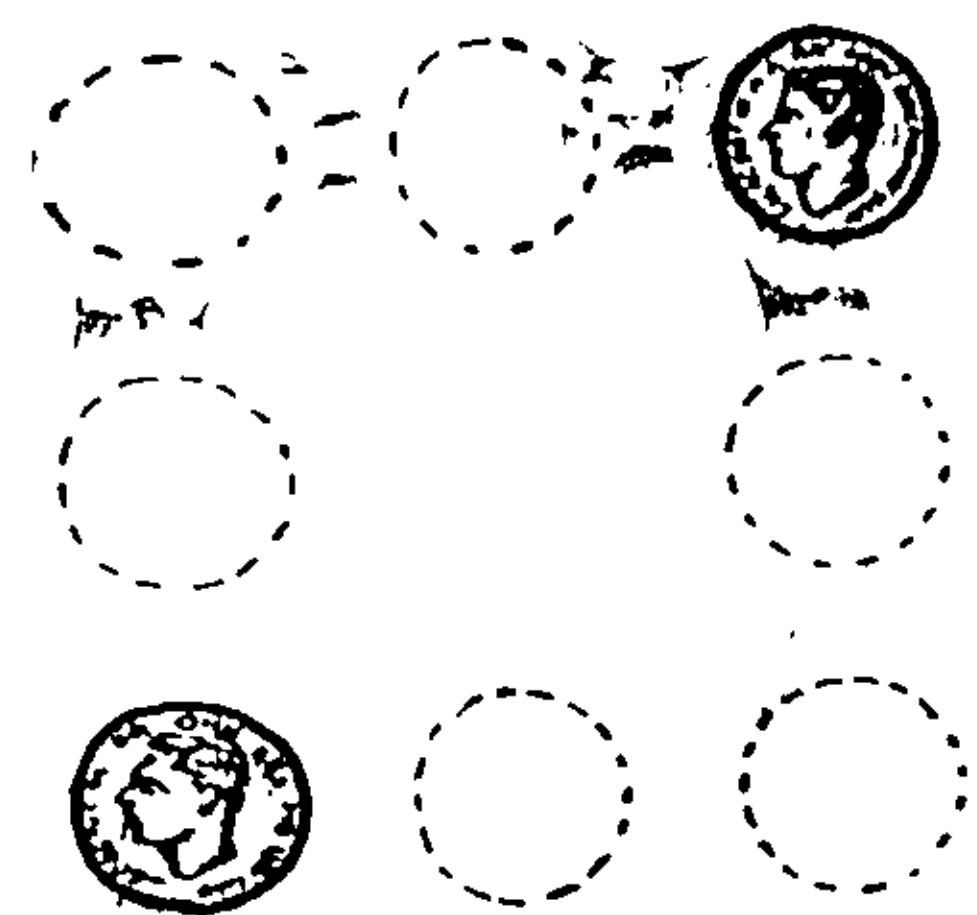


Exchange 3 and 4, 4 and 7, 6 and 9, so that square is as shown.

## Crackerjack

Red 12, Blue 15, Green 4, Yellow 9, Orange 10.

## A Quick One



Six coins can be removed leaving two as shown. The total in each side is then 1d.

## CROSSWORD:—

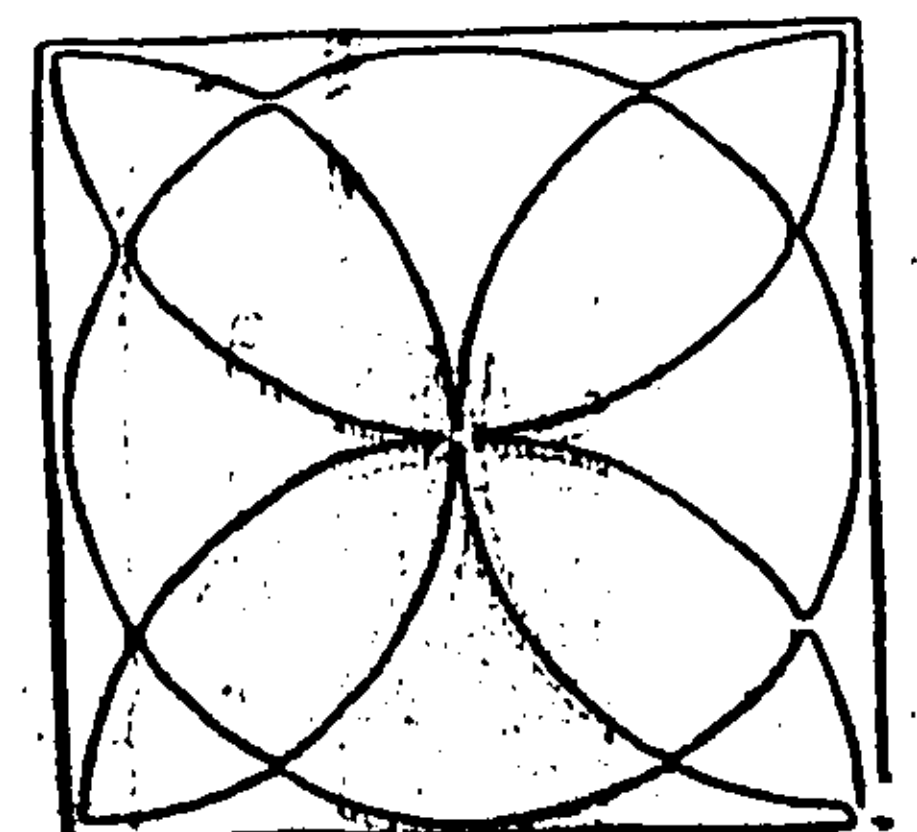
Across: 2, Carol; 6, Coronet; 8, Barometer; 10, Imam; 11, No; 13, Platoons; 16, Toe; 18, Rubies; 20, Err; 21, Cases; 22, Ashen; 24, Ta; 25, Man; 27, East; 29, Pry; 30, Edge; 32, Soiree; 34, Den; 35, Emerge.

Down: 1, From; 2, Coral; 3, Aroma; 4, Querous; 5, Let; 6, Campers; 7, Tennis; 8, Bi; 9, Rose; 12, Ate; 14, Transom; 15, Obey; 17, Orange; 19, Stay; 21, Cease; 23, He; 24, Tree; 25, Me; 26, Add; 28, Tie; 29, Peg; 31, En; 33, R.R.

## Christmas Shopping

£1 5s. 8d.

## Keep In Line!



The diagram shows how the figure is drawn.

## With Charitable Intent

£180. Total amount raised was £1,820. Average is £260.

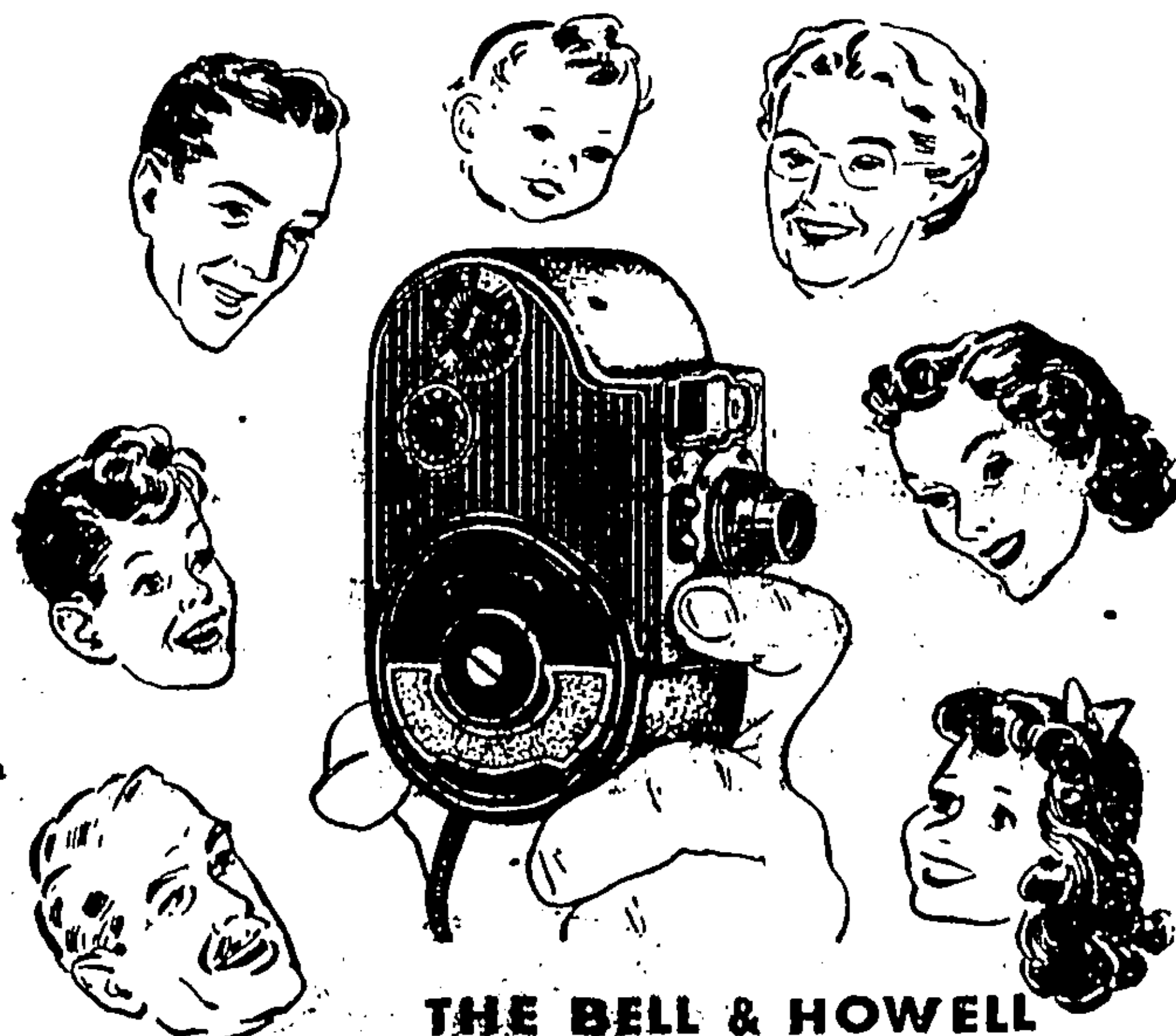
## Christmas Kind

1, Bandoler; 2, Enormously; 3, Lemonade; 4, Ignoble; 5, Selection; 6, Enclosure.

## On The Air

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
H O R N L E I G H  
O P O E L R L E  
V I A V A A A A D  
E N S E S T T N G  
R E T R T E E D E

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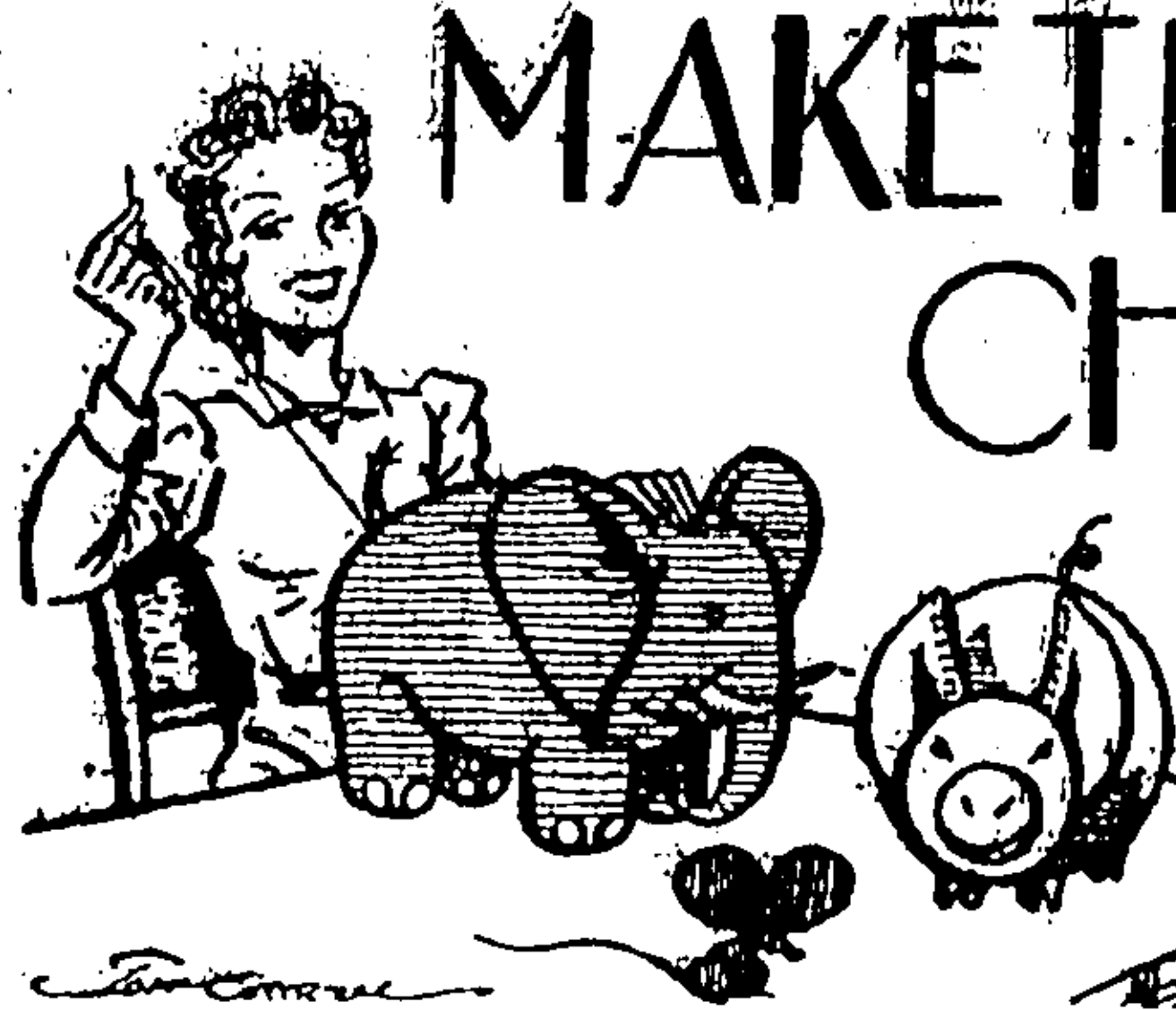
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# MAKE THESE TOYS FOR CHRISTMAS

YOUR PIECE-BAG  
WILL PROVIDE THE  
MATERIALS

RUBY EVANS

**SOFT** toys are always welcome gifts for the youngest members of the family, and many grown-ups as well appreciate an amusing animal for a mascot. So why not make a few toys to solve your Christmas present problem? They are very easy and fascinating to make, and all sorts of materials can be utilised with good effect.

Almost any strong, closely woven fabric will make the main body of the animal or other toy. Velvet, cloth or strong cotton are all suitable. Pink velvet, for instance, would make a pig, grey velour cloth is just the thing for an elephant, and even a scrap of gaily checked gingham would make a quaint dog.

Scrap of felt and leather are useful for feet, beaks, ears, and so on. Cast-off patent leather belts can be cut up to provide collars and harness, and shoe-buttons or press-studs make eyes for almost any animal. A pound of millpuff or kapok, costing very little from your drapers' or upholsterers', will stuff half-a-dozen small toys. Snipped-up rags can be used for stuffing, but these are rather heavy, and more difficult to handle.

For large or complicated toys, you will need to buy a paper-pattern. But you could start right away to make the two simple toys shown here. The shape and measurements of each part are clearly given, and you will find it quite easy to cut out these paper patterns for yourself.

## Bunny Is Born

The soft and cuddlesome bunny is made from an oddment of white turkish towelling, with pink silk or cotton to line his ears. First cut out the four shapes in paper—body, under-body, ear and tail. The under-body, is exactly the same shape as the lower part of the shape for the body. The given measurements allow for  $\frac{1}{4}$ in. turnings on all edges.

From turkish towelling cut out the body twice, the under-body twice, the ear twice, the tail twice. Also cut out the ear twice in pink material, making this lining just a little narrower than the pattern.

With strong white cotton, seam the two under-body pieces together along the straight top edge, leaving a small space in the centre for stuffing, as shown in the sketch. Slip this part between the two body pieces, so that it fits in exactly, coming as far up as the two crosses marked on the body piece in the sketch.

Pin all the edges together, and then stitch on the wrong side, thus making a complete "case" shaped like a rabbit. Turn right side out, and fill with soft stuffing, first the paws and then the body. Sew opening neatly together.

Join the two tail pieces, leaving the straight edge open. Turn right side out, add a little stuffing, and sew to the body. Make up the ears in the same way, but do not stuff. Bring the lower edges in towards the centre, lining inside, and sew to head with the lining facing outwards. A glance at the

finished rabbit in the sketch makes this step clear.

Add shoe-buttons or glass beads for eyes, using very strong cotton and taking the needle through the head several times from one eye to the other. A touch of paint can be used to make the correct pink eyes if desired. Mark nose and mouth with a scrap of thick red wool, and your bunny is ready for his new owner.

Humpty-Dumpty, also shown here, is a most original and intriguing toy. To make him, you need some scraps of gaily-patterned velvet (or cloth) and a piece of flesh-coloured stockinette. You could use old stocking-tops, or pieces cut from woven underwear. If they are white, rinse them in strong cold tea.

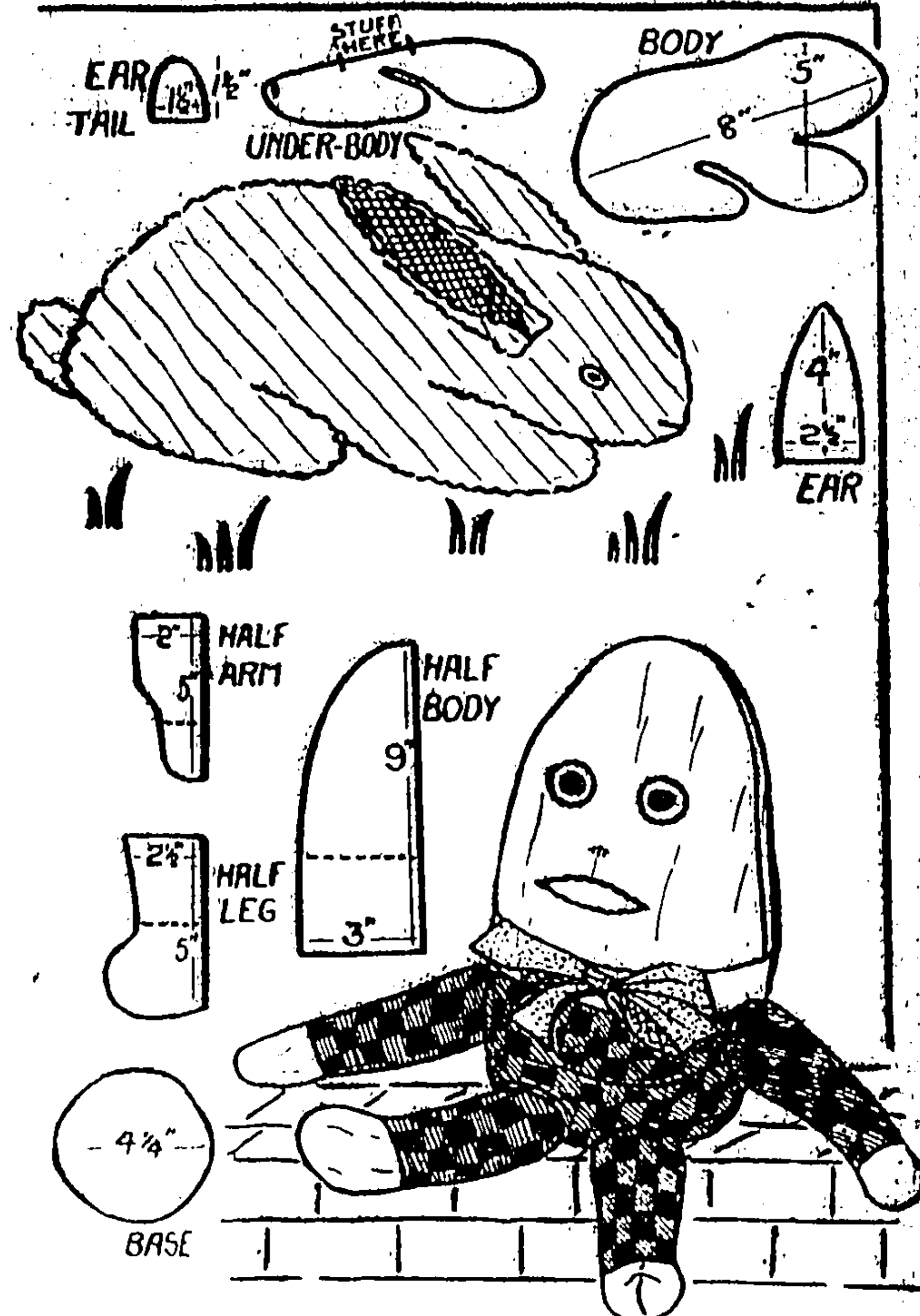
First cut out the four simple shapes shown here. Measurements include quarter-inch turnings on every edge. You will notice that only half the body, arm and leg's given. When cutting out these parts, lay the straight edge to a fold, and cut out in double thickness.

As you see from the finished doll in the sketch, the body, arms and legs are made partly from velvet, and partly from stockinette. These three patterns must, therefore, be cut across at the dotted lines shown in the sketch.

Cut out each part in its correct material. You can see from the sketch of the finished doll which parts should be velvet, and which stockinette. Then make up as follows:

### Stuff Firmly

**BODY.** Seam the lower and upper parts of the body together,



making two similar pieces, one for the front and one for the back. Join front and back together right round the curved side. Then join on the circular base (cut entirely in velvet) leaving an opening for stuffing. Turn right side out, stuff firmly, and sew up opening.

Sew a narrow band of plain white material round the body, where the velvet joins the stockinette, thus making Humpty a collar and hiding the join at the same time. Add a ribbon bow in front.

### Humpty Won't Fall

**ARMS AND LEGS.** Make up in the same way as the body, but do

not give them a base. Instead, sew the straight ends together when each limb is stuffed, and sew firmly to the body.

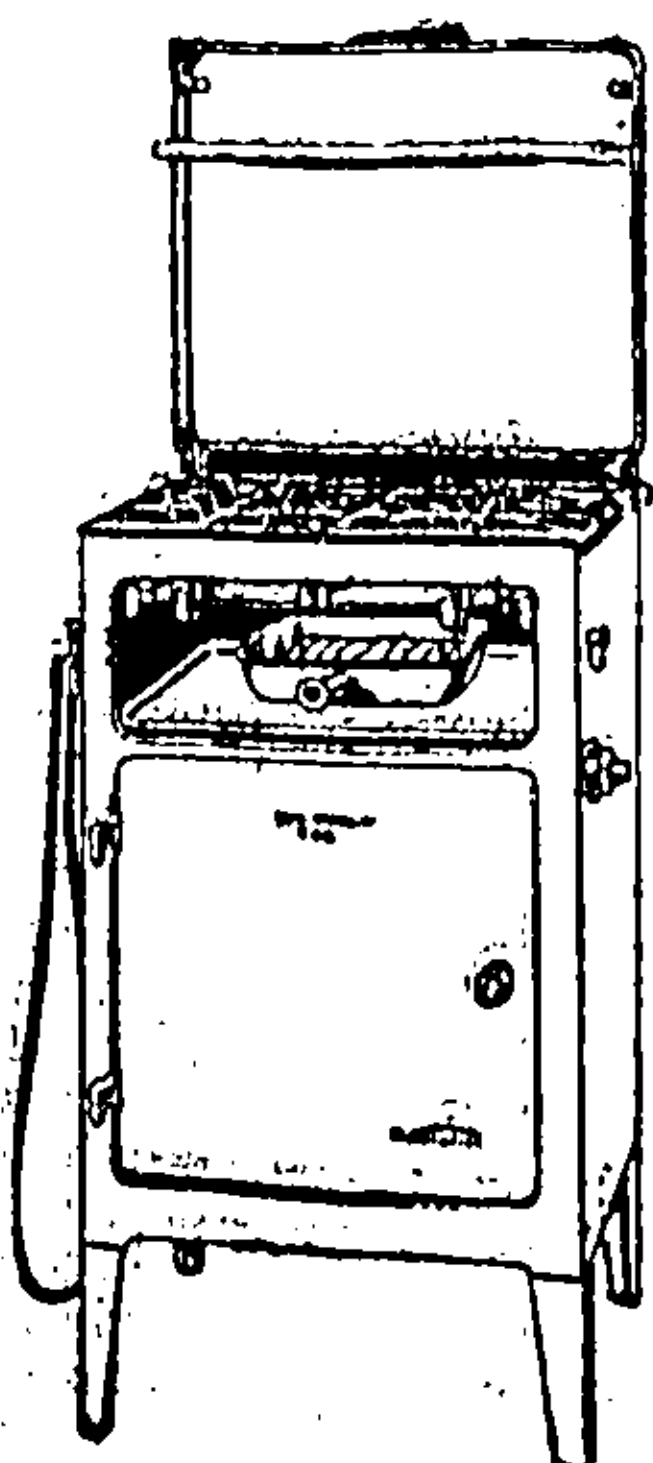
For Humpty's eyes, sew on two large black press-studs, and stitch a circle of black chain-stitch round each. A few straight black stitches form the nose, and an outlined shape in red chain-stitch indicates the mouth.

You will find Humpty a most good-tempered fellow, and he is guaranteed not to come to grief like his name-sake in the nursery rhyme. In fact, he will stand up nobly to the roughest treatment which any small child may give him.

## FOR A REAL MERRY CHRISTMAS INTRODUCE

# GAS

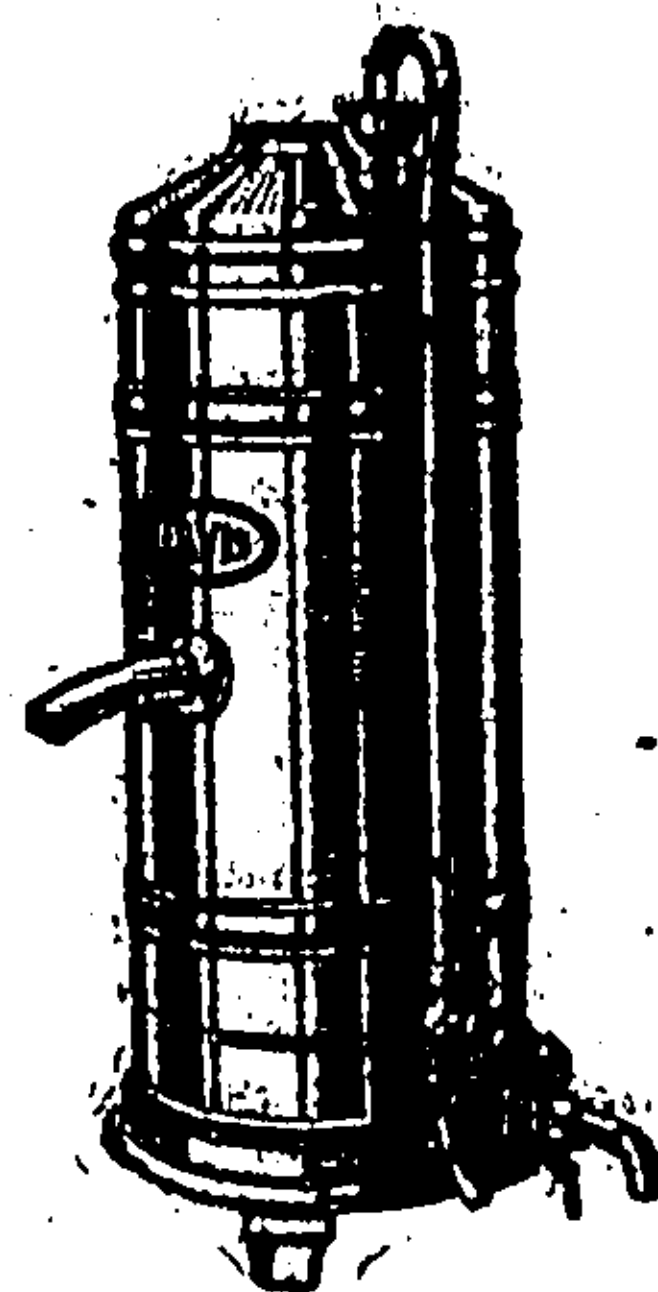
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## Children Believe In

## Fairies

If we want to know why children believe in magic we must take a really close look at fairyland. Fairyland is a place where the unexpected always happens. The heroes and heroines there are never grown-up people. They are young, helpless, and credulous, the victims of misfortune, as our own small sons and daughters often imagine themselves to be. By the aid of magic, they can triumph completely over the forces working against them, as the children would surely like to do.

Sleeping Beauty is doomed from her cradle through the mere caprice of a wicked fairy. Lazy Jack is more kindly treated by fate. The pretty beans, which he so foolishly accepts in exchange for the cow, as any child might, turn out to be magic ones. Thus he is saved from his mother's anger and led through all sorts of adventures to ultimate triumph. In fairyland there are giants and ogres who growl terrifying threats. Sometimes the ogre has a good wife, who hides you and gives you food, but only because she has not guessed that you want to destroy him, for she, too, is in his power, and on his side when it comes to a fight.

You omit a small kindness, and the fairies withhold their favour. They are always watching, listening and knowing. You may be

powerless, caught in the ginger-bread house of a hypocritical old witch, who pretended to be kind. A fairy will appear from nowhere. You turn to where her voice was. She has disappeared as suddenly and strangely as she came.

If you come to think of it, the work may look very much like fairyland to a small child. A baby a few weeks old is a completely helpless creature. He has few needs, but wants them satisfied immediately. He has no sense of time or place, no knowledge of how things come to him, why they are withheld, nor how to get them. When he wishes for food, its bringer must seem like a beneficent fairy.

Fairy tales and legends were an attempt to explain, when the world was younger, all that the people could not understand of the forces of nature attacking them in their helplessness and of capricious and cruel circumstances over which they had no control. Even to-day, to express wonder we sometimes say, "It's like magic." Even to-day, some of us would be glad of a magic wish to give us our heart's desire, or a fairy godmother to help us out of an intolerable situation.

Is the day of magic done? Only a few generations ago people throughout the world, superstitious and easily gulled, were practically all believers in the power of magic. Magic was in its hey-day then, the modern observer would say. Never again will it reach such popularity. People no longer believe in magic, and no longer can they be mystified; they are incredulous and sceptical.

But seeing is believing—or is it? If you wonder what this means, if you doubt that you can see a thing actually happen and yet believe it to be absolutely impossible that it should happen, let me show you a little of my magic.

As a matter of fact, the magic of the Middle Ages was far from being the greatest magic the world has ever seen. The efforts of early magicians, men who achieved reputations and who passed down into history as noted figures, were as nothing compared with the magic that is within your power to witness to-day.

Magic is a science. It progresses like everything else. If a magician of medieval times were to sit at one of my performances he would probably be so impressed that he would either commit suicide or bury his head in the sand and allow the whole of his erstwhile followers to spend the rest of their lives kicking him for being such a fool to imagine that

he was a mystic.

The trouble with these old-time magicians was that they linked up their magic with alchemy and necromancy.

I do not profess to practice anything supernatural. I realise perfectly well that modern magic consists chiefly of ingenious tricks and clever manipulation. I practice magic for amusement, for the amusement of huge audiences, and it I succeed in almost making

By Max Mallini

them believe that the impossible is accomplished, this is merely due to my mastery of the art of illusion.

I started doing magic tricks with no other purpose in view than my own amusement. Life was hard for me in my youthful days. I was taken to America when I was but a child. My days at school were punctuated by a constant fight against persecution by my comrades who seemed to regard the fact that I was Swedish as sufficient excuse for making me the butt of all their practical jokes.

I soon learned that the most magical way of making life worth living in this respect was to punch hard and often. At the age of 12 I left school to make my way in the world selling newspapers and

working at odd jobs to earn a living. In this way I progressed until I got a job in a Y.M.C.A. institution.

I had seen several magicians at work on the stage, and, like all small boys, I was impressed by their skill. I have a mechanical mind, and I still cannot rest, when I see anything unusual, until I find out "how to work."

As far as I could, I found out how these magicians I had seen performed their tricks. Then I began to evolve small tricks of my own and try them on the other fellows in the Y.M.C.A. Pretty soon I had my own act put together and was giving performances at church concerts and such like.

One day the secretary of the Y.M.C.A. saw me doing my stuff. "Kid," he said, "You're good. I will put you on our next big performance."

Sure enough I was "on" and did half an hour's show. It so happened that one of the big theatrical agents was in the audience and the next day I got a letter inviting me to go round and see him. At this time, by working day and night, I was making about 15 dollars a week. He offered me a three-years' contract as the Boy Magician to tour America at a salary beginning at 75 dollars weekly.

For a while I held out, chiefly because everybody told me there was no money in magic; that this flare of mine was only a passing fancy, and that it would lead me nowhere.

To cut a long story short, by the time I was 16 I had toured the whole of America and had opened my own factory for the manufacture of scores of tricks of all descriptions which were sold to would-be magicians throughout the world.

I promised myself I would retire when I was 32, but Fate and the War stepped in, with the result that my business was closed down and I found myself starting all over again.

At one time I was obliged to live for one week on 2s. That made me think. I immediately formed a one-week plan. This provided for me eating only one bowl of soup and a roll every day at six o'clock. I got along fine. From this I evolved the two years plan, and although money was beginning to come in again I kept it up. Since then, although I live in good hotels and food is plentiful, I manage nicely on one meal a day.

I developed a sense of humour at that time and went up and down Broadway meeting my friends of more luxurious days, and exchanging funny stories, and to-day that bad period seems to me to have been one of the outstanding experiences that I would not have missed for anything. I could have grieved and worried and pestered everyone with my trouble, but I figured that would not solve my problem. As it was, there was not a soul who knew of my circumstances until long after I was back on Easy-street again.

To return to magic; of course I wear a curious ring. All magicians have something like that, but I can't say it responds to the usual magic formulae, and you can say "Abracadabra" or "Sim Sala Bim" until you are blue in the face, and nothing much will happen if you rub it. But it certainly is a curious ring all the same. It is a gold representation of a human skeleton encircling my finger and the eyes are two small diamonds—quite a grotesque affair. It was presented to me by a Russian magician in a cafe in Moscow one day after I had finished a show.

I was attracted by the ring which he wore. I had never seen one like it before, so he let me try it on, and when he found that it fitted me he said: "You keep it. I was going to give it to you anyway"—when I protested against taking such a quaint and valuable token—"because I want something from you."

"Name it," I said. "Your levitation illusion," the Vanishing Woman," he said.

Well, he studied me for a few days, and eventually I gladdened his heart by giving him the trick. People who think magicians don't give their tricks away are wrong. I think it helps things along considerably if you tell them something about your business. It puts you on a more human basis with them straight away. But, just the same, most people like to be mystified, and I find that there are many who prefer not to be told everything there is about an illusion.



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# Some Queer Xmas Eves

"D'you realise, David," I said, flinging my pick disgustedly to the ground "that it's Christmas Eve?"

David, my partner on the diamond diggings in South Africa, wiped the sweat from his sun-burnt face. "And what if it is," he replied laconically. "Do you expect me to become a sentimental pagan and sing carols beneath a sprig of mistletoe?" And he resumed his digging in that hard, sun-baked earth for the diamonds that never materialised.

It was the reply I might have expected from him. David was a true wanderer. At the same time, I was beginning to realise how much the wanderers on this earth hate Christmas. It is because, at heart, they are all sentimentalists. Christmas does make them think of home.

"We'll have to go a long way from here to find mistletoe," I said to David, "but at least we can get a Christmas dinner of sorts at old George's shack. There are rumours about a dance to-night."

David pushed back his double-felt hat and stared at me. "Why this sudden desire for gaiety?" he asked.

"Just because it's Christmas Eve," I repeated tritely. "And how do you suggest we shall pay for these sentimental luxuries—a Christmas dinner and a dance in an old Greek's tin shanty?"

I fumbled the pouch of my belt. "What! The only diamond we've found in this shell-hole," he exclaimed.

"Why not?" David snorted. Then he grinned.

"Yes, why not?" he mused. "It's such a miserable specimen that I doubt whether we'll even get a fiver for it. Still, old George might buy it or give us a drink and a dance in exchange."

"And a Christmas dinner," I insisted. Twenty-four hours previously, David and I had joined in a rush for diamond claims over this stretch of South African veld that now looked like a battlefield. Battered motor-cars, Cape carts and ox-wagons added to the general effect of an army in retreat.

A few mounted policemen rode the debris, a hand occasionally straying to pistol holster when any of the diggers became violent. At the same time a naked Zulu stalked about the diggings vigorously ringing a bell. He carried an ink-crawled poster in one hand. The invitation was sensational:

—Come and dance at George's—Women, Music and Champagne.

George, after much twisting of his black moustaches, gave us exactly five pounds for the rough little pebble that we called a diamond. David and I began recklessly to spend that five pounds.

Three sausages apiece, a lump of mashed potatoes, and, as a special afterthought, a tin of green peas—such was our Christmas dinner.

David called loudly for champagne. With a smirk that would have done credit to the head waiter of the Cafe de Paris, in Monte Carlo, George, the Greek, produced the first bottle with the alacrity of a conjurer. He charged us two pounds for the bottle.

Queer Christmas Eve. I can well remember the dance that followed. When the dancing began, diggers kicked off their heavy veldt-schoen and began lumbering about the floor in their shoes.

And the women? George, the Greek, had kept his word. They were there. Strapping Boer girls wearing white ~~kerchiefs~~ beneath which bunched their flaxen hair. There were also the strange women who haunt every diamond camp—girls, heavily ~~in-sticked~~, who had been in the chorus of some Johannesburg revue or else been barmaids in Rhodesia or the East Coast.

A different, and much more luxurious atmosphere, two years later, St. Moritz in the snow season. A ~~dinner~~ ~~crowd~~ ~~pa-~~ healthy, snow-tanned crowd, pa-

per caps, coloured streamers and a lavish array of foods and wines.

I was wearing a false nose—a wise thing to do on the Continent where noses are apt to be pulled—and dancing with an ash-blond girl from Prague who defeated all my efforts to speak to her in French and German.

Seated at an adjoining table was a young Irishman who wrote satiric verse, with an English girl. They had become engaged during the course of their sojourn at St. Moritz.

There they both were, on Christmas Eve, looking dimly, unhappy. The news of their betrothal had been a twenty-four hours' affair. Now, even the waiters knew it, and treated them with excessive deference. The Irishman occasionally blew a paper whistle with a sort of defiant enjoyment. Neither of them danced.

It was when the orchestra began playing a dangerously sentimental waltz that the English girl looked up to find a young mono-

clad Austrian bowing before her. "Gnädiges fraulein!" he said suavely. "I would be charmed if you will pull a cracker with me." And, graciously, he held before her one of those paper crackers that decorate most Christmas tables.

A moon-like expression of delight shone in the face of the English girl. "How delightful of you," she said. And stretching out her hand she seized one end of the cracker.

A sharp tug, an absurd "pop" and the ruins of the cracker were in their hands.

"There is a motto inside," she cried childishly. "You must read it."

The Austrian bowed, and fumbled in the paper wreckage. He discovered the slip of paper, smoothed it, and read slowly aloud in English. I can still hear him mousing the trite words:

"Roses are red, violets are blue, Sugar is sweet, and so are you!"

But by this time the young Irishman was on his feet. His eyes blazed. He had the specially decorated menu folded in his hand. With a melodramatic gesture he struck the Austrian across the face with it, causing the monocle to fall.

The Austrian stooped to recover his monocle. When he fixed it firmly against his eye he was pale. He faced the Irishman.

"I think we shall have something to discuss—after the dance," he said with quiet deliberation. Then superbly, he turned to the English girl. "Our waltz, I think" he murmured.

It was a thoroughly terrified English girl who was eventually led back to the little table. The Austrian bowed her to a seat and then proffered his cigarette-case to the Irishman.

"Perhaps, mein herr," he said, "you would like to smoke a cigarette in the next room, hein?"

They stalked out of the dining-room together.

The next morning they set out early to climb a snow-peak together—complete with ice-axes.

It must have been nearly midnight when I saw the two young men again, standing in the doorway. They were laughing and joking with each other. The best of friends. And the object of their amusement? A wealthy American was presenting the girl with a plateful of caviare sandwiches, while she gazed adoringly into his eyes.

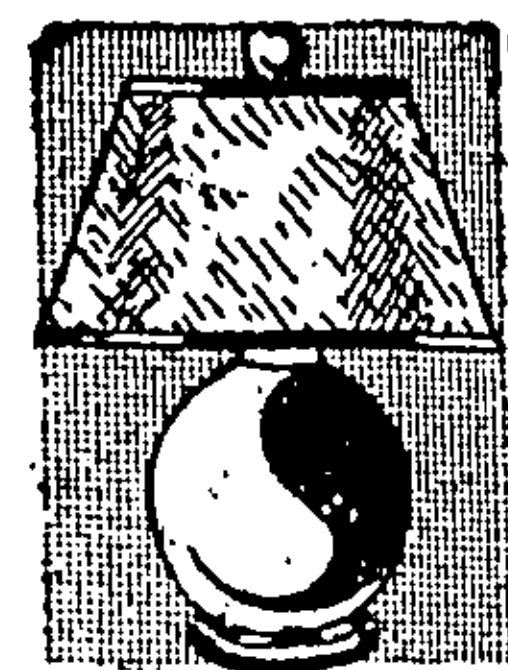
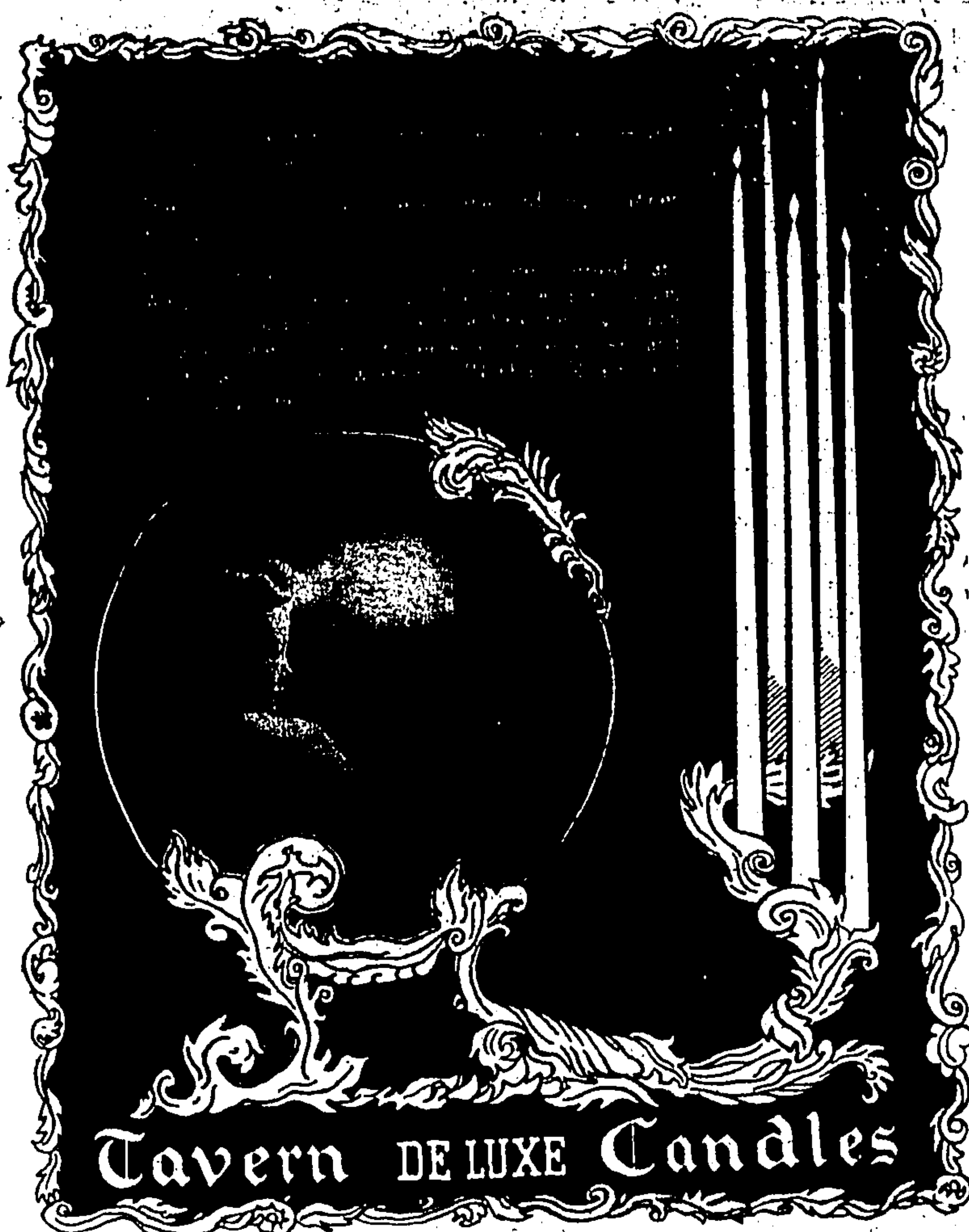
I remember, too, a Christmas Eve among the Zulus. Under a sky stretched like blue silk I watched the Zulu imps, the fighting men with shields and assegais, stamp their way forward in battle formation. Across a huge plain they came, enormous black crescent moons roaring their war songs.

Again and again they stamped their bare black feet in the dust so that the ground trembled. The Zulu maidens, in all their naked beauty, shrilled in chorus and urged the fighters to even greater deeds.

Slowly and remorselessly, the black crescent moons came on-wards. The chanting was solemn and deliberate. Then, with one huge roar, the black flood charged, one crescent moon after another.

And, by a miracle of discipline, it stopped dead, within a yard of a group of whites watching.

Christmas Eve



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# The Haunted House In B--- Square

From Page 12

when he fell and he lying somewhere under the snow. Though it was very old and dirty, he had an affection for it. He would come again, when it was light, and look for it.

All the way home he pondered over his strange experience. He could not get that scene in the bedroom, the awful looking woman with the sharp, murderous knife, out of his head. She haunted him.

Midday saw him back in B-Square, standing in front of Number 13. There was a notice board with TO LET on it attached to the area railings, and bare floors and walls met his astonished gaze when he peered in at the windows. The weather had changed. It was much warmer, consequently the snow had nearly gone, and he had no difficulty in finding his cap. It was in the area.

A tradesman's cart was in front of Number 12 when he came up the area steps.

"Who lives in Number 13?" the man driving it said, in answer to his query. "Why, no one. It's been unoccupied for more than a year. No one ever stays in it for long. Round here they call it 'The Unlucky House', and says it's 'haunted'. Not that I believe in such things as ghosts myself. I think it's all imagination, but there's no doubt there is something queer about the house. I don't think I should care to live in it."

Bill thanked him and moved away. Yes, there was something queer about Number 13, something devilishly queer, otherwise

he would never have fallen down, knocked his head, and imagined himself inside it, if it was only imagination. Those diamonds, and his mouth watered again at the thought of them—how they had glittered and sparkled.

Then came a vision of that gloating woman with the knife, and cruel, wicked smile. He could see her as plainly in his mind now as he had seen her in the night, could see even the shining black buttons on her dress and the gap in her leering mouth, where one of her yellow teeth was missing. The house was reputed to be haunted; had he, in some utterly inexplicable manner, got into it and encountered the ghosts? Or was it some queer delirium, a kind of concussion nightmare, caused by his fall?

The next two or three months saw him at his old vocation whenever he got the opportunity, but never with quite his former zeal. What he had gone through that Christmas Eve had made a deep impression on him. He had hitherto scoffed at the idea of ghosts and a Hereafter, but he no longer scoffed now. He had a feeling that that experience of his was nothing accidental but was ordained by some Power behind the Scenes, ordained for a special purpose. It made him think.

Once again it was Christmas Eve, and as the day wore on his desire to revisit B-Square grew stronger and stronger.

In the end he went. This time there was no snow. Rain in the morning was succeeded by a severe frost at night, with the re-

sult that the pavements and roadways were very slippery. Bill got to B-Square just about the time he had arrived there the preceding year, and at the same window of Number 13 was the same blonde lady dangling the diamond necklace in her glistening, crimine tipped fingers. He rubbed his eyes to make sure he was not dreaming, but when he looked again she was still there.

Everything then happened just as it had happened before. The same burning desire to get the diamonds came over him, and he left the Square resolved to visit it again when the coast was quite clear.

He returned shortly before midnight. Just as he had done that Christmas Eve twelve months ago, he tiptoed down the area steps, trod on a slippery spot, fell and bumped his head against something hard. Conscious that all he did was merely a repetition, in detail, of all he had previously done, he entered the house by the little ladder window, and passing through the kitchen, where the nearly spent fire glowed a dull red in the large range, he ascended the basement staircase into the hall, halted in breathless fear when he heard the policeman, and then went on up the other staircase on to the first floor landing, and hence into the bedroom of the blonde.

The silence in the house seemed even deeper and more unnatural than the last time he was there, and the shadows on the wall and ceiling more alarmingly fantastic. In the semi-gloom the face of the sleeping man looked startlingly white and weird. Bill was horribly afraid; afraid of the sleeper, the shadows, the silence, everything. The dread of what he knew was about to hap-

pen gripped him to such an extent that he would have got out of the house as fast as he could, had he been able, but a Power he could not resist compelled him to stay and go through everything again. Then, just as before, he was examining the contents of the dressing table drawers when he heard the tap of dainty high heels on the polished floor of the landing, and he had hardly hidden behind the curtains, when the blonde lady entered the room, looking so he thought, lovelier than ever. This time, however, as she stood by the bedside gazing down at the sleeper, Bill became aware of a ghostly unreality about her and about the man. They seemed no longer to belong to a world he knew, but to hail from the same strange unearthly world as the frighteningly bizarre shadows on the floor and walls.

He breathed easier when she left the bedside and finally slipped into her night attire. As she stood warming by the electric fire, the dainty pearl buttons on her pyjamas and her red lacquered finger and toe nails shone and flashed like jewels.

Then, after she was at last in bed, came the long, harrowing wait till she slept, the emerging from the curtains to snatch the necklace, the horribly cautious trying of the door handle and that ugly sinister face in the aperture, the lurid glow from the heater throwing into startling prominence its every evil feature.

In she crept with feline stealth, her glittering eyes full of cruelty. And once more Bill became a helpless spectator of the fiendish murder. Then came the culminating horror, when a strange noise close to Bill attracting the attention of the murderess, she made a cat-like spring at the curtains and pulling them aside, saw him. The glee with which she beheld his terror and suspense was even more hellish than before, her grin when brandishing the dagger-shaped knife in mid-air more diabolical, and the pain of the stab, if possible, even more agonising, and as, on the previous Christmas Eve, he recovered from unconsciousness to find himself lying in the area, on the very spot where he had fallen and bumped his head.

When he opened his eyes he was quite alone, and the stars were shining down on him from a bright, cloudless sky. Rising with some difficulty, for he had lain there a considerable time, he clambered up the area steps, saw what, curiously enough, he had not noticed before on his arrival, namely, a board with "To Let Unfurnished" on it, and wandered thoughtfully home.

Another year passed, and once again it was Christmas Eve, a mild, muggy Christmas Eve, with an occasional drizzle and a gentle South West wind.

All day the impulse to go again to the Square obsessed Bill. He fought hard against it but in the end he had to go; and on reaching Number 13, he saw, standing in front of the mirror in the room on the first floor, the same blonde lady, doing precisely the same thing. And, as on those two previous occasions, the sight of that sparkling diamond necklace tempted him sorely.

This time, however, he managed, after a desperate struggle with himself, to tear himself away from the spot and go straight home. Back in his little parlour he chuckled to think he had not been fool enough this time to go down into the area of that empty house. Had he done so he might again have fallen and undergone another harrowing experience. Whether ghosts or things of a delirium, and he still could not decide which, he had outwitted them.

In the morning he went to the Free Library across the way and almost the first thing he saw in large headlines, in a Lunch Edition paper, was

**"SHOCKING MURDER IN B--- SQUARE"**

A man of seventy had been found horribly murdered in bed and his young and beautiful wife had been arrested on suspicion. The number of the house where the crime had been committed was 13. Bill could hardly believe he read aright. Thirteen: why, that was the house! Yet it could not be, because the house of his experiences was empty and unfurnished.

Full of excitement and curiosity he tore off to B-Square, to find several policemen and a small crowd of people standing in front of 13. It was the house—the house of his weird experiences—but now there was no "To Let" board on the railings. It was furnished and tenanted. Supposing he had gone there the preceding night, what might have happened?

More than ever wondering and perplexed he went away, not daring to remain because of the Police, being an ex-con they might suspect he was up to something if they saw him hanging around.

He had, however, to go to the trial of the accused lady before the Magistrates. He knew it was a risky and foolhardy thing to do, but he could not resist the Power outside himself; that strange, uncanny influence that had been haunting and compelling him ever since that first experience in the Square. Directly he set eyes on the woman in the dock, he recognised her as the beautiful blonde with the necklace.

The case against her was briefly this.

Her married life was known to be unhappy. She had lovers and had been heard to quarrel with her husband over them and money matters. Her declaration that a burglar had got into the house, murdered her husband and stolen her diamond necklace while she was sleeping, was unsupported by any evidence. The necklace certainly could not be found, but the Police had not been able to discover any indication of anyone breaking into the house, and were of the opinion that the crime had been perpetrated by a member of the household. And who could it have been but the accused? She alone had the opportunity and the motive, and it was absurd to believe she had been sleeping too soundly to hear her husband killed.

If Bill got a shock on seeing the accused, he got a much bigger one on seeing the principal witness for the Prosecution. She was the housekeeper at Number 13, B-Square, and there was no mistaking that long narrow face, hawk-like nose and those dark, sinister eyes. She was the woman with the knife, the real murderess.

Bill had a hard struggle. All the while she testified against her mistress he knew she was lying, but what could he do? If he narrated his experiences, who would believe him? No one. They would say he was crazy. The only thing he could do would be to declare he was actually in the house on the night of the murder, and that would mean a stiff sentence for burglary. They might even accuse him of the murder. Bill had never been over-burdened with conscience. At times he persuaded himself he had none, but what he had of conscience now joined partnership with a sense of chivalry and something else, a strange uncanny something quite outside himself and beyond his ken. He could not get away from it, it influenced him all the time and at last proved so all-powerful, that he found himself scribbling a note to the Solicitor for the Defence.

"I know something about this case," he wrote, "for Gawd's sake, governor, let me speak."

And speak he did. He swore he had entered the house on the night of the murder, and esconced behind the window curtains had seen the woman with the dark, sinister eyes cut the deceased's throat. He explained it all in detail, and all the while the murderess sat staring at him with ever increasing terror and amazement. More than once she opened her mouth to speak and deny what he said, but words would not come, and before Bill had finished, she fainted. Later, she confessed.

The motive for the murder was the diamond necklace. She belonged to a gang of Continental thieves. Her mistress being on well known bad terms with the murdered man, it seemed an easy thing to frame her for the murder.

She had not, of course, calculated on any interference by a Power of Powers outside the World. It was just too bad for her, that the Supraphysical, for some peculiar reason—maybe an interest in the Blonde Lady, or in Bill, or in both—had thought fit to intervene.

Since Bill's evidence was of such vital importance, the Magistrates, who believed his confession, had not the heart to punish him, and so he walked out of the Court a free and conscience-unpeased man.

Some days afterwards he received a letter. It was from the blonde lady and contained a cheque for a sum that fairly took his breath away.

Realising he owed his good fortune to his strange experiences on those two successive Christmas Eves, Bill never again accorded to ghosts, but fully agreed with the sentiments of the immortal playwright that "there are more things in Heaven and on Earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

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# The Escritoire

(Continued from Page 9)

tell the truth?"

"Yes. They get kissed sometimes. By the way you're standing right under that mistletoe."

Stella considered the matter for a moment and the frown relaxed. "Quick, then, before somebody comes out," she whispered.

There was time for only 14 before the handle of the drawing-room door rattled. A moment later Stella was demurely helping him off with his coat.

"It's in the kitchen," Stella remarked in a blandly matter-of-fact tone.

"What is? Oh, that?"

"We haven't had time to carry it upstairs yet, and it's rather heavy."

"I'll take one end. Get Tommy Cowper to take the other. He'll love helping me to carry upstairs a present I got for you."

Tommy Cowper, who fancied himself a rival of Norman's, hated him accordingly.

"All right," said Stella with a little laugh. "My room's on the left at the end. You can go right in. Everything's tidy. Shove it just inside the door where I can fall over it when I walk in."

"Right. And how are you going to manage then?"

"There's linoleum on the floor."

"How awful for the poor little toes!"

"But there are mats, stupid, and once it's inside I can take the mats up and shove it where I want it. It'll slide about on linoleum."

"Right-o. Produce the bears. Oh rather, the bear. Young Tommy."

They went into the small and over-crowded drawing-room. On the whole Norman's reception was about as chilly as an arctic explorer might expect from an assembly of polar bears. He was not popular with the young women, not only because he was plain, but also because he was regarded as Stella's private property. The young men who were interested in Stella had reasons of their own for regarding him with disfavour. Stella's parents have already been mentioned. They were extremely polite. You know what that means.

Tommy was pressed into service. He went with a great show of grace and alacrity until he was outside the door, where his manner became more than a little rigid.

They got the heavy piece of furniture through the hall passage without difficulty, and, coming to the stairs, Norman had the hind and heavier end. But from this point of apparent disadvantage he was able, by a sudden heave, to push his rival over.

What Mr. Cowper had to say about this he was compelled to say in a whisper. It elicited the polite rejoinder: "I beg your pardon. I didn't quite hear."

They got the clumsy lump of furniture into Stella's room. On the smooth floorcloth it glided quite easily.

"A bit heavy," was Mr. Cowper's gasping comment.

"A bit top-heavy, too. A child could shove it over. Still it'll be standing somewhere against the wall."

He woke late on the morning of Boxing Day. He had had a beautiful dream that he was chasing young Cowper round and round the Albert Memorial with a pickaxe. The trouble was that he couldn't catch him. But so many dreams are disappointing.

It was his landlady who roused him. Having bumped on the door and received no response except heavy breathing from within she opened it and called out:

"A young lady's called to see you."

"Right-oh," said the partially awakened sleeper. "I'll have bacon as usual."

"A young lady's called to see you. A young lady with a black eye."

Norman sat up and stared. "I don't know any young lady with a black eye," he said. "Well, she says you do!" The landlady grinned. "It's your murky past," she said. "Oh, and she said as her name was Miss Linklater."

Norman's eyes became slightly dilated.

"Miss Linklater?"

"Yes, and she wants to see you at once."

"But Miss Linklater hasn't got a black eye."

"She may not have had one when you saw her last. But she's got one now. A beauty!"

The worried young man waited his landlady away.

"All right. I'll call down the stairs to her."

The landlady departed. Norman left his bed with a plomp and called.

"Hullo, Stella, what's the matter?"

"Come down at once!" responded

ed a commanding voice.

"But I can't dear. I haven't washed, shaved or dressed."

"I don't care. Come down in your dressing-gown."

"But, look here—"

"Come down! Or must I come up?"

The thud of his feet on the floor was the answer. The overcoat went on. A towel passed across his eyes. Slippers somehow found their way to his feet. He slip-flopped downstairs. Stella waited around the corner at the end. Then he recoiled.

People who write stories often find themselves in difficulties when it comes to recording a plain fact. One would sometimes like to gloss things over, to handle a fact with delicacy, to leave something to the imagination. But the kind of fact which is called hard fact must be stated bluntly.

Stella had a black eye!

It was not just a slight discoloration which could be hidden and hushed up a bit—so to speak—by cream and powder. It was a beauty. It was such as the pugilistic coster, who has tried to knock 'em in the Old Kent Road, so often takes home with what is left of his money—on a Saturday night. It was an eye which had to be seen to be believed. The adoring swain uttered a little soft sound like the moaning of a dying pigeon.

"You needn't have minded about what you looked like," said Stella.

"But darling. How did—who did—?"

"You did."

"Me!"

"With that blessed bureau thing. Shoving it just inside my room where I was bound to fall over it when I came in in the dark."

I slipped on the floor-cloth and knocked it over."

He groaned. "Yes, I did. I knocked it over with my eye and part of my forehead. And I'm glad it was so top-heavy. Else I shouldn't have had any head left."

"But, darling, we—I—never thought—I'm so terribly sorry—a bit of raw steak—"

Then her demeanour suddenly changed. She burst out laughing. She flung her arms around him and kissed him. He patted her shoulders.

"Never mind, darling. It won't be black very long. It will turn jade-green, and then quite a pretty blue, and then pink, and after a week or two it will be all right again. I know. I've had them at school."

Stella stood and rocked with laughter.

"You great idiot! Do you think I mind?"

People just roused from bed are often a little dazed. Norman blinked at her. He had heard of ladies in the East End who enjoyed having their eyes blacked by their young men or their husbands, and regarded it as a mark of affection and esteem.

"Let's sit down a moment," she said. "I've got to tell you. Then you can dress and I'll put some more cream and powder on my eye, and we can have a happy day together. When I knocked that bureau over with my eye I seemed to have upset its internal arrangements. I don't know whether it was my eye that did the trick, or the shock of the thing striking the floor. At any rate a spring got touched. You've heard of secret drawers in the old furniture. Well, this was a tiny one, hidden between two ordinary ones. There was just enough room in it for a paper folded up and pressed down. Well, that was just what was inside it. Here it is."

It was parchment as a fact. She handed it to him, and he read very beautiful handwriting which began with the words, "This is this last Will and Testament of me Oswald Brending (Knight). I formally disinherit my son Anthony Brending, who has all that he needs and requires no more to waste. I leave all in which I stand possessed to my nephew Arthur Brending, and charge him to see that the grave of my dog Rufus is decked with a bunch of fresh flowers once a week."

Norman read it and gasped. He wanted to exclaim something that you or I might give voice to in unimpaired company. But he only said that he was "blessed"—which indeed he was.

"Don't you understand, darling?" It was Stella, of course, who spoke. "There's a reward of £1,000 for anybody who can find that will. I read it in the 'Temper' agony column months ago. You see, dear, the nephew knew the property was his, but couldn't get it because the will couldn't be found and proved."

He looked at her with eyes which widened and shone.

"Then you're on a thousand pounds!"

"No, darling. You are, or rather, we are. If I had a thousand pounds my stern parents would be even more ambitious for me. But if you had a thousand pounds all objections to your happy union would be removed. And although I happened to find it—I, said the fly, with my little eye—you bought the jolly old bureau, and gave it me. And now, darling, here's the will, and you will kindly ring up Arthur Brending—barrister-at-law—telephone—"

"Good heavens! You know his number!"

"Just looked it up. Address Middle Temple."

"But he won't be there to-day."

"Well, try him. Anyway, he's sure to be there sooner or later. He caught her to him and hugged her."

"Darling! This is wonderful!" "Yes. Let's keep it wonderful always. I don't suppose I shall always have a black eye—unless you're cruel to me—but I shall get old and ugly, you know—unless I die first."

What he said to her after that is of no particular importance to the tale. Anyway, put yourself in his place. Then she went.

Muffled in an overcoat, half washed and only partially dressed Norman rushed out to the nearest telephone.

By no particular coincidence Arthur Brending was in his chambers. He had to live in them because he was poor. Also he was kept at work over the holidays through a law case in which he was interested. The six-minutes talk ended in a cordial invitation to "come up at once."

Norman went up. He found a handsome youngish man smoking a pipe in a stuffy room which might have had wallpaper somewhere concealed behind the books. Arthur Brending shook hands. Then they talked. In fact three-quarters of an hour's conversation elapsed before anything of any real importance emerged.

"Well, of course, I'm pretty hard up," said Arthur Brending. "I don't mind robbing my cousin—if you call it that—because he's well off already. There won't be any law case—there can't be—but these things take time. Well, just for the present I will give you a formal acknowledgment, and I can manage a hundred pounds down—without hurting myself—if that's any good."

Was it any good? Ask them!

Why, believe me, within five days Stella was spending half her spare time looking in the windows of furniture shops!

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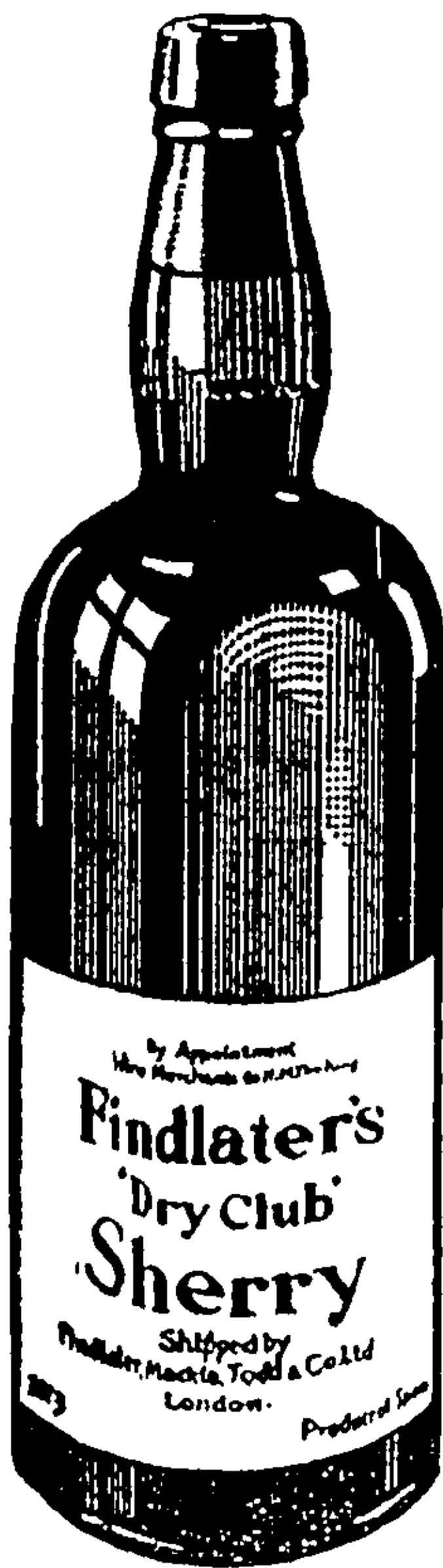
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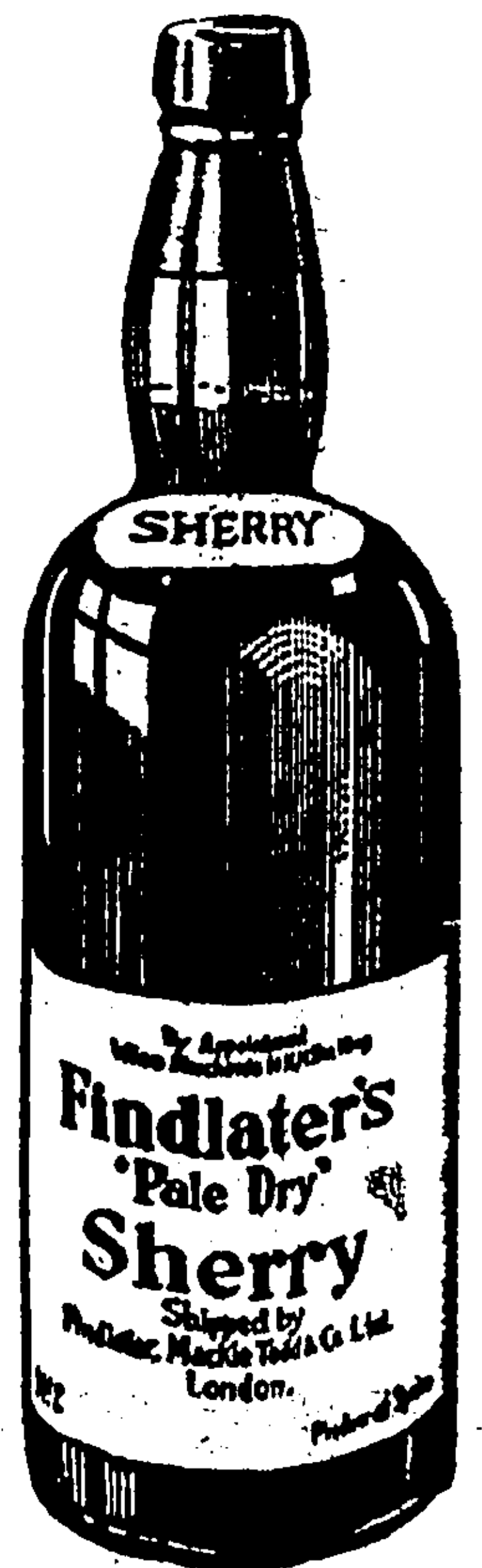
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## BRITISH TRIUMPH IN DESERT BLITZKRIEG

### ITALIAN BARDIA DIVISION RETREATING

Latest despatches indicate that part of the Italian division stationed at Bardia before the British attack is retreating towards Tobruk.—Reuter.

### Troops Gain Firm Foothold In Libya

(By Reuter's Special Correspondent With Advanced Headquarters).  
TEN DAYS AFTER THE START OF BRITAIN'S DESERT BLITZKRIEG, BRITISH TROOPS ARE WELL ESTABLISHED INSIDE ITALIAN LIBYA.

### "NAPIER STAR" REPORTED TORPEDOED

According to the Mackay Radio in New York yesterday the British liner "Napier Star" (12,000 tons), of the Blue Star Line, was torpedoed last evening.

Position was given as 58 degrees 58 minutes north, 23 degrees 13 minutes west.—Reuter.

### CHINESE GIFT FOR RAID VICTIMS

The British Ambassador, Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, yesterday received from Dr. Wang Shih-chieh, President of the Sino-British Cultural Relations Association in Chungking, a bank draft for £1,842, representing a contribution toward relief of suffering in the United Kingdom caused by German air raids.

The sum was donated by Chinese members and friends of the Association who state they wish to express their great sympathy for the suffering people of England.—Reuter.

doubtedly was the simple fact that the British Empire troops knew what they are fighting for while the Italians do not.—Reuter.

### RETREAT OF ITALIANS TO DERNA INDICATED

ROYAL AIR FORCE reconnaissance flights have revealed enemy formations retreating towards Derna, says an R.A.F. communique from Middle East Headquarters. Derna is about 100 miles west of Tobruk, which itself is 60 miles west of Bardia.

It seems, therefore, that the Italians are retiring about 160 miles from Bardia, which is now the scene of the main fighting on land.

I have now been touring a dusty desert outpost where the army's front line administration is carried out in camouflaged tents, flapping in the wind, travel-stained radio lorries or new dug-outs, which until recently were the pride of the Italian army.

Brilliant patrol and other military Intelligence work contributed to the British victory.

For instance, it was owing to the fact that a patrol had previously, at great risk, located mines outside the camp at Nibeiva that Indian infantry were enabled to assist the tanks in assailing it without a greater loss of life.

The careful planning of the whole campaign was supplemented at the right moment by dash and initiative on the field of action.

After taking Sidi Barrani the commanders on the spot took swift decisions in a manner which would have horrified old-time conventional generals but which obviously had the full blessing of General Wavell.

#### Crash Through

Instead of waiting to mop up each point of resistance, our armoured forces crashed right through in great encircling movements on the theory that the demoralised and surprised enemy force, knowing itself cut off and subjected to continual bombings, could safely be left to surrender.

These tactics were used for Sollum and a number of desert forts.

The Italians seem very short of metals but have showed considerable talent for rapid road-making and organising hospitals and foodstores.

Huge water supplies were efficiently stored at Bug Bug. Their Intelligence is good and their organisation carefully thought out.

#### Spirit Of Surrender

It was only when they came to close quarters with the British troops that they broke and once the spirit of surrender began among them it spread like a disease.

As one British officer expressed it: "The Italian army would make an excellent supply column for another army doing the actual fighting."

the trawler type was then engaged by machine-gun fire from our M.T.B.s and hit. A torpedo was fired at the enemy trawler and the explosion was felt by our M.T.B.s and the enemy ship ceased firing. No casualties or damage were sustained by any of our forces.—British Wireless

### ABETZ TO RESCUE OF LAVAL

Reports from Vichy suggest that the strenuous efforts by Otto Abetz, Nazi Ambassador to Occupied France, to rescue Pierre Laval from political disgrace have met with success.

Laval was yesterday received by Marshal Petain to "discuss the general situation" and was also present during part of the talk between Marshal Petain and Abetz.

Presumably Laval has been released from the house of detention to which he had been reported he was confined since his dismissal by the Vichy Government.

The mystery about Laval's whereabouts was cleared up yesterday afternoon when a semi-official announcement stated he had left for Paris "in his private capacity".—Reuter

The Air Ministry says that heavy rain in the Western Desert restricted air activity on Tuesday, but our planes nevertheless continued to attack Bardia by night and day.

Italian troops retreating to Tobruk were machine-gunned by our fighters.

Two Italian planes were shot down in flames and two others were damaged.

Derna was raided on Tuesday night, all the bombs landing on the aerodrome. Damage done could not be observed owing to the bad weather.

#### No Slackening

In London yesterday evening it was emphasised that there is (Continued on Page 16)

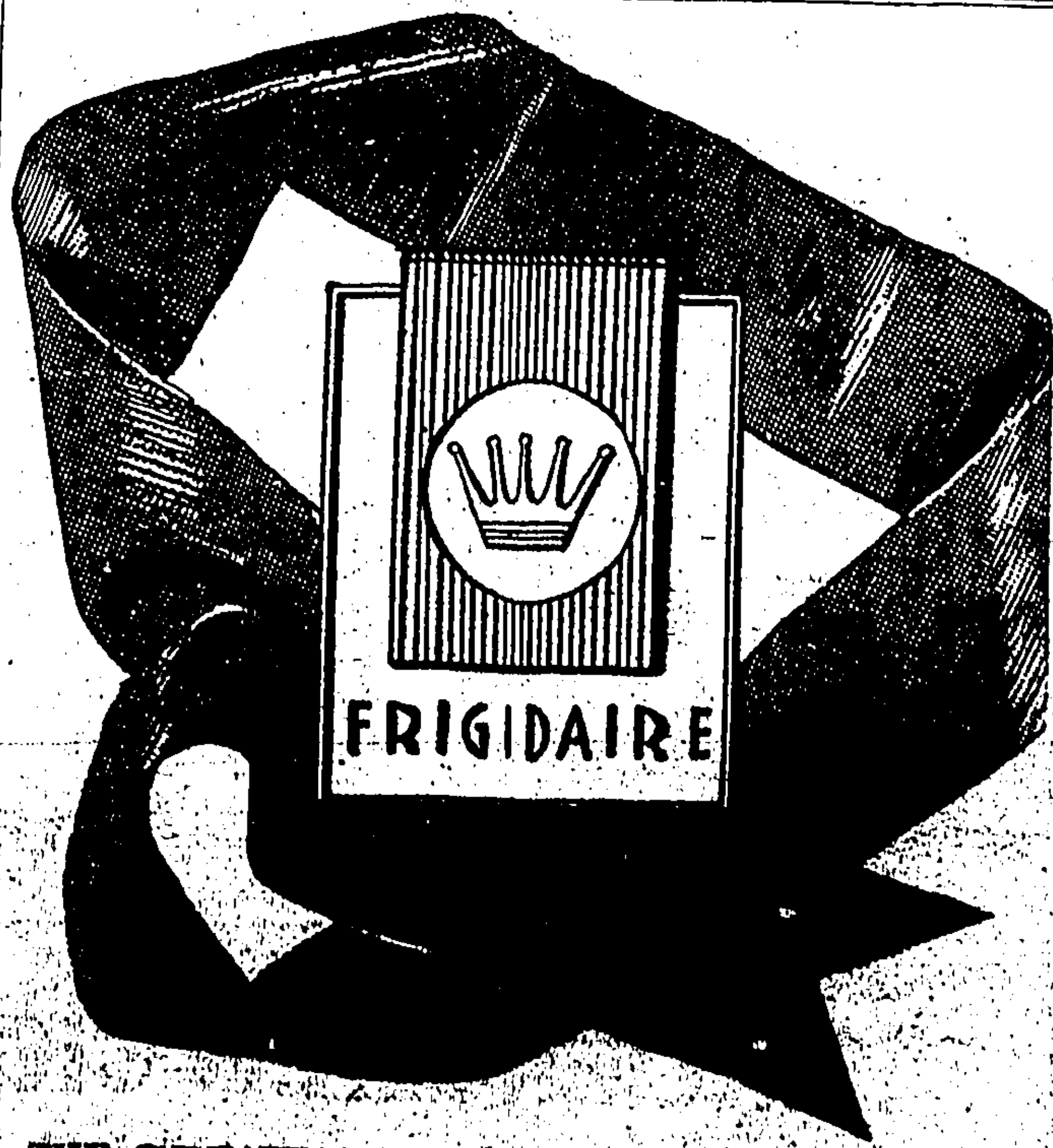
### M.T.B.'S IN ACTION

AN ADMIRALTY COMMUNIQUE LAST EVENING STATED: "IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THIS MORNING OUR MOTOR TORPEDO-BOATS, CARRYING OUT AN OFFENSIVE PATROL OFF THE BELGIAN COAST, MADE A SUCCESSFUL ATTACK ON A LARGE ARMED ENEMY SUPPLY SHIP OF BETWEEN 6,000 AND 7,000 TONS."

The enemy ship was seen to break up and sink.

Fire was opened with machine-guns from the enemy ship just before she sank but this fire was ineffective.

An enemy escort ship vessel of



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# SINKING OF "WESTERN PRINCE"

Canadian Minister's Story Of Rescue Drama

## PENSION PLAN FOR BOMB VICTIMS

The Chancellor of the Exchequer yesterday announced a scheme under which everyone in Britain over 15 years of age will be insured free against death or injury by enemy action.

The scheme makes no distinction between the size or nature of the income but covers all without exception and the rate of payment will be the maximum of workmen's compensation.

Thus, a married man in work, and in hospital or at home suffering from injuries, will get 35 shillings a week.

A married man not in employment or with a private income will get half a guinea if in hospital and one guinea if at home. Pensions will be the same for all, whether at work or not.

### Retrospective

Reuter's lobby correspondent says it is claimed that no other government or country has made such ample provisions for such cases in the present war.

Pensions will be payable in the cases of long-term disablement, while the widow of a civilian worker whose death is due to enemy action may receive 50/- a week for the first ten weeks following her husband's death.

Payments will begin on December 24 and will cover injuries already suffered. — Reuter.

## HITLER SPEAKS TO OFFICERS

Hitler yesterday made a speech to 5,000 officer candidates for the army and air force and Storm Troopers who have just been promoted to officer rank.

Text of the speech, which was delivered in the Berlin Sports-palace, has not been published, but the official Nazi news agency says Hitler gave the young soldiers a watchword for the duties "which lie ahead of them as superiors in the National-Socialist army and for the adjustment of their lives."

Field-Marshal von Brauchitsch spoke afterwards and pledged the army's loyalty to Hitler. — Reuter.

## Honeymoon Couple Lost Rescuing Wedding Presents

### DICTATORS' PLANS TO SABOTAGE U.S.

Mr. Harold Ickes, U.S. Secretary of Interior, in a speech at Columbia University yesterday said the Dictators proposed to cripple the United States by sabotage, propaganda and sowing suspicion between the United States and Latin-America. — Reuter.

### FURTHER BARODA WAR GIFT

THE MAHARAJAH OF BARODA HAS MADE A FURTHER WAR CONTRIBUTION OF £50,000, ACCORDING TO THE ALL-INDIA RADIO YESTERDAY.

The sum will be used for the purchase of a trawler for the Indian Navy minesweeping and anti-submarine duties. The vessel will be named Baroda.

The Maharajah has already given a similar sum for fighter planes for the R.A.F. — Reuter.

### OILS ACTIVE ON STOCK MARKET

Oil shares continued to attract interest on the London Stock Exchange yesterday, outstanding feature being a rise in Anglo-Egyptians from 47/6 to 52/6 on good buying orders. Otherwise the markets experienced a quiet day and prices often drifted lower for want of fresh support. Industrials were irregular and foreign issues neglected but previous levels were well maintained. Indian loans hardened, while Kaffirs met a little Cape offering. Coppers, however, were again supported. Wall Street was irregularly higher. — Reuter.

THE HON. C. D. HOWE, Canadian Minister of Munitions, whose fate was for some time in doubt after the sinking by a Nazi submarine in the Atlantic of the liner "Western Prince," on which he was a passenger, has landed at a west of England port with 52 other passengers and 99 members of the crew of the vessel.

Other survivors of the Canadian Government Mission to Britain include Mr. E. P. Taylor (Director-General of Munitions Production) and Colonel W. C. Woodburn (Executive Assistant to the Ministry).

The Hon. Gordon W. Scott, Financial Adviser to Mr. Howe's department, lost his life. The captain of the "Western Prince" was also lost.

Mr. Howe, in an interview in England, said: "We heard the captain give three hoots on the siren, in token of farewell."

The captain's steward, named Franks, lost his life when he went back to the liner to collect the Spitfire Fund money, amounting to about £100, collected by the crew.

### Crushed Against Ship

Mr. Howe told the press that Mr. Scott was in the sixth boat. Those who saw him said he was crushed against the ship's side and temporarily relaxed his grip of the rope, after which he disappeared in the darkness.

Mr. Howe described Mr. Scott's death as a great loss to Canada.

Mr. Howe said they had stayed on until after midnight to see Friday the Thirteenth safely out and he was in bed when the ship was hit.

They heard the captain give three hoots on the siren in token of farewell.

### U-Boat Takes Pictures

Before the ship sank the U-boat took flashlight photographs of the liner.

Mr. Howe added it was due to the magnificent seamanship of Capt. Reid in getting the lifeboats away in dangerous seas and to the skill of the captain of the rescue ship that the casualty list was so light.

The crews of both ships behaved marvellously and the passengers were grand. There was not a trace of panic.

Explaining why his party was perhaps more comfortably dressed than the other rescued passengers, Mr. Howe said their womenfolk made them take a small case containing lumbermen's trousers, jersey, overshoes and torch in case they were torpedoed, and these cases were the only things they had time to grab when roused from sleep.

### Went Down With Ship

How Capt. Reid went down with his ship, although he could

easily have saved his life after the liner was torpedoed, was told by the Chief Engineer.

The Chief said that when he got the signal "Abandon ship" he found Capt. Reid by a lifeboat. Urged to get in, the Captain walked away to the bridge and scouted the siren as the ship went down.

Mr. Howe said five lifeboats got away safely but the sixth overturned and it was then that casualties occurred.

The survivors include the Mother Superior of a convent in China and a young novice. The Mother Superior said both had also survived terrific machine-gunning on the Yangtze. Three babies, who were hoisted to the deck of the rescue ship, were also among the rescued. The missing include a honeymoon couple who returned to their cabin to collect their wedding presents.

### Message To Ottawa

The Prime Minister's office in Ottawa yesterday received a message from Mr. C. D. Howe, rescued from the "Western Prince," saying: "Lifeboat overturned while attempting to transfer occupants to rescue ship in heavy sea."

News of the death of Scott and other members of the Canadian Mission has shocked Government officials in Ottawa. — Reuter.

## PLIGHT OF BRITISH WOMEN

In the course of a Commons question yesterday relating to the exchange of British women detained by the German Government, Colonel Evans asked the Foreign Secretary to bear in mind a letter received from one of those persons dated October 1 alleging there had been no change of clothing for five months; that they had not received any parcels or letters of any kind, were fed on potatoes and had no occupation.

In view of these circumstances and the small number of British women involved, Col. Evans asked if Government would take steps to see that representations were made to the proper quarter at the earliest moment.

Replying, Mr. Butler said Government realised the seriousness of the position and were aware of difficulties existing in putting things right. — British Wireless.

### GERMAN AERIAL "GIFTS"

Reports are being received in London of small objects about the size of a Mills bomb or of a 50-cigarettes tin, possibly with wire attached, being dropped by enemy aircraft.

The public are warned not to handle such objects, which may be dangerous. They should be reported to the police or to war dens.

## ITALIANS HANG ON TO TEPELINI

Italian resistance in Albania still seems to be strongest in the coastal area, and they appear to be still holding on to Port-to Palermo, which is under Greek shell-fire.

Communications with Valona along the coastal road have been the object of the latest R.A.F. attacks.

Despite fierce storms on Tuesday, our planes bombed a motor transport column. It was not possible to observe the full effect of the attack, but a number of bombs fell near the column, and the vehicles were subsequently machine-gunned.

All our planes returned safely. Tepelini is under heavy Greek shell-fire but has not yet been taken.

Very wintry weather prevails in the northern sector, with deep snow at 2,000 feet and frequently degrees of frost.

Despite this, the Greeks have taken two small hamlets slightly in front of their previous line, and many more prisoners and war materials have been captured. — Reuter.

## WAVELL ARMY'S GIFT TO RAID FUND

Including £1,611 from the Malaya Patriotic fund and £375 from Janjira State, the Lord Mayor of London's National Air Raid Distress Fund now stands at £1,705,000.

In a telegram to the Lord Mayor of London, General Sir Archibald Wavell and Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore stated: "We have to-day remitted you by cable £17,000. This sum has been contributed by all ranks of the Army, R.A.F. and Allied contingents fighting by our side in Egypt, Palestine, Transjordan, Sudan, East Africa and Aden as an expression of the pride and admiration with which we view the courage and tenacity of the civilian population in Britain. We should like the gift to be used to aid those who have suffered from German air raids throughout Britain. It is hoped this contribution will help to convey to relatives and friends from whom we are separated not only our sympathy towards those who have suffered but also our unshakable determination to share with them in all hardship and endeavour until the common cause has triumphed."

Acknowledging the gift the Lord Mayor said: "Glad of the opportunity to convey to you and the forces engaged under your command the delight with which the citizens of London have heard of the brilliant victories which have been won during the past ten days as a result of the wonderful organisation, courage and endurance of your men." — British Wireless.

### DEVELOPMENT IN COLONIES

An interesting disclosure relating to colonial development was made yesterday in the course of a parliamentary reply when it was revealed that in spite of the most generous contribution of £200,000 made for war purposes, the Government of Tanganyika Territory is proposing to increase expenditure on medical education and agricultural services by £100,000 over actual 1939 expenditure. — British Wireless.

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# GERMAN TROOPS IN ITALY?: RUMOURS CREATE SPECULATION

**THE REPORT THAT German forces have arrived at Naples and Bari opens up some important problems, both political and military in character.**

If such a move had in fact taken place it would be a serious blow to Mussolini's personal position, as well as to that of the Fascist Party.

## TIENTSIN TAXATION INCREASES

Embarking on the new year with overdrafts totalling large sums, and faced with increased staff salaries and higher costs of coal and all imported materials, the British Municipal Council in Tientsin is casting about for ways and means to boost revenue.

Yesterday, at an extraordinary meeting of electors, the Chairman of the Council, Mr. James Turner, tabled five resolutions designed to yield \$917,000.

The first increases existing land taxes and water and electricity rates.

The second introduces an entertainment tax.

The third brings in a police tax of three per cent, assessed on the rental value of all occupied premises.

The fourth revises the method of collecting land and rental assessment taxes.

The fifth provides for the collection of all accounts in local dollars at the highest value when payment is tendered.

All five resolutions were passed. — Reuter.

## COMPELLED TO WORK FOR NAZIS

The French Government has no power to control French labour in the German-occupied part of France and there is good reason to believe that factory workers there are being forced to work for German war requirements.

This information was given yesterday by the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. R. A. Butler, in reply to a parliamentary question.

Mr. Butler added that it may well be that some workers have been removed to Germany for that purpose.

As for the British Government knows there is no conclusive evidence to show that factories in unoccupied France are being used for the repair of German aircraft. This is a matter not covered by the Franco-German armistice. — Reuter.

Their power would be shaken to its foundations. Either Prince Umberto and the army would take control or German soldiers supporting the Fascist police would temporarily bolster up Mussolini suppressing Italian discontent with the ruthless hand of Fascism.

If they seize the reins what would be the next move?

Would the Italians be able to get rid of the Nazi visitors?

These questions raise immense possibilities which it is too early as yet to probe.

### No Decisive Effect

The possible effect of the arrival of German forces in Bari on the war in Albania gives further material for consideration.

The presence of Germans in Bari would be unlikely to have a decisive effect on the Albanian war. Their arrival at this late date would mean that a free passage from Italy to Albania is no longer open.

To aid the Italians effectively Germans would have to reach the front in sufficient numbers with all mechanised equipment; that is now scarcely possible for the ports of Valona and Durazzo are no longer in a fit state for the disembarkation of large forces, thanks to the heavy destructive pounding they have received from the R.A.F.

Small bodies of men in small ships might possibly slip across the Adriatic by night but they could not exercise a decisive influence on the war. — Reuter.

## HEAVY RAIN IN DESERT

Heavy rain in the Western Desert restricted air activity on Tuesday, stated an R.A.F. communique issued in Cairo yesterday but the R.A.F. attack on Bardia continued both during the day and previous night.

Three large fires were started in the encampment while outside the town a large quantity of motor transport was damaged.

Reconnaissance flights showed the enemy is retreating towards Derna, which was raided during the night, all bombs falling on the aerodrome.

Damage was not observed owing to the bad weather. — Reuter.

## THAILAND CHARGES

Admitting that fighting between Thailand and Indo-China border troops has continued, the Thailand High Command, in a communique issued yesterday, charged French planes with bombing open towns indiscriminately, according to a semi-official Japanese report from Bangkok.

The communique charged that French planes on Dec. 16 dropped bombs over Sakonkhan, killing eight persons, and also over Udorn, killing one and injuring many others, despite the fact that both towns are known to be open towns and defences against aerial attacks. — Reuter.

## COST OF ROOSEVELT PLAN

President Roosevelt's plan for leasing war supplies to Britain was estimated by experts yesterday as likely to involve about \$2,500,000,000 worth of aircraft, tanks, ships and other war supplies.

The estimate was conveyed in a message from the Washington correspondent of the "New York Post," which also states that this would be additional to the \$2,000,000,000 worth of equipment already on order. — Reuter.

## THAILAND BOMBS TOWNS IN INDO-CHINA

The Thai air force has bombed seven towns in north Indo-China, in retaliation for French attacks, according to a communique issued by the Thai High Command in Bangkok yesterday.

Bangkok radio claims that three important towns in the French Indo-China province of Cambodia have been bombed "out of recognition." — Reuter.

## ABYSSINIA REVOLT

THE REVOLT BY THE ABYSSINIANS AGAINST THEIR FASCIST OVERLORDS SEEMS TO BE MAKING PROGRESS, M. R. BUTLER, UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, TOLD THE HOUSE OF COMMONS YESTERDAY. We should give all possible aid

## FRENCH ENVOY TO PARIS!

Comte Fernand de Brinon yesterday formally assumed the post of French Ambassador in Paris, according to a Vichy despatch to the German news agency.

The appointment was made by Marshal Petain in accordance with the decision taken at Tuesday's Cabinet.

Comte de Brinon thus becomes a full-fledged Ambassador six weeks after his appointment as permanent representative of the French Foreign Minister (then Lavai).

Comte de Brinon has long been known for his friendly attitude towards Germany. As vice-president of the Franco-German Committee he was received by Goebbels in February, 1939.

The visit was considerably criticised and he subsequently denied he had been sent to Berlin on a mission for the French Government. — Reuter.

to Haile Selassie and to all elements willing to fight against the enemy, he said. — Reuter.

# PYE RADIO

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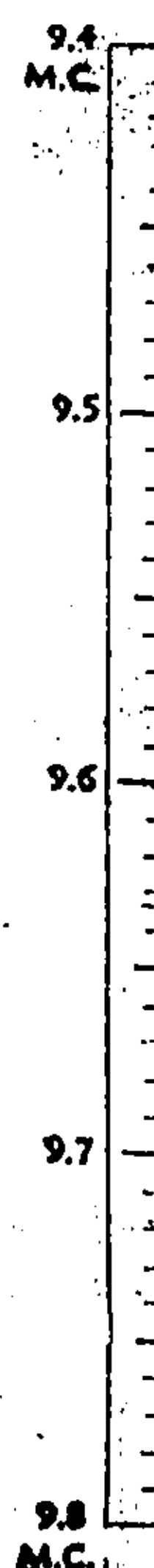
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 Executive Producers: Harry Joe Brown · Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Julius Rosenberg

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# VICHY CRISIS NOT YET OVER: ABETZ TRIES PERSUASION FIRST

(By Reuter's Chief Diplomatic Correspondent)

**THE CRISIS AT VICHY** does not appear to be over; under German pressure Laval has been allowed his liberty but not reinstated in office, though there is some suggestion that he may represent the Vichy Government in Paris.

The interview between Marshal Petain and Otto Abetz, the Nazi Ambassador, must have been dramatic. The fact that it lasted three hours permits the inference that Abetz employed persuasive methods rather than brutal compulsion.

He probably endeavoured to convince Marshal Petain that Laval had been maligned and that he had never conspired with Abetz against Marshal Petain's security or the interests of the State.

Laval, brought from his place of confinement, probably pledged his oath that he had been misinterpreted.

Grudgingly, Petain would appear to have agreed to suspend judgment but not to renew confidence in Laval.

## Rival Quislings

Flandin's position in these developments appears to have been entirely negative.

If Abetz insisted on the admission of Laval to the Cabinet, the position would be strained, for two rival "Quislings" in one Cabinet would tend to neutralise the value of both.

Germany therefore is unlikely to impose this ordeal on Vichy.

Reports that Laval favoured permitting the passage of German troops to Italy are not confirmed from any indisputable source.

If the Germans wished to send troops hurriedly to Italy they would use the Brenner Pass. A decision to break through unoccupied France is improbable as it would be in opposition to the German policy of the past many weeks.

## Nazi Objective

Object has been to secure the full collaboration of France in place of Italy.

Hitler knows his troops could enter unoccupied France at any moment but it is far more important for him to have the French navy and the French Colonial Empire on his side.

Hence the gentle methods employed in dealing with Marshal Petain and the use of his self-seeking politicians such as Laval and Flandin.

So far, however, Marshal Petain has resisted all German blandishments.—Reuter.

## L.G.C.'S BILL FOR EVACUEES

Less than one-sixth of the cost of billeting schoolchildren evacuated from London is being recovered from the parents, according to a report submitted at a meeting of the London County Council.

The Council was asked by the Minister of Health to undertake the task of recovering from parents the cost of billeting, which was estimated at 9s. a head per week. Parents were invited to pay the full sum, but, if they offered 6s., this was accepted without question; if they offered less, or nothing at all, their means were inquired into.

He was on October 8, 1939, and August 30 last a total of £2,645,000 was collected in respect of about 102,000 children, equivalent to £2,750,000 for a full year. The expenses of these children at 11s. a week, not counting cost of evacuation, amounts to £4,600,000 a year.

## BISHOP WANTS "COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO" AS WARNING

"A gay cock-a-doodle-doo repeated half a dozen times would keep our courage up far better than the present doleful wail which depresses all but the most out-hardened," writes the Bishop of Chelmsford Dr. Henry Wilson, in his monthly letter to the Chelmsford Diocese.

"I have always felt," he says, "that a psychological blunder has been committed in the manner in which the warning of an air raid is given. The old saying, 'Whistle to keep your courage up,' is a scientific truth."

"Now the air raid siren has no note of gay defiance. It is a depressing wail like the cry of a lost soul, and its psychological effect is profoundly bad."

## LAVAL RETURNS TO PARIS

As soon as he was released in Vichy on Tuesday on Hitler's demand, Pierre Laval, deposed Vice-Premier and Foreign Minister, lost no time returning to his German friends in Paris.

He has officially gone in a private capacity.

Another departure is that of Herr Abetz, Nazi Ambassador to Paris, who, in Tuesday's interview with Marshal Petain, probably demanded Laval's reinstatement.

Berlin official circles confirm Abetz has left for Paris and that Laval is also travelling in that direction but are at pains to deny that they are travelling together.

It is now regarded as almost certain that Abetz threatened Marshal Petain and it is reported he threatened that Germany would occupy the whole of France unless Laval was released.

"The Laval case is entering a decisive phase," according to Berlin circles.

It is considered that Italy's defeat and internal condition is causing acute anxiety to Hitler and making it more urgent for him to force the French to carry out a policy of complete collaboration with Germany.—Reuter.

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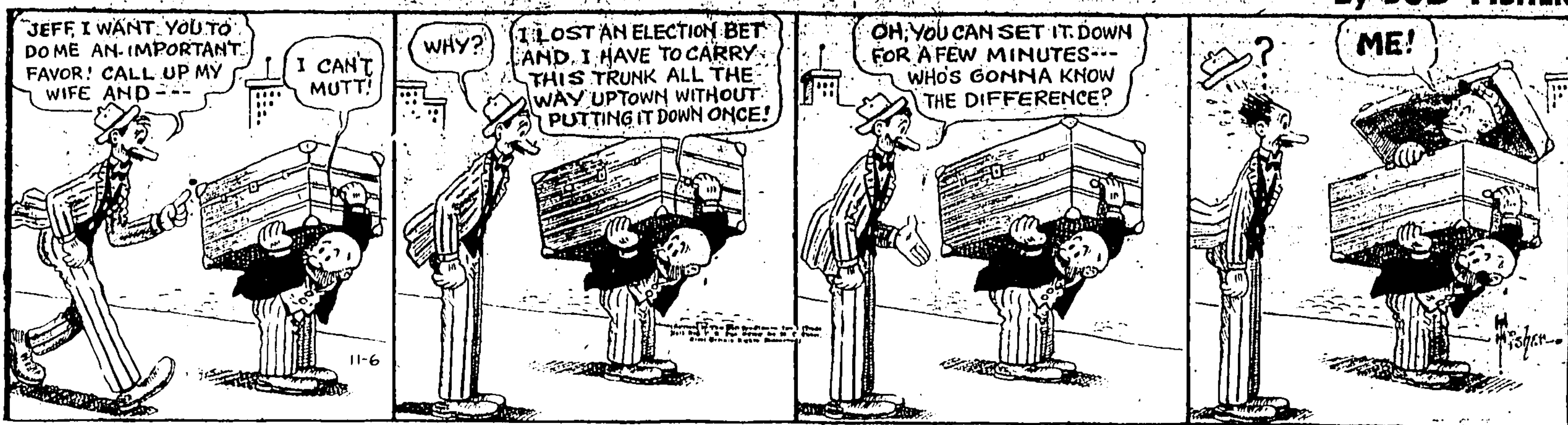
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 Directed by WILFRED JACKSON · A WARNER BROS. Picture · Screen Play by Lee Rask · From a Story by WILFRED JACKSON  
 2 MATINEES: 20c-30c · EVENINGS: 20c-30c-50c-70c





## FAILURE OF ITALIAN MORALE

The difference between what the Italians are called to fight for now and what they fought for in the last war was emphasised by Mr. Hugh Dalton, Minister of Economic Warfare, in a speech yesterday.

The Italian people know in their hearts they are fighting on the wrong side in this war, he said, and that is why they are surrendering by the thousands.

Even the crack Alpini regiments — "my comrades in arms in the last war" — are surrendering to the Greeks in Albania.

In the last war, the Alpini never surrendered. They died like heroes, defending their own country against the barbarian German invader.

This is not Italy's war. It is Mussolini's war, and he knows he faces defeat.

While Allied strength waxed, Mussolini's waned, because he is

## MUSSOLINI'S EFFORT TO REVIVE MORALE

THE ANXIETY OF Mussolini over the effect of events in Albania and the Western Desert on the morale of the Italian people is shown in Italian propaganda.

One line is to attempt to cheer the people up by recalling reverses in other wars.

in the grip of the blockade enforced by the Navy and driven home by hammer-blows by aerial bombardment.

Mr. Dalton said he had recommended to the R.A.F. some of the targets to be bombed to cripple Germany's economic machine.

"We have not enough bombers, but we will soon have more and we will then succeed to an even greater extent than now," he concluded. — Reuter.

Rome Radio yesterday spoke of "inevitable ordeals," and points out that five years ago things were not going so well in Abyssinia.

On the subject of the war in Albania, Rome Radio said that "time is on the side of the Italians."

Italians caught listening to foreign broadcasts are severely punished.

Rome Radio says that "the good Italian gets his news from the communiques."

That may be — but if so he is not very well informed, because even now he will know nothing about the capture of Solium and Fort Capuzzo by the British.

### Attacked From Fright!

One English broadcaster said that the British attack in the Western Desert must have been made because the British feared the "genius of Marshal Graziani, master of desert warfare."

German comments, while still plugging away for Italy, betray uneasiness.

Thus, the "Voelkische Beobachter" says that "Germany is still closely knit to Italy, even though Italy is not so favoured by the fortunes of war."

The same paper goes on in phrases like "there were bound to be fluctuations in the struggle" and "such reverses only incite the Italians to fresh efforts." — Reuter.

## BRAZILIAN ENVOY FOR CANADA

President Vargas of Brazil yesterday signed a decree empowering the establishment of a Brazilian Legation in Canada.

This makes effective the recent Brazilian-Canadian agreement for an interchange of Ministers. — Reuter.

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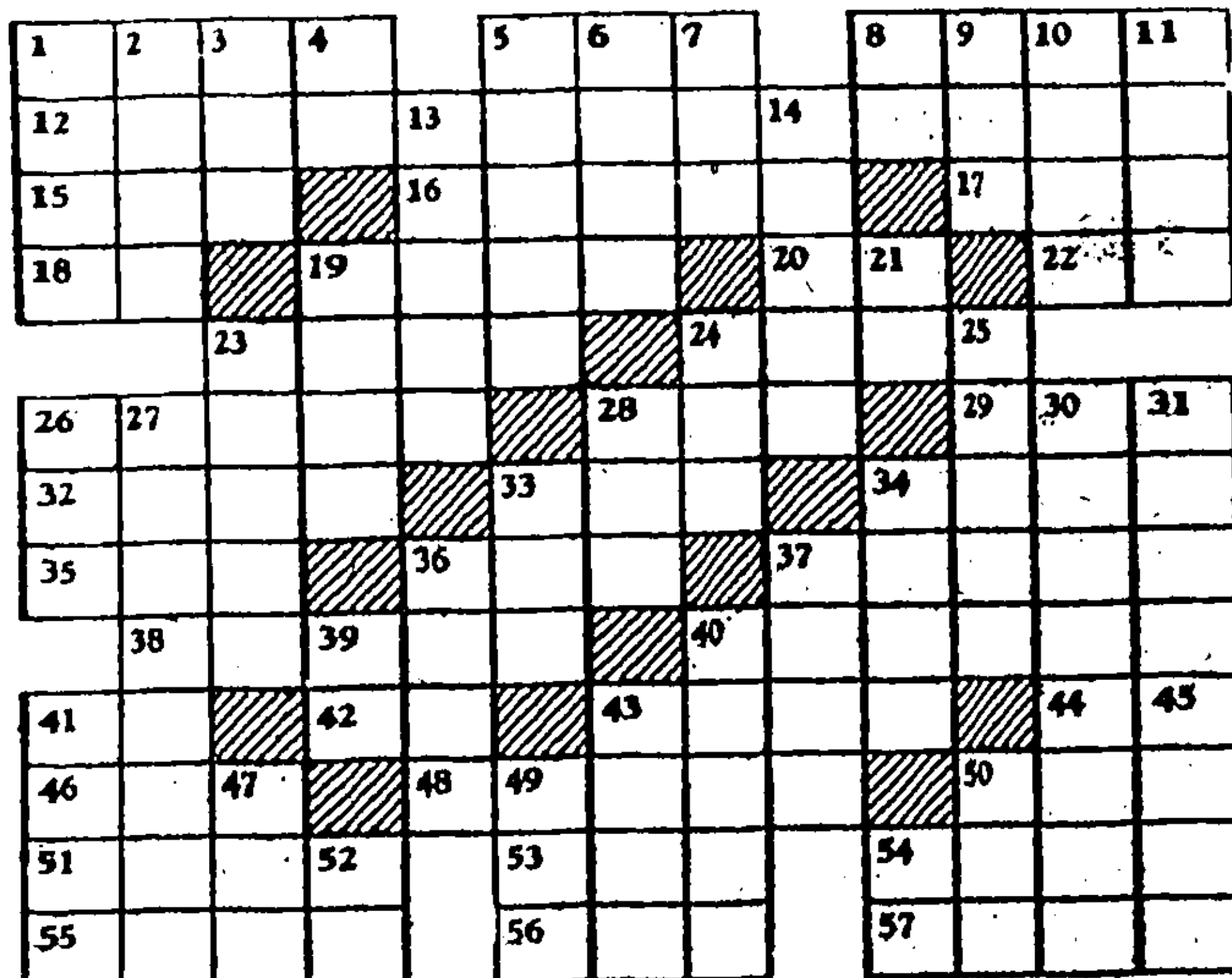
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**GREEN LIGHT**

**TO-MORROW**

**ERROL FLYNN in "ANOTHER DAWN"**

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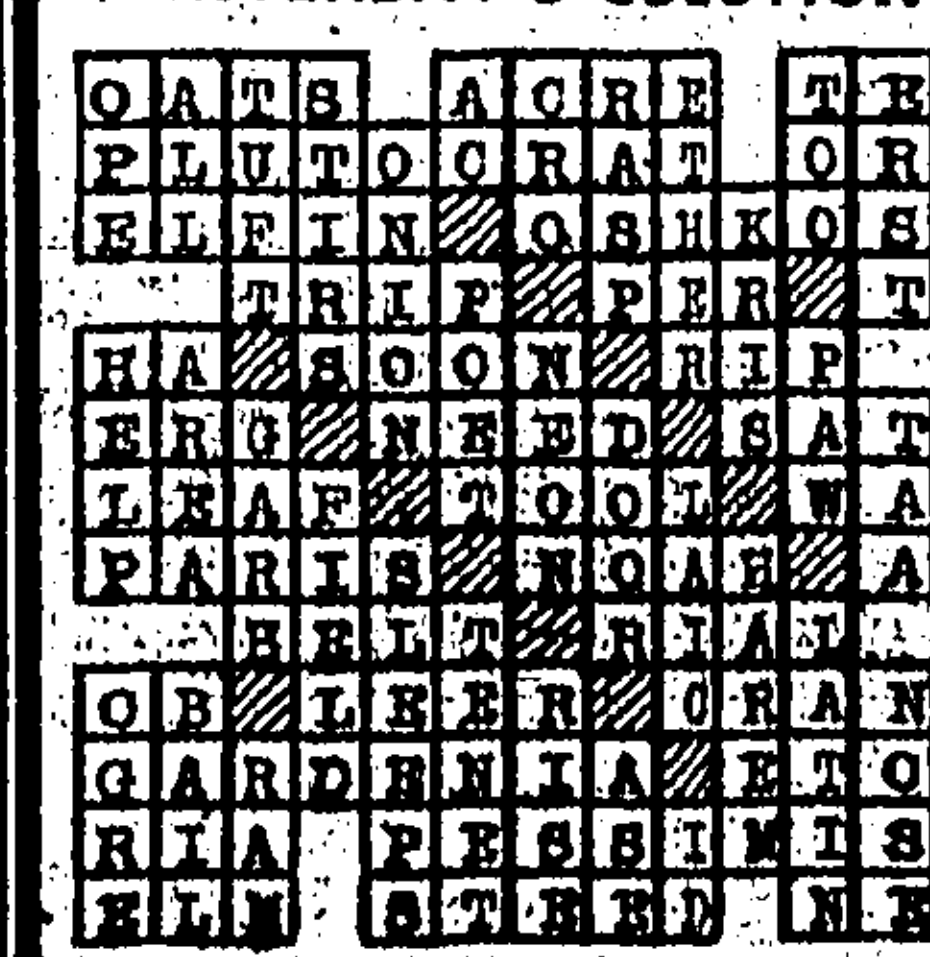
#### HORIZONTAL

- 1 Multitude
- 5 Large snake
- 8 Mitten rock
- 12 Having a mental peculiarity
- 15 Decay
- 16 Veracity
- 17 Sailor
- 18 Teutonic deity
- 19 God of love
- 20 River in Siberia
- 22 French article
- 23 To cover
- 24 Sign
- 26 To permit
- 28 Globe
- 29 Room in a harem
- 32 Raised platform
- 33 To sever
- 34 Roman poet
- 35 Conjunction
- 36 Bed
- 37 To anoint
- 38 Class
- 40 Ecclesiastical garment
- 41 Greek letter
- 42 Either
- 43 Short jacket
- 44 Note of scale

#### VERTICAL

- 1 To enlist the services of
- 2 Scent
- 3 To pose
- 4 Part of infinitive
- 5 English poet
- 6 Burden
- 7 Division of a play
- 8 Note of scale
- 9 Siamese coin
- 10 Small bottle

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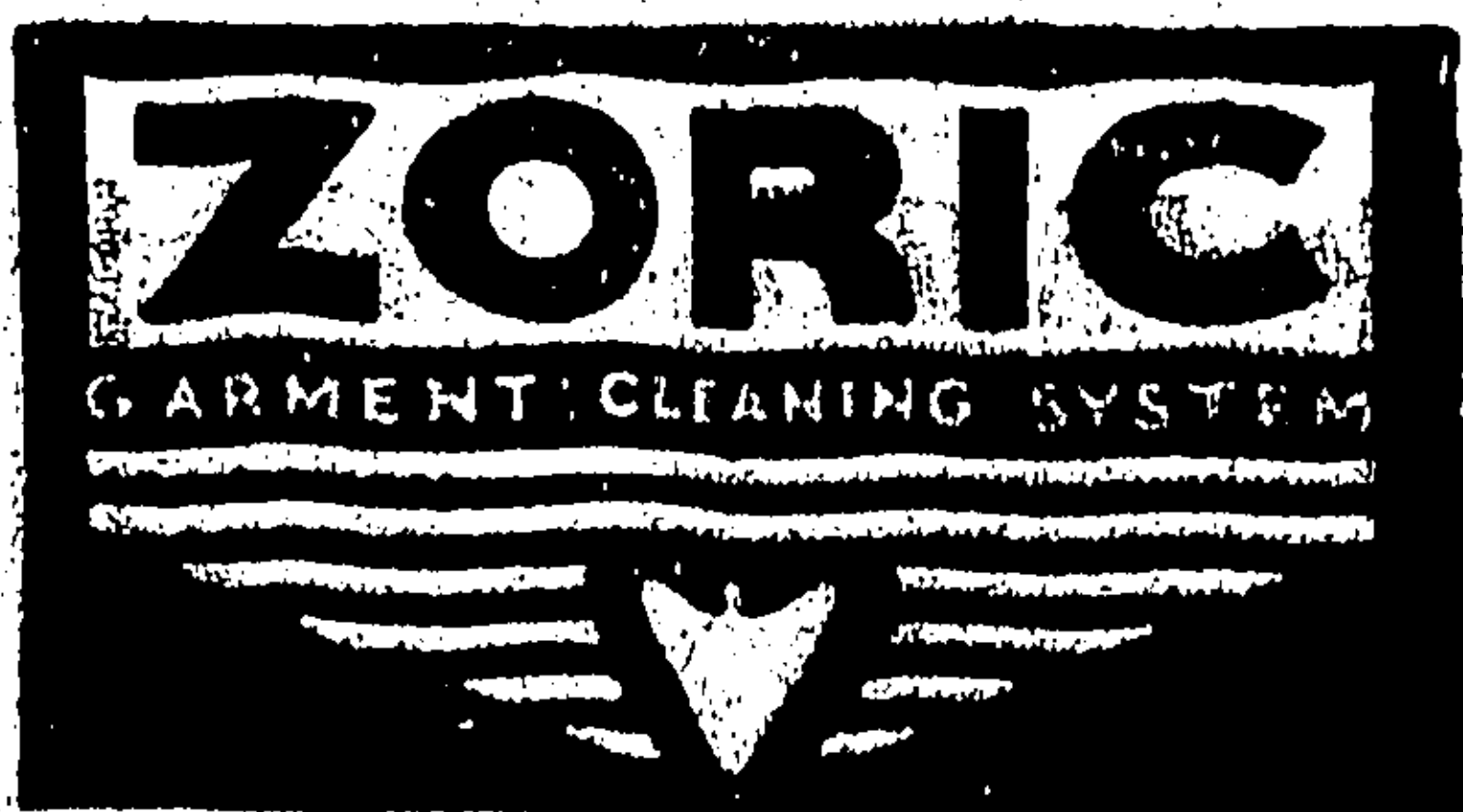
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# CROSSED CHANNEL TO SHOOT DOWN A NAZI

"NOT A DROP of petrol left, but I got him all right. It was my first!" These were the words of a young British sergeant pilot who landed a mile or two from the South-East coast. He had chased and shot down a Messerschmidt over the French coast.

He was one of a patrol, cruising high over the North Downs to intercept German fighter bombers that now try all day to penetrate our defences.

The battle of the daylight raiders has now taken a new turn since Goering found it too expensive to send across large forces of bombers.

### Hide And Seek

It is now a battle of hide and seek, often played out at over 25,000 feet.

Between the continuous zooming of high-flying aircraft, usually out of sight, come bursts of machine-gun fire.

It was such a burst, somewhere high over Kent, that started the sergeant pilot on his chase across Kent and over the Channel.

The biggest battle of the day began with the interception of Messerschmidt fighter-bombers as they passed high over the coast.

Formations of British fighters appeared, and there, in the most fantastic sky writing was the story of the fight and the dispersal.

There seemed to be machines in all parts of the sky crossing and criss-crossing in streaks of white.

### High-Pitched Zoom

There was the continual high-pitched zooming note of our Spitfire and Hurricane engines.

Occasionally there was machine-gun fire as British and enemy machines made flashing contacts at some 300 m.p.h.

These tactics broke the formations of the enemy, and sometimes, as they appeared in ones and twos, they were met with bursts of A.A. fire.

But, mainly, the dispersing and destroying of these high-flying Messerschmidt 110s is a fighter's job.

## NAZI RADIO TO STOP AT 7.15

German wireless listeners are going to have a thin time in future, unless they care to take the risk of tuning in to the B.B.C. The R.A.F. has driven Nazi radio off the air after 7.15 p.m. British summer time.

Berlin radio announced that, "owing to circumstances dictated by the war," all German radio stations, including those in occupied France, the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia and even the Memel station, are now to close down at that time.

"Circumstances dictated by the war" means, of course, the night bombers of the R.A.F.

There are two crumbs of comfort for the German public. Deutschlandsender, the largest Nazi transmitter, will "generally" work until 9.15 p.m., while Breslau will remain on the air until 11 p.m. But listeners were unlucky recently for Breslau was off the air at 10.30.

It was announced in Berlin that to allow people to make up lost sleep if possible, church bells must not be rung before one p.m. on a day following an alarm.

## FACSIMILE OF MAGNA CARTA

Lord Willington, who heads the British mission now visiting Uruguay, last night presented to the Uruguay Congress Library a facsimile copy of Magna Carta.

He recalled a similar ceremony in Washington when the original was delivered to the safe keeping of the United States for the duration of the war and suggested there was a symbolic significance in this deposit of the Charter of British freedom in the safekeeping of the great Democracy of the New World during a time of great peril for the world's liberty.

The presentation to the Congress in Montevideo was but a token of the remarkable act of mutual confidence at Washington a year ago.

Earlier in the day Mr. Robert Brand, a member of the mission, addressing the Uruguayan National Chamber of Commerce, emphasised that although at present war trade must have absolute priority during the first year of war Britain, which was her best customer, bought more than before from Uruguay, which did not need reminding that Britain's alleged inability to deliver was a complete myth.

There was, however, a link between the countries more important than trade.

"Your vital interests as well as ours require that both the North and South Atlantic be dominated by peaceful powers."

And, most important of all, we are united in the conviction that life without freedom would not be life at all. —British Wireless.

## DEATH OF GRANVILLE MURRAY

Word has been received by Mr. V. Sorby, manager of the Hong Kong Electric Company, of the death of Mr. Granville Murray, a former resident of the Colony.

Mr. Murray was Assistant Manager of the Hong Kong Electric from 1923 to 1930, when he retired. Since then he has been living in retirement in Brighton.

Aged 56 at the time of his death Mr. Murray held a commission in the Royal Engineers during the last war and was engaged in road-building in Persia. He was a brother of "Brassey" Murray, also a former Hong Kong man and a golfer with a big local reputation. Mr. Granville Murray was also no mean exponent of the game, being a familiar figure on the golf courses of Hong Kong.

Mr. Murray was a member of the Hong Kong Club, and other local clubs.

## R.A.F. "PRESENTS" FOR BERLINERS

British airmen who periodically visit Berlin to bomb the city's military objectives, sometimes also drop little private things just to remind Berliners they are overhead.

For example, tail gunners usually take over some special "present" they want to drop.

Sqdn.-Ldr. R. Col-lard revealed this interesting fact. "The tail gunner's present, he said, often consists of a brick or some private little incendiary bomb of their own and they send it down with their best regards, or with a message such as a recent one, "Love from Harry."

## YUGOSLAV SYMPATHY

### Italian Office Attacked

The division of opinion in Yugoslavia on the Italo-Greek conflict is clearly shown by the Belgrade Press, which, though not permitted to comment, manages to convey its sympathies by its headline treatment.

The plate-glass windows of a palatial Italian tourist office in the centre of the city were broken recently. The mood of the entire people is obviously in sympathy with David against Goliath.

People are speculating in the streets and cafes on the possibility of Yugoslavia being drawn into the conflict. The local proverb, "No war ends without the Serbs," can be heard quoted everywhere.

### "Hitler Not Told"

The Berlin correspondent of the "Politika" interprets the lack of enthusiasm and comment from Berlin as showing that Mussolini did not advise Hitler at their recent Brenner meeting of his Hellenic venture.

"Leading German politicians," says the correspondent, "consider that only in the event of the conflict spreading and the English disembarking strong forces in Greece must it be assumed that the Axis powers will move simultaneously against Greece."

Responsible British and Yugoslav observers in Bulgaria fear that, in the event of Germany demanding passage for her troops across Bulgaria, Sofia would not be able to refuse. The same circles, however, consider that a policy of adventure is most unlikely while King Boris continues to hold real power.

## NAZIS SPEED UP EVACUATION

THE GERMAN AUTHORITIES ARE SPEEDING UP THE EVACUATION OF THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN FROM BERLIN AS THE RESULT OF THE DESTRUCTIVE R.A.F. RAIDS.

About 10,000 evacuated children will be sent to the former Polish province of Posen.

The official German news agency asserts that "hardly a hospital is left in Berlin that has not been hit by the British night gangsters."



# CHINA MAIL

WINDSOR HOUSE

## SUPPRESSING THE AVALANCHE

A radio report from Stockholm the other day, stated that as a result of avalanches in various areas of Norway, German authorities were rumoured to be considering turning the country into a Nazi protectorate. Though coming from Stockholm, that fertile source of the unfounded fancy, it is anything but implausible. Rumania had an earthquake, and abruptly found herself a full-fledged and obedient partner of the Axis, with fresh thousands of German troops pouring in, no doubt under peremptory orders from the Fuehrer to prevent the Rumanian earth from again behaving in such an irregular and pro-democratic fashion.

If there are avalanches in Norway, what thought would more naturally occur to the Redistributor of the World than to convert the country into a protectorate, with gauleiter, Gestapo agents and a technical staff to enforce the ban on avalanches?

Is a nation afflicted with hurricanes? Give it a protective occupation. Is it wracked by landslides, droughts, volcanic eruptions or a plague of locusts? Bestow upon it an armoured column, concentration camps, ration cards and the inestimable blessings of Herr Goebbels's organisation. It is the standard, indeed it is the only, solution.

It is Herr Hitler's one solution for all the ills the world is heir to; and since he is going to reorganise the world, divide it up, rearrange its populations and bless it with a new order for the next thousand years, he will certainly have to attend to its various natural calamities. Perhaps there will be a ceremony on the subject in the Chancellery, with Ribbentrop and Ciano in full uniform and the cameras clicking as avalanches are formally abolished.

To be sure, in the case of Norway there are ill-natured persons (Oslo dispatches severely reprove them) who hint that perhaps it was not nature but the Norwegians who started the avalanches rolling. Even so, one still wonders whether the barren formula of military "protection" and the concentration camp will ultimately be adequate. There are avalanches of hatred, disgust and embittered rebellion in the souls of men which are as hard for even arm-



"Goebbels, did you see? . . . London has been completely wiped out!"  
"I know, I wrote it myself."

By John Groth in "PM"

# Japan's East Indies Threat

Reports that Japan is preparing another move for a stronger hold on French Indo-China, coupled with other developments bearing in a like direction indicate that it may not be possible to keep the European struggle distinct from the Asiatic.

Although a move that may be construed as of an appeasing nature has been reported in the agreement between Anglo-American and Japanese oil interests to increase Japan's imports of oil from the Netherlands East Indies, trends of an opposite nature are only too visible. One may cite the American embargoes on scrap iron and high grade gasoline for Japan, the warning addressed by the State Department to American residents in the Far East to leave, the threatening tripartite pact between Japan, Germany, and Italy, the recurring rumours of an Anglo-American arrangement for the joint use of Singapore and other Far Eastern naval bases.

There has always been an intimate connection between war in the Far East and war—and the threat of war—in Europe. Technically the current war began in September, 1939. But the continent has never really been at peace since Signor Mussolini invaded Ethiopia in September, 1935.

### Scope Of Spain's War

After the Ethiopian campaign came the Spanish Civil War, which assumed an international

character because of the official aid which Germany and Italy sent to Generalissimo Francisco Franco and the Soviet Union to the Republic, while thousands of French, British, American, and refugee anti-Fascist volunteers fought in the Republican armies. After

By William Henry Chamberlin

In The Christian Science Monitor

Spain came Austria, Czechoslovakia, Albania.

Japan has always taken close account of the European situation in framing its plans for expansion on the mainland of Asia. Europe's difficulty has been regarded as Japan's opportunity. It was no coincidence that Japan presented its "21 demands" to China in the spring of 1915, when Europe was absorbed in the first World War.

The "21 demands" led to no enduring results because Japan did not feel strong enough to back up its claims with armed force. Indeed, the chief net result of this Japanese excursion into power politics was that the Island Empire lost a good deal of money

which was paid out in bribes to shifty Chinese politicians, who failed to deliver the political and economic concessions which they had promised.

A period of relative stability in Far Eastern affairs, as regards the relations between foreign powers with interests in China, was inaugurated by the Washington treaties of 1922. But in 1931 the Japanese military leaders made the discovery that they could upset the Washington treaty structure, so far as Manchuria was concerned, without incurring any consequences more serious than moral condemnation.

### Japan's Opportunity

Before Japan entered on its bigger adventure, the attempt to bring all China under Japanese control, in 1937, the world situation was carefully studied on the basis of reports from Japanese embassies in Europe and America. The auguries seemed favourable. America was strongly isolationist. Russia had just shot its most talented generals and seemed unlikely to risk a war. Great Britain and France were so preoccupied with the ever threatening Spanish situation and with the

general threat from the Axis powers that they also seemed to be eliminated, so far as active military opposition to Japan's advance was concerned.

Those who were in Japan at the time could see how each new alarm bell in Europe was a signal to further Japanese advances. When war loomed as imminent on the eve of the Munich Agreement, Japan prepared a picked expeditionary force for the attack on Canton which had hitherto been deferred because of regard for British susceptibilities. It is not improbable that, if the war had actually broken out, this expeditionary force would have tried to "rush" Hong Kong, the great British commercial centre and military and naval base. The conclusion of the Munich pact may have caused the rumoured idea of attacking Hong Kong to be dropped.

### Seizure Of Hainan

The occupation of Hainan, the large island off the south-eastern coast of China, a step equally distasteful to the British in Hong Kong and to the French in Indo-China, took place in February, 1939, when British and French attention was concentrated on the Mediterranean crisis that seemed certain to arise after the ending of the Spanish Civil War. Japan celebrated the new crisis after Adolf Hitler marched into Prague by seizing the Spitz Islands, off the southern coast of Indo-China, a small acquisition territorially, but useful as an advanced submarine base.

Japan reacted to the actual outbreak of the European war more soberly than might have been expected. This was because of the alarm and dismay which the conclusion of the German-Soviet pact caused in Tokyo. The Cabinets of General Abe and Admiral Yonai were relatively moderate in their attitude toward the Western Powers.

But after the fall of France there was a new upsurge of Japanese aggressiveness, based on the theory that Germany would win the war and that Japan was the natural heir of British, French, and Netherlands colonial possessions in the Orient. The present cabinet of Prince Fumimaro Kohnoe, with American-educated Yosuke Matsuoka as Foreign Minister, is probably more closely identified with the Army than any Cabinet in recent Japanese history.

The interaction between Japanese expansion in the Orient and the European war has two sides. In Japan one was struck by the way in which Japan was inclined to exploit every European crisis for a new forward step. In Paris and London one could see the reverse side of this process: the tendency of French and British statesmen, their attention focussed on the struggle in Europe, to avoid complications with Japan as far as possible.

# The Swiss Conscience

By Henry W. Steiger

Switzerland has many friends in the world, and they are anxiously following the development of this war with the hope that Switzerland can preserve her freedom.

It is of importance to understand why Switzerland is a free country and to know whether she deserves to be free. This question is the more interesting because about 70 per cent of the population (and the original part) speaks a German dialect and was a part of the Holy Roman Empire until 1499 and theoretically until 1648.

A most astonishing event was the foundation of the Swiss Federation in 1291, in the year Rudolf von Hapsburg passed on. On a small sheet of parchment, which still exists, we find the substance of a constitution in thirteen points.

We may ask how it was possible that in the Middle Ages, when nobody thought about constitutions, those poor, uneducated peasants laid the foundation of a State based on a principle. An explanation can be found in the situation of those valleys at the extremity of German culture in the direction of Italy, where the influence of Greek thought had been more or less preserved. This in-

fluence, together with the sound mentality of the free mountaineers, must be considered as the background of the foundation of Switzerland. After successful defence of the new Confederation and further success in other wars, the Swiss State grew strong enough that it no longer required the protection of the German emperor, and a war decided Swiss independence in 1499.

Not long after the separation from a temporal monarchical power, the emperor, there followed the separation of the Swiss from the spiritual monarchical power, the Pope. The reformation of Switzerland by Ulrich Zwingli is more or less independent of Luther. To be sure, Zwingli's first thought had its roots in the writings of Luther, but he translated the German thought into Swiss thinking, which is not first of all abstract, but practical. Zwingli was not only a man of the church. He was also a politician. He knew that a solid, new church must have a background in a solid political State.

It is interesting to note that the leading thoughts of Calvin were

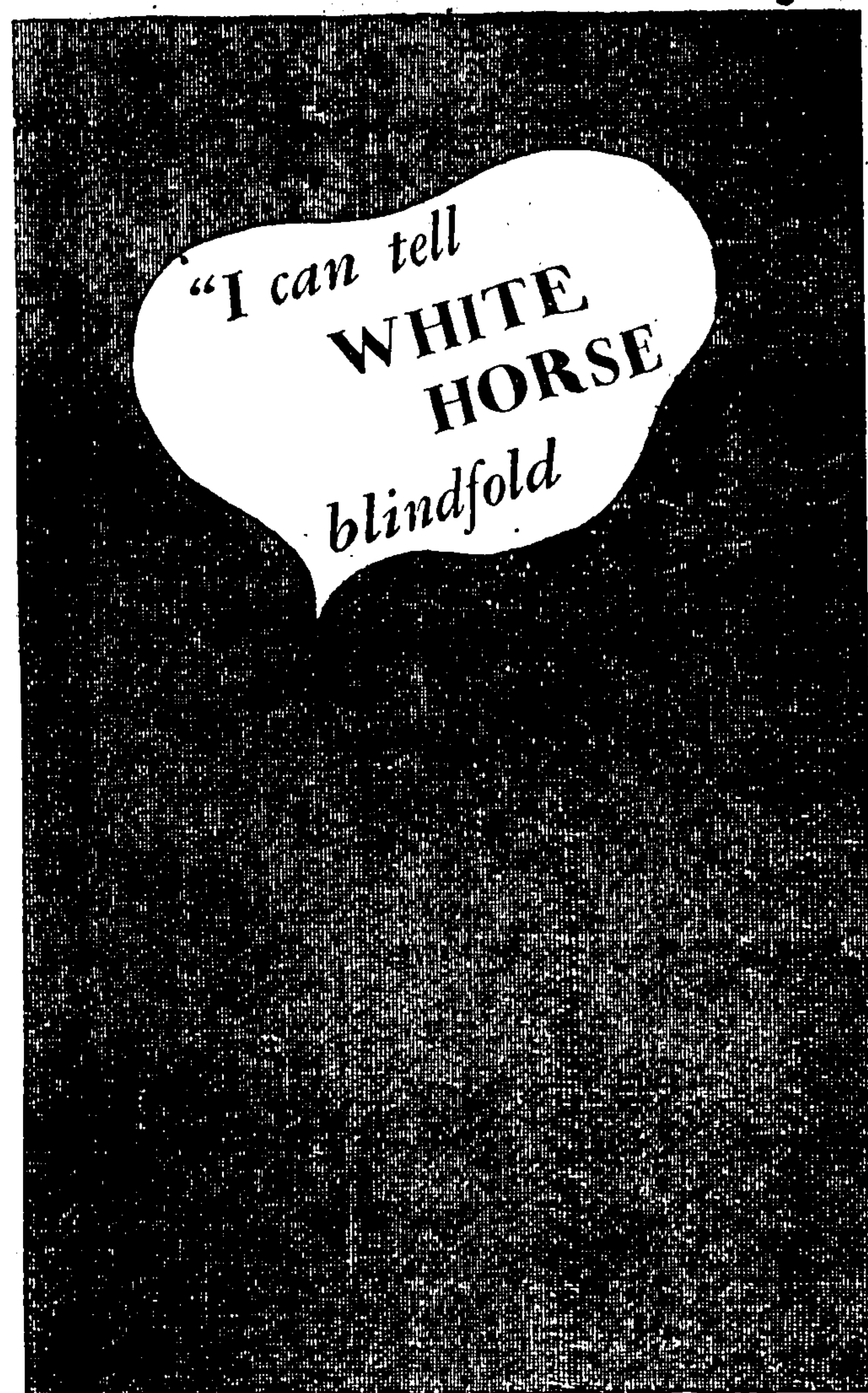
already put forward by Zwingli. Calvin was not Swiss, but he lived in Switzerland, and in the Swiss atmosphere gave to the ideas of the Reformation the shape which was accepted by the Puritans in Great Britain and later in America.

It is quite obvious that Switzerland has had a great influence on the development of western thought. It is therefore important to discover the nucleus of Swiss thinking.

The Swiss wants to act according to his conscience. For him, he, as well as everyone else, has his own conscience and he claims the right to follow its direction. The freedom the Swiss claims is not a revolt against discipline; on the contrary it is the freedom to act according to principle. Such thinking is not satisfied by abstractions, but calls for action. Here is a fundamental difference from German thinking which is primarily theoretical. The good relations between Switzerland and the Anglo-Saxon world can be explained in part by the common spiritual inclinations of the two people. It is therefore not surprising that National Social concepts have not found fertile soil in Switzerland. Class distinctions are not great in Switzerland. There is neither great poverty nor great wealth among the people.

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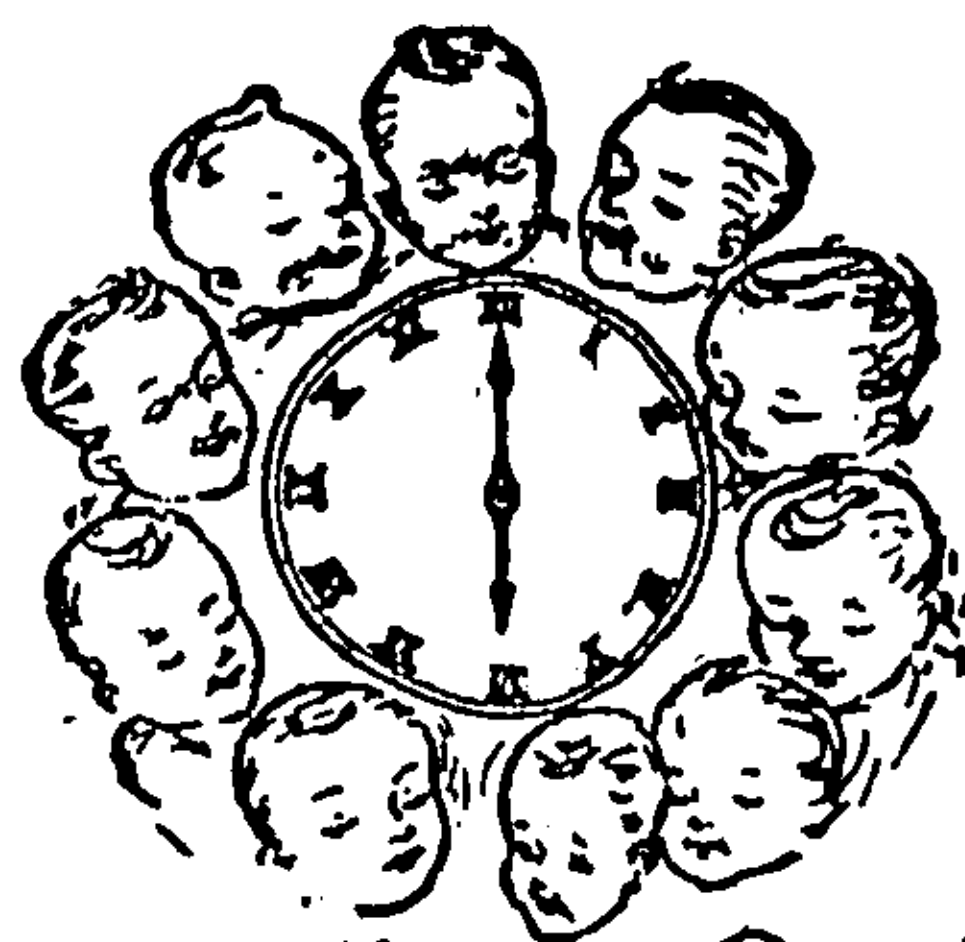
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# ALL U.S. AID FOR BRITAIN URGED

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE are warned that their active military involvement in war may be unavoidable and Congress is urged to repeal statutes that presently restrict United States aid to Great Britain, in a new statement of policy issued by the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, of which William Allen White is national chairman.

The committee holds that a peace now that would allow the aggressors to keep their conquests is unthinkable. It recommends that the President mobilise all industrial resources of the nation for maximum arms production to aid Britain, and that the United States supply Britain with all possible merchant vessels so that the "life line" extending to the Western Hemisphere will not be cut.

We should adopt a firm policy in the Pacific, the committee also believes, and give material and financial help to China, as well as embargo all war material exports to Japan. Furthermore, it is maintained that United States fleet should cooperate with the British fleet in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans to protect the democracies.

### Roosevelt Asked To Call Parley

President Roosevelt is urged, finally, to call a conference "of all peoples who cherish freedom, including the governments in exile, for a reaffirmation of faith in a world of peace based upon justice and the security of nations."

All these recommendations were drawn up by the policy advisory committee, of the organisation headed by Mr. White, who said the following educators and civic leaders were among those responsible for the document's composition: Dr. James B. Conant, president of Harvard University; Frederic R. Coudert Jr., Dr. Frank P. Graham, president of North Carolina University; Dr. Frank Kingdon, Dr. Robert Millikan of the faculty of California Institute of Technology; Dr. James T. Shotwell of Columbia University; Dr. Henry P. Van Dusen, dean of Union Theological Seminary; Mgr. John A. Ryan of Catholic University; Robert J. Watt, A. F. of L. official; and Herbert Bayard Swope.

The statement follows: "The American people must face squarely the realities of this day and hour. They must ask themselves if they can afford to permit the British Commonwealth of Nations to be defeated and the British fleet either to be destroyed or added to the forces of despotism which seek to dominate the world. This must be the subject of frank and fearless discussion. We have no doubt what the answer will be. Defeat of Britain and her Allies would leave the United States alone, confronted with a totalitarian world which not only scorns our freedom and is greedy for our wealth, but would not leave us free to maintain our way of life and our institutions. Sooner or later, with Britain defeated, war inevitably would come to this hemisphere.

### Human Freedom Seen In Balance

"The war which Britain is now waging looms larger than a national issue for empire advantage; it is a moral issue of world importance to civilisation itself. The fate of human freedom, freedom of thought, of religion, of individual initiative, is dependent upon victory of Britain and her Allies.

"To the appeasers who argue that Britain and the United States could make a peace with an aggressor in control of his conquests, we reply that this world cannot live four-fifths slave and one-fifth free. "Also we say regretfully that no one can guarantee that the United States can avoid active military involvement. But one thing is certain; the only chance of avoiding war is by giving all material assistance to Great Britain and her Allies immediately. That is the policy of this committee. The aid must be sufficient and speedy. It is now insufficient and slow.

"In addition to previous suggestions the committee urges the following steps to increase aid to the Allies:

"1. Aid to the Allies and American defence, which are parts of the same problem, can only be accomplished by very greatly increased American arms production. The battle for civilisation and democracy may be won or lost on the American assembly line. To this end we will support the President in the use of his full legal powers under a state of national emergency if necessary, to mobilise at once all the industrial resources of the nation for maximum production. Whatever executive authority of the President must be used; whatever additional authority from Congress must be secured — all of these should be mobilised for tremendous industrial production for supplying ourselves and the Allies.

### Supplying Ships Urged

"2. The lifeline between Great Britain and the United States is the sea route to the Western Hemisphere. Under no circumstances must this line be cut and the United States must be prepared to maintain it. The United States must supply Great Britain with all possible merchant vessels to fly the British flag. The United States should produce boats as rapidly as in the World War days, for lease or rent to the British. A shipping pool should be developed so that American ships could operate in the Indian and Pacific Oceans and thus release Britain's shipping for service in the Atlantic.

"3. The time has come when Congress should assume a larger share of responsibility, with the President, for the policy of aid to the Allies. Consequently, we favour through Congressional action a revision of our international policy. This would include a repeal or modification of restrictive statutes which hamper this nation in its freedom of action when it would cooperate with nations defending themselves from attack by nations at war in violation of treaties with the United States. We ask immediately the repeal of laws regarding recruiting and enlistments as far as Canada is concerned in the interests of the mutual defence pact with Canada.

"The Axis alliance has united the wars in the Atlantic and Pacific into a world war. For the first time in the history of the United States we are, as a nation, confronted with a hostile world alliance.

### Firm Pacific Policy Called Vital

"The committee recommends a firm policy in the Pacific:

"1. We should give all material and financial help to China that is possible without lessening our aid to Great Britain.

"2. The United States should extend its embargoes upon exportation of all war materials to Japan.

"3. The United States and Great Britain should announce that their naval bases in the Pacific are open to each other's fleets.

"4. The United States should establish a clear naval understanding with Great Britain which will permit the two fleets to be placed in the most advantageous

## 'PLANE BROUGHT DOWN IN BRITAIN WAS—FRENCH

A 'plane which was brought down in a raid on the north-east has been identified as a French machine, it was revealed.

The 'plane was first seen flying at a great height.

"Suddenly," said an eye-witness, "it dived at terrific speed and released about six small bombs. These did no damage. As the raider rose again it ran into the path of British fighters which had appeared on the scene."

Following the sound of machine-gun fire, the German started to fall and crashed some distance away. Seated in the cockpit, amid the wreckage, was the pilot, his body riddled with bullets from the British 'planes.

position to protect the Atlantic for the democracies and to stop the spread of war in the Pacific. The world's future is secure if the British and American fleets control the seas.

"Nations which are still free must again proclaim their faith in the ability of democracy to organise the world for justice and security. It is time for democracy to be militant against the Axis theory that life can only be organised if it is regimented by dictatorship. Therefore we urge President Roosevelt to call a conference of all peoples who cherish freedom, including the governments in exile, for a reaffirmation of faith in a world of peace based upon justice and the security of nations.

"The fundamental bases of peace will always concern our committee; how peace shall be organised and what responsibilities the United States shall have in the peace.

"On these fundamental issues, on which the future of civilisation depends, the committee will oppose appeasement in all its forms."

## WOMEN WITH CAR ROBBED GARDENS

Described as "ladies of good position and education," Mrs. Gwendoline Walton, thirty-nine, her daughter, aged sixteen, and Mrs. Violet Masters, aged fifty, of Seaford Road, Westcliff, charged at Southend-on-Sea, Essex, with stealing growing onions, pears and a marrow worth 3s., were said to have used a car to take them away.

"There are a large number of empty houses in the town," said Detective Inspector Harris, "and people are going into gardens and stripping them."

Mrs. Masters and Mrs. Walton were each fined £5. The charge against the daughter was dismissed.

## UNION GIVE CANTEENS

The National Union of General and Municipal Workers is to present 10 mobile canteens to the Y.M.C.A. for the use of troops. The National Union of Agricultural Workers is to contribute £250 for the same purpose and to lend £3,000 to the Government free of interest.



# Nazis Hiding Up Raid Damage

## THRILLED BY OUR FIGHT—SENT 50 DOLLARS TO HELP

"I guess both sides are getting hell, and enclose fifty dollars as a drop in the bucket."

That is what a distinguished American wrote in a letter recently.

Sir John Dill, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, in acknowledging the gift, wrote saying that while it was enormously appreciated on behalf of the Army, he intended to send the gift to the Spitfire Fund.

## TWO DOCTORS KILLED

Two well-known East Kent doctors were killed when their car crashed into a road barrier on Thanet Way, near Whitstable.

They were Dr. Llewellyn G. Smith, aged thirty-eight, of East Street, Sittingbourne, and Dr. Charles F. Ind, jun., aged thirty-five, of Highstead Road, Sittingbourne.

The car was wrecked and Dr. Smith's wife, who was also in the car, was taken to Whitstable Hospital seriously injured.

## Hitler Highly Embarrassed By R.A.F.

HITLER AND THE NAZI officials who repeatedly boasted that no enemy bomber would ever penetrate German skies are embarrassed by the success of R.A.F. raids, according to information reaching authoritative circles in London yesterday.

Remarkable measures are taken to conceal the extent of the damage, which is cleared with the utmost speed.

If this is impossible before people leave the shelters, then boarding are erected so that the extent of the damage cannot be seen.

It is stated that 850,000 children have been evacuated from Berlin, Hamburg and the Ruhr to southern and eastern Germany.

There is also much unofficial evacuation and consequently reports of serious overcrowding in Vienna, through evacuees.

## Severe A.R.P. Rules

The A.R.P. regulations are stated to be extremely severe. People must take to shelter as soon as the warning sounds and those hurt in their own rooms get no compensation.

Germans must resent getting out of bed and going to shelters which are lacking in heating arrangements.

According to evidence available in London the discomfort and harsh regulations are having a greater effect on German morale than the fear of bombing. — Reuter.

## PRAGUE PAWNSHOPS BUSY

Pawnbrokers in Prague are busy, says the official German News Agency as people are redeeming articles pawned last year.

## MUSEUM GUNS AS SCRAP

Old guns of various types are to be removed from the Rotunda Military Museum at Woolwich and handed over to the Ministry of Supply.



RAIDER CRASHES IN WINDSOR PARK — A Messerschmitt 109 dived at two British Anson aircraft — missed them, tried to do a steep turn and crashed in Windsor Great Park. The pilot was taken prisoner by a Hurricane pilot from New Zealand. Photo shows R.A.F. men hauling up the crashed plane. (Copyright, Fox).



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## PUBLIC AUCTIONS

The Undersigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction on

FRIDAY, 20th December, 1940 commencing at 2.30 p.m. at their Sales Room,

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Terms: Cash on Dec., 1940.

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## BRIDGE NOTES

### BRIDGE SWINDLES — NO. 18

#### By The Four Aces

The deceptive plays which are  
most likely to deceive a good  
player are precisely those which  
are most "impossible" from a  
purely technical point of view.

West, Dealer  
East-West vulnerable  
Duplicate Bridge

♠ A 4	♠ A 4
♥ J 7 3	♥ J 7 3
♦ J 10 9 8 5	♦ J 10 9 8 5
♣ A J 6	♣ A J 6
♠ J 7 6 2	♠ J 7 6 2
♥ 8 6 2	♥ 8 6 2
♦ K 7 4	♦ K 7 4
♣ K Q 2	♣ K Q 2
♠ 8 5	♠ 8 5
♥ A K Q 10 5	♥ A K Q 10 5
♦ Q 3	♦ Q 3
♣ 9 7 4 3	♣ 9 7 4 3

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
Pass	Pass	1♠	2♥
2♠	8♥	Pass	Pass
Pass			

West opened the deuce of  
spades, dummy winning with the  
Ace. The low dia-  
mond was returned  
from the dum-  
my. South play-  
ing the Queen  
and West winning  
with the King. And  
now West had to  
make an "impos-  
sible" play to defeat  
the contract.

With the club situation in full  
view, West calmly led his deuce  
of clubs! South never dreamed  
that West was underleading both  
the King and the Queen; so he  
played dummy's low club almost  
automatically. And, as a matter  
of fact, playing the low club  
would work if West had led from  
any holding which included the  
ten; and it might even work if  
East had the ten but lacked the  
nine to play it.

As it turned out, however, East  
played the ten of clubs and al-  
most fell off his chair when he  
found that card holding the trick.  
He recovered in time to return  
the suit; and that established an-  
other club trick to be cashed when  
he got in with the Ace of dia-  
monds. The spade trick set the  
contract for an East-West top  
score.

Note that West's remarkable  
play is not just a matter of in-  
spiration. He can tell that his  
partner cannot have more than  
one of the red Aces; and that the  
defence can hereafter win only  
one spade and two tricks in the  
red suits. Two club tricks are  
needed to defeat the contract; and  
only the low club lead has a  
chance to produce them.

Yesterday you were Howard  
Schenker's partner and, with both  
sides vulnerable, you held:

♠ Q 8 6	♠ Q 8 6
♥ J 7	♥ J 7
♦ K 10 8 6	♦ K 10 8 6
♣ Q 9 8 7	♣ Q 9 8 7

The bidding:

Schenker	Jacoby	You	Malor
1♥	Pass	(?)	

ANSWER: Bid one no-trump.  
Your hand is good enough for a  
response, but not for any stronger  
bid than this.

Score 100% for one no-trump,  
0 for any other bid.

#### Question No. 593

To-day you are Howard Schen-  
ker's partner once again with the  
same hand; and the bidding con-  
tinues.

Schenker	Jacoby	You	Malor
1♥	Pass	INT	Pass
2♠	Pass	(?)	

What do you bid? (Answer

To-morrow.)  
(Released by The Bell Syndi-  
cate, Inc.)

## NO SHORTAGE OF SOAP

A representative of one of the  
biggest soap manufacturers in Bri-  
tain denied reports in some dis-  
tricts that there was likely to be  
a shortage of soap. There was  
plenty for all, and some to spare,  
he said, if people were reasonable  
about their purchases.

## MILITARY EXPERT ON "MUDDLED THINKING"

CAPT. B. H. LIDDELL HART, military his-  
torian and strategist who was close to the War Of-  
fice when Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha was War Secre-  
tary, charged "muddled thinking in the conduct of  
the war and said Great Britain had "played re-  
peatedly into Hitler's hands."

[Captain Liddell Hart has been a strong ad-  
vocate of the defensive war, and has even gone as  
far as to suggest that any country taking the offen-  
sive in the present war would be defeated. He was  
military correspondent of the "London Times" until  
he was replaced shortly after the war broke last  
September.]

In a letter to the "Manchester  
Guardian," he asserted that as a  
matter of "practical necessity"  
Britain should pursue an "offen-  
sive-defensive" strategy, and  
said that her policy of a waiting  
war had gone wrong because:

1. France left the Belgian fron-  
tier without a Maginot Line.
  2. "Our Government took a  
sudden decision to guarantee Po-  
land and Rumania without first  
securing the assistance of Russia  
— the muddiest reversal of a policy  
of appeasement and retreat that  
could ever have been conceived."
- Having thus got themselves into  
a hole, Captain Liddell Hart said,  
the Allies "could think of nothing  
better than to get in deeper."

### Always Folly

"Through the first winter of the  
war they boasted of coming vic-  
tory without any sign they had  
attempted to calculate the means  
or chances.

"By giving the public an ex-  
aggerated impression of our capa-  
city to take the offensive," he  
wrote, "they inevitably fostered  
impatience with their own initial  
policy of restraint and were thus  
propelled toward greater recklessness."  
This was shown in a foolish  
desire to open up the war.

"The people of Poland, Den-  
mark, Norway, Holland and Bel-  
gium are suffering the conse-  
quences—and so are our own. All  
these troubles, like others still  
more recent, were precipitated by  
the offensive spirit manifested in  
talk and action uncontrolled by  
sober calculation.

"In that state of wishful intoxi-  
cation we have played repeatedly  
straight into Hitler's hands. It is  
always folly to stir up a hornet's  
nest before you are adequately  
equipped to deal with it effectively."

### THE OPPORTUNIST

In a South London street a  
bomb had fallen, fractured a gas  
main in several places and set  
each fracture alight. There are  
pair worker was seen frying his  
breakfast sausages on one of the  
blazing punctures.

## BERLIN'S HALF COAL RATION

Messages reaching New York  
from neutral sources in Berlin say  
that Berliners awoke to find the  
first snow flurries of the year and,  
for the second successive day, con-  
ditions of frost.

The people face the winter with  
about half their coal rations deliv-  
ered and only an assurance from  
the Reich coal commissioner, Wal-  
ther, that the remainder will be  
supplied later.

Basically, Germany's problem  
is not one of coal supplies which  
are abundant, but of transport.

Complicating the transport  
situation is the fact that since  
March Germany has undertaken  
to supply Italy by rail with coal  
which normally went by sea  
routes now cut off by the British  
blockade. Sixty-five trains daily  
are required for this purpose  
alone.

## KEEPING TROOPS ENTERTAINED

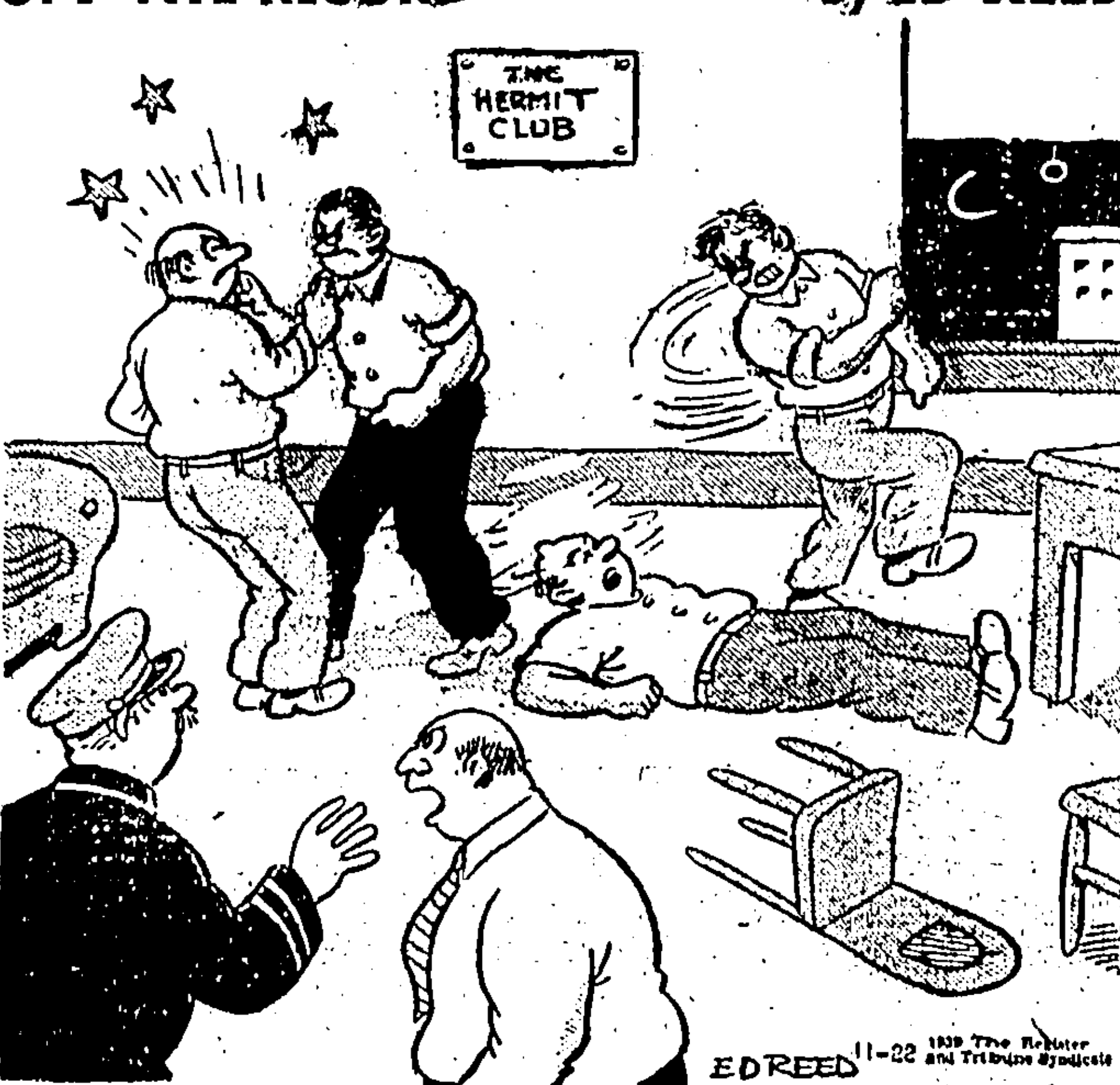
Regimental bands are to be  
made full use of during the winter  
season, and there will be other  
special efforts to entertain the  
troops.

Announcing this when opening  
an Information Bureau for H.M.  
Forces in Trafalgar-Square, Mr.  
Eden, Secretary for War, said  
that welfare work in the Services  
was necessary to fight boredom,  
to keep up fighting efficiency, and  
to develop the offensive spirit.

Radio sets, Mr. Eden said, were  
in great demand. The Treasury  
had made them a grant of £200,-  
000 for the purchase of sets.

## OFF THE RECORD

By ED REED



"They got to arguing how we could best keep the U.S.A.  
out of war!"

Here's Luck

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## Bring Up Father

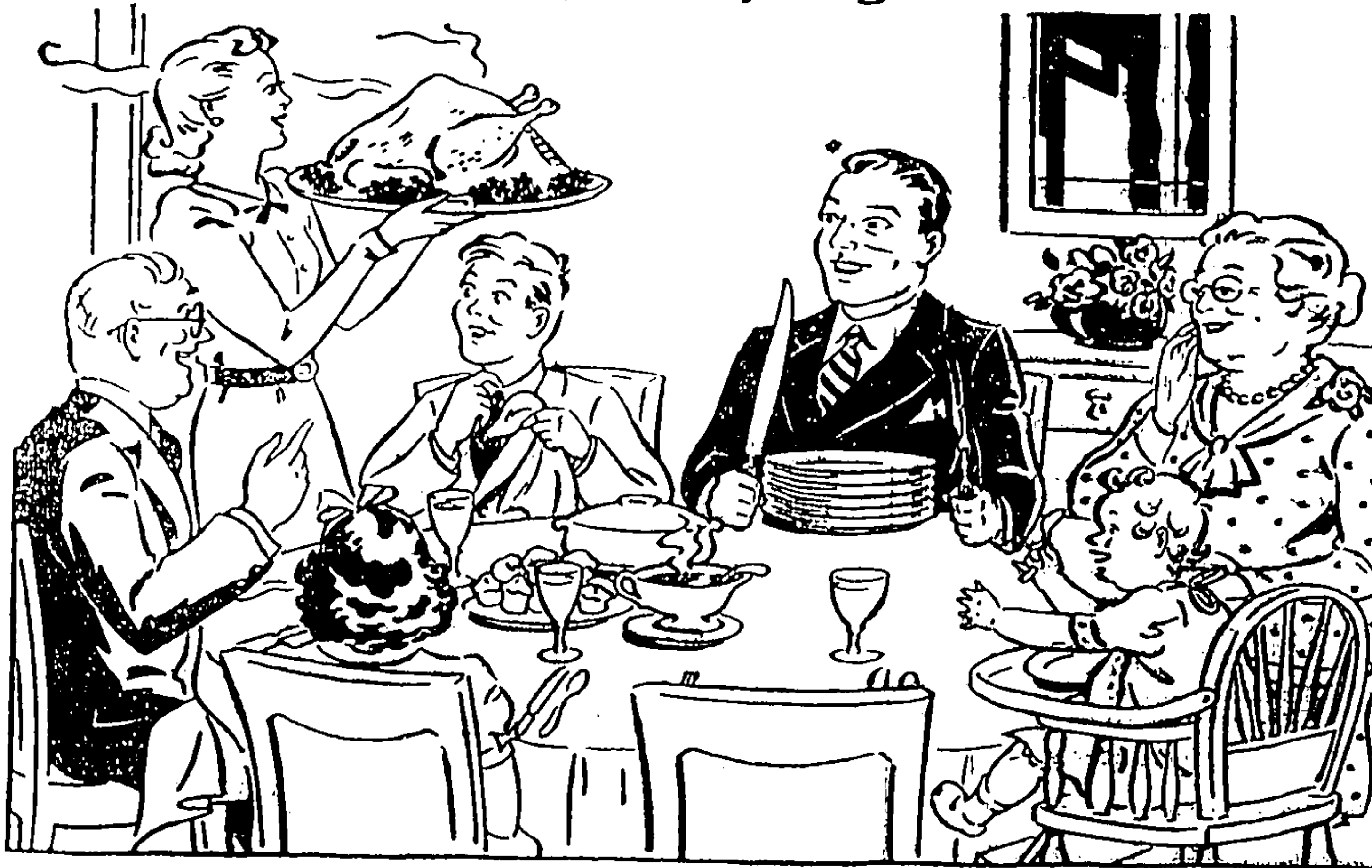
By George MacManus



## A PAGE FOR WOMEN Christmas Dinner

—this one starts with a flare and ends with a flourish.

By Dorothy Greig



Important as the turkey is for dinner, it is not the whole story by any means. For that's one meal which starts with a flare and ends with a flourish, and we all serve it with our own individual touches. Here are mine — a delicious soup and a glorious pudding:

## Dinner Menu

- \*Cream of Chicken and Corn Soup
- Celery Hearts Stuffed Olives
- Roast Turkey with Stuffing
- Cranberry Jelly
- Creamed Whole Onions
- Buttered Green Peas
- Glazed Sweet Potatoes
- Hot Rolls with Butter
- \*Steamed Fruit and Nut Pudding.
- Ice Cream Sauce
- Coffee

Since an abundant harvest of corn was joyful cause for Thanksgiving on the part of our forefathers, I like to acknowledge that fact by serving a corn soup for my Christmas dinner:

## \*Cream of Chicken and Corn Soup

- 4 teaspoons butter
- 4 teaspoons flour
- 2 cups milk
- 2 cans condensed chicken soup
- 6 tablespoons cooked corn

Melt butter, add flour and cook until frothy. Then add milk and cook until thickened. Add soup and corn and heat, but do not boil. Serves 6-8.

The pudding is the grand climax of the meal. It is dark, rich, fairly bursting with fruits and served with a white froth of a sauce:

## \*Steamed Fruit and Nut Pudding with Ice Cream Sauce

- 2 tablespoons shortening
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon nutmeg
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cloves
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking soda
- 2 cups chopped figs
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped raisins
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup chopped nutmeats

Sift flour, then measure, add spices, baking powder and baking soda and sift again. Combine the chopped fruits and nutmeats and mix with 4 tablespoons of the flour mixture.

Cream the shortening, add sugar gradually and cream well together. Add beaten egg and mix thoroughly. Then add the flour alternately with the soup. Stir until the mixture is smooth. Then fold in the fruits and nutmeats. Put in a buttered mould and steam for 2-2 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

For Mould: Use Melon Mould, empty coffee or shortening can and fill to within 2 inches of the top. Serves 8-10.

## Ice Cream Sauce.

- 1 egg, separated
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup confectioner's sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup whipping cream
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat the egg white until stiff, then add the sugar gradually. Stir in the egg yolk. Fold in the whipped cream and add vanilla. Serve over the slices of Steamed Fruit and Nut Pudding.

\*recipes given

### DESSERT SALAD... refreshing finish to a meal

by Dorothy Greig

THIS dessert salad is one of those blessed two-in-ones that make a woman's life easier. It doubles as salad and dessert.

It is a sparkling jelly imbedded thick with juicy fruit. Bring it to the table well chilled and add a smooth creamy dressing. If you tell the salad in a fancy mold it is gay to look at as well as being refreshingly tonic to eat:



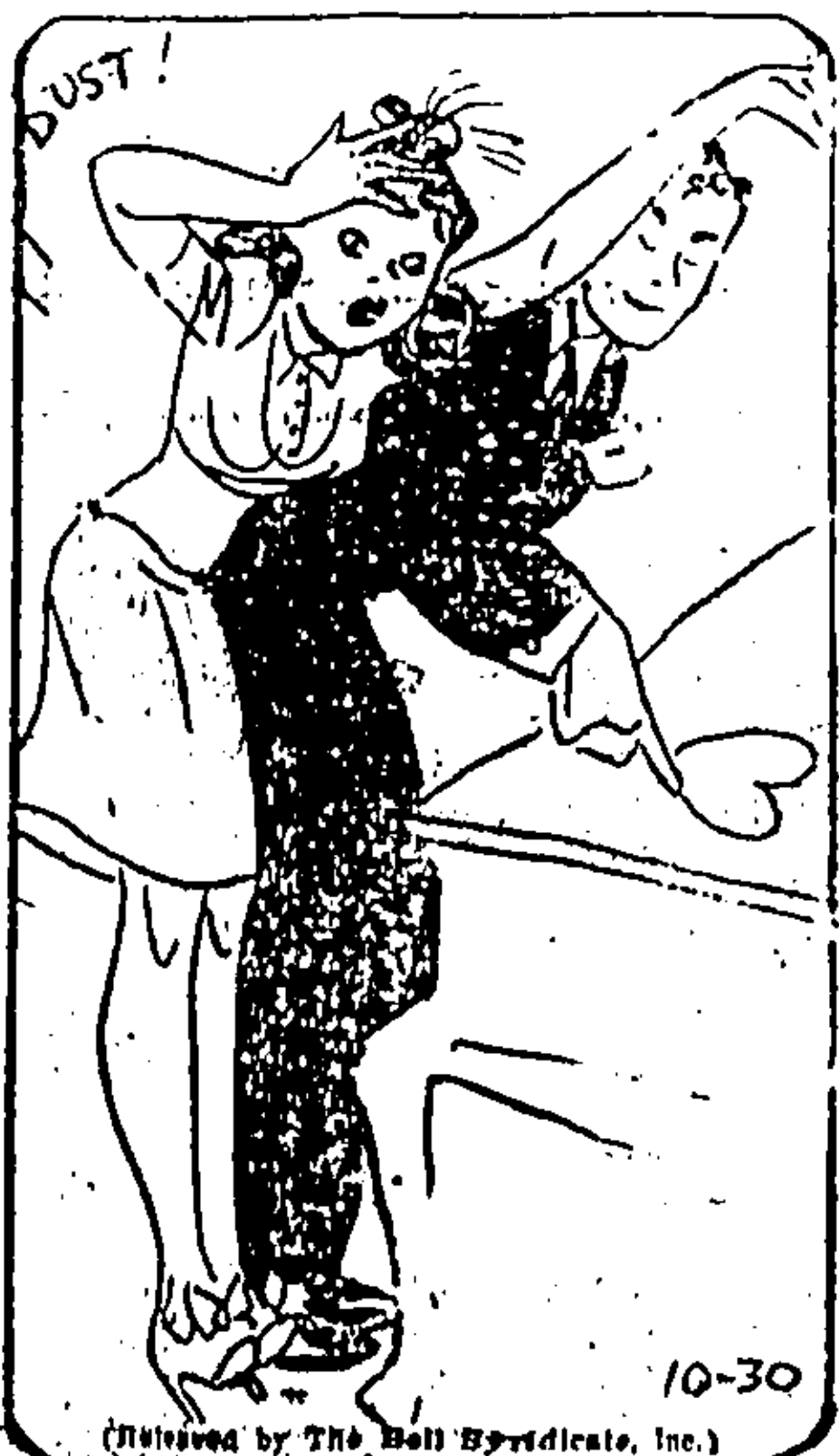
## Jellied Cherry and Pineapple Salad

- $\frac{1}{4}$  cups canned black cherries
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cups pineapple chunks
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cups fruit juice (pineapple and cherry)
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon gelatine, sprinkled on two tablespoons of water
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice

Remove pits from the cherries. Sprinkle the gelatine on water and let stand about five minutes. Heat the pineapple juice and pour on gelatine, stirring until dissolved. Then add cherry and lemon juice. Chill until gelatine begins to set. Add fruits, pour into mold and place in refrigerator until firm. Serve with Cream Cheese Tomato Dressing.

## Cream Cheese Tomato Dressing

- 1 package of cream cheese
  - 2 tablespoons of lemon juice
  - 1 teaspoon of salt
  - $\frac{1}{4}$  cup white dressing or mayonnaise
  - 1 small onion
  - $\frac{1}{2}$  cup condensed tomato soup
- Cream the cheese and to it add the lemon juice and salt. Blend in the salad dressing or mayonnaise and the tomato soup.



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1.03 p.m.—Derek Oldham (Tenor) and the New Light Symphony Orchestra.

1.30 p.m.—Reuter and Rugby Press. Weather Forecast and Announcements.

1.45 p.m.—Tangos and Waltzes.

2.15 p.m.—Close down.

6.32 p.m.—Dance Music by Harry Roy and His Orchestra.

7.00 p.m.—London Relay—The News.

7.15 p.m.—London Relay—Questions of the Hour.

7.30 p.m.—Variety Programme.

8.03 p.m.—Studio—Two Piano Jazz Recital.

8.23 p.m.—Sea Shanties and Choruses.

8.45 p.m.—Studio—Local Newsletter.

9.00 p.m.—London Relay—The News & News Commentary.

9.30 p.m.—An hour of Popular Classics.

10.30 p.m.—Schubert—Piano in A Major, Henri Remington (Violin) and the Teikoku Chamber Orchestra.

10.45 p.m.—Liszt—Les Prejuges—Symphonic Poem, London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Albert Coates.

11.00 p.m.—Close down.



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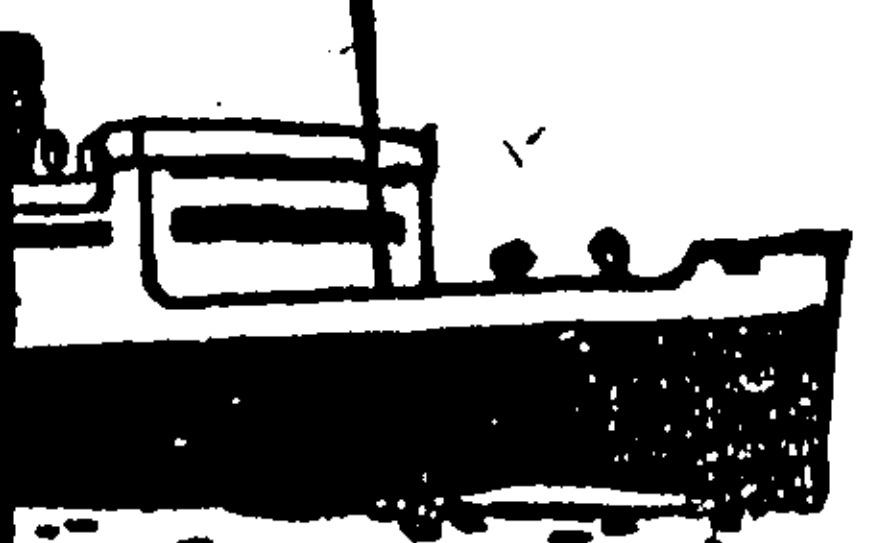
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# WHY HE BOMBS LONDON

The intensive bombing of London is partly a measure of our ability to wreak destruction in Germany and occupied France, and partly a cloak for the withdrawal of German squadrons for the Near-Eastern campaign.

Germans who see their factories crashing round their ears, their communications interrupted, their troop concentrations wrecked in the Channel ports and the beginnings of evacuation from Berlin all demand fearful vengeance on "the brutal English."

## Too Flattering

At the same time neither the outraged Germans nor the brutal, stupid English can be allowed to suspect the Fuehrer's pre-occupation with the Balkans and Egypt. The fact that the invasion of Britain is temporarily off would be too disappointing to the former and too flattering to the latter.

Consequently every advantage has been taken of the full moon, Londoners, particularly, have had some very wakened nights.

Something like a thousand visits a night have been paid by enemy aircraft to Britain but not necessarily by different machines.

One inestimable advantage which the Germans enjoy over us is the short distance which their bombers have to fly to their objectives.

Machines can make many journeys in one night.

Meanwhile the real military damage which we have suffered is negligible.

## Gaining Strength

On the contrary, we are gaining in strength every hour. Hitler cannot say the same of his own air force.

It is in the air that this war will be won.

And it should not be long before the improved method of night interception is in operation.

No one is more impatient for its arrival than the authorities.

## K.C.C. CRICKET SELECTIONS

The following Kowloon Cricket Club teams have been selected for week-end cricket matches—

1st XI (v H.K.C.C., away):—N. D. Lloyd (Capt.), E. F. Fincher, D. J. N. Anderson, D. Hung, W. L. Rapley, R. T. Broadbridge, A. Zimmerman, F. R. Zimmerman, F. J. Lay, B. D. Lay and F. Goodwin. Scorer T. W. Carr; Umpire J. P. Robinson.

2nd XI (v Police, home):—S. A. Gray (Capt.), R. Baldwin, E. Curtis, L. R. Birch, K. M. Baxter, J. R. Luke, H. Brokenshire, R. Leigh, G. W. Giffen, J. W. Derham and R. J. Fenton. Twelfth Man F. Crabb.

# ONE-LEGGED, ONE-ARMED ---PUT OUT BOMB FIRES

(By A Special Correspondent)

AN OLD SOLDIER with one leg and another with one arm saved two houses from destruction and, possibly, several lives. They were Mr. E. J. Walton and Mr. Robert Russell, both of a South-West London suburb, where a large number of fire-bombs were dropped. Both the men lost their limbs fighting in the last war.

Walton, though one-legged, climbed to an attic and, after pulling himself up a ladder, managed to put out a bomb before it could do any harm.

With one arm Russell broke through a blazing bedroom door of another house. Within a few minutes he had ended all danger of fire.

About 200 incendiary bombs were dropped in the district, but within ten minutes the volunteer fire brigade had all the bombs under control.

Mr. H. Jones, head of the volunteer fire brigade, who was badly gassed in the last war, walked through clouds of smoke to put out many bombs, singlehanded.

## U.S. AIR PORTS FOR CANADA

THE UNITED STATES CIVIL AERONAUTICS BOARD ANNOUNCES THAT THE USE OF A MUNICIPAL AIRPORT IN FLORIDA AND ANOTHER IN TEXAS IS BEING ARRANGED FOR THE TRAINING OF CANADIAN FLYING CADETS WHEN SNOW SLOWS DOWN AVIATION ACTIVITY IN THE DOMINION.

Arrangements are being made through the Mayor of New York, Mr. La Guardia, Dallas, Texas, and Jacksonville, Florida, have already offered facilities.

A Norwegian Air Corps, formed of pilots who eluded the vigilance of the Gestapo and escaped from Norway, is now in training in Toronto. Swelled by Norwegian volunteers in Canada and the United States, the numbers are expected to reach 900. By the spring it is hoped to help in the battle of Britain.

## RED FLAG SIGNAL

Whitehall's centralised roof-spotting scheme has come into operation.

At the sound of the siren spotters in the various Government buildings go to their usual vantage points. They fix their eyes on a flag mast on the tower of the highest building in the neighbourhood, and the signal of "immediate danger," given by the chief spotters on the tower, is the hoisting of a red flag.

The use of this flag is only a temporary method of signalling.

## NORWAY'S DEFIANCE

In defiance of warnings, 30,000 people at the Norwegian football cup final stood bareheaded and sang "God Save the King" and the Norwegian National Anthem, according to news received in London by the Norwegian Telegraph Agency.

## NEW INDUSTRIES DEVELOPED

Prime Minister Robert Gordon Menzies told a gathering of Sydney businessmen that in the process of organising its wartime economy, Australia was developing such dynamic power that when peace came it would be furnished with industrial skills previously undreamed of.

Every week produces new enterprises.

Flax growing is expected to contribute much to postwar expansion of primary industry. Twenty-one thousand acres in Tasmania, Victoria, and Western Australia have been planted with seed from the United Kingdom. Processing of the flax straw begins in December in seven newly established mills. The United Kingdom, which asked for the establishment of this new industry in Australia, will buy the produce of 13,000 acres.

Potash worth \$1,500,000 will be produced from alumite deposits at Lake Camplen, West Australia, replacing supplies received before the war from Germany and Palestine. Deposits are estimated to be sufficient to meet the needs of Australian Agricultural Industries for 25 years at the present rate of consumption. The immediate aim is to produce 200 tons weekly.

Wool experts are investigating production from sweat in wool of other forms of potash used in the making of soft soaps and preserving dried fruits. The method being investigated consists of steeping the wool before scouring.

Imperial Chemical Industries has invested \$2,500,000 in an alkali works at Adelaide, South Australia, which is already producing soda ash and will shortly add caustic soda, calcium chloride, bicarbonate of soda and other products.

The first Australian-made rubber insulated cables are being sold in Melbourne, and a large Anglo-Australian group is preparing to manufacture similar cables in New South Wales. The production of newsprint is expected to begin in the Australian Newsprint Mills at Boyer, Tasmania, in the new year. Eight Canadian operatives have arrived, and others will be trained locally. Another company is producing 10,000 tons annually of fine printing, typewriting, and writing papers at Burnie, Tasmania, and a Victorian company, which began producing kraft paper pulp in Gippsland in 1939 is now turning out 30,000 tons a year, and will increase its plant to produce 15,000 tons a year more. All these companies are using Australian woods.

## SOLICITOR ASKS FOR NEW BENCH

An allegation that magistrates had decided an application in private instead of in open court was made at Maidenhead by Mr. T. Alan Stuchbery, a solicitor. The Mayor (Mr. C. T. Kitley) refuted the allegation and refused an application that the bench be reconstituted.

Mr. Stuchbery said that the application was for a reduction in the contribution made by the Union Cinema Co. under the Sunday Entertainments Act, 1932, in respect of Sunday opening of cinemas. It first came before the bench on September 9, and was adjourned for certain figures to be submitted.

"It was with considerable astonishment," said Mr. Stuchbery, "that I learned that this application had been dealt with by the Bench in private." He said his information came from two aldermen who attended the meeting.

The Mayor: I must strongly protest. The magistrates have not reached a decision.

Mr. Stuchbery asked that all the magistrates who attended that meeting should not adjudicate. The Mayor refused the application, adding that he strongly deplored the action of any magistrate in divulging what transpired in the magistrates' room.

## TAKE NO CHANCES WITH BABY'S COLD

Don't let your baby's cold develop into something worse.

The experiences of mothers throughout the world prove that Baby's Own Tablets are of the utmost value for the prompt correction of children's colds. Here is what a Canadian mother, Mrs. Robert Greenhorn, of Phillipsville, Ont., writes: "I am the mother of seven children and when I see any one of them with a cold coming on I fly to Baby's Own Tablets."

The prescription of a British medical child-specialist, these pleasant-tasting Tablets are widely known as an absolutely safe and reliable specific for infantile indigestion, feverishness, constipation, colds, worms and teething troubles. No home where there are little children should be without Baby's Own Tablets. From chemists everywhere.

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KOWLOON



# MIDDLESEX BEAT ROYALS IN SMALL UNITS FINAL

## O'Mahoney Scores Winning Goal Late In Game

### Auld, Falconer And Fleming Play Well For Losers

A CLEAN AND HARD fought soccer game was witnessed at Sookunpoo yesterday when H.Q. Company, Middlesex, beat "D" Company, Royal Scots, by the only goal scored by O'Mahoney in the last few minutes of the match in the Final of the Army Small Units Football Competition.

Royals may be considered unfortunate in a way. They had most of the game and it was only for a short period of the second half that Middlesex did any real pressing. Callender in Royals' goal, was rarely tested and on the whole had an easy afternoon.

Auld, Royals' leader, was well watched and though he played a hard and forceful game was not given an opportunity for a shot at goal. Had his inside forwards been up with him on occasions Royals might have taken the lead early in the game.

Fleming, at right-half, played a sound game. He was rarely beaten for possession and displayed good ball control and coolness at all times. In the pivotal position Falconer never shirked in his tackling and was prominent with his hard clearances. Gibb, at left-half, did all that was expected of him and held Moggeridge well.

Downing, on the right wing, gave Middlesex defence much trouble and centred well while Gibling, on the opposite wing, came more into the game in the second half.

Park and Penman, the backs, kicked well and seldom gave the Middlesex forwards any opportunities.

Middlesex defence played well and the greatest credit must be given to them for holding out against the continued and determined raids of Royals throughout the game.

#### Minchin Safe

The outstanding players were Minchin, in goal, and Revell, the right-back. The former had a busy afternoon, brought off some really good saves and was always on the alert.

Revell kicked strongly and cleared his lines with well placed

kicks while his partner, Stickley, gave him adequate support.

In the centre-half berth, Bright did not play his usual game. He was content to clear with hard kicking though it must be said that he made use of his wingers, but his clearances were often returned by the opposing defence.

With Pearson playing a fourth half-back game for the greater period and Sheehan following suit in the second half, Middlesex forwards were not a danger on the few occasions that they did any attacking. Both wingers, tried hard and were prominent in the closing period of the game. Hynes played well but lacked support from the other inside forwards.

Play was mostly in favour of Royals in the opening stages though Sheehan went near scoring for Middlesex. In the second half Royals attacked strongly. Auld shouldered a lot of hard work and was always a menace. Minchin in Middlesex goal was called upon often.

The winning goal originated from Pearson who was never a factor in Middlesex attacking line. He sent Moggeridge away on the right wing and found himself in possession in a good position. His shot hit the cross bar and from the rebound O'Mahoney netted.

MIDDLESEX—Minchin; Revell and Stickley; Smith, Bright and Jackson; Moggeridge, Hynes, Sheehan, Pearson and O'Mahoney.  
ROYAL SCOTS—Callender; Park and Penman; Fleming, Falconer and Gibb; Downing, Forrest, Auld, Pow and Gibling.

### K.C.C. BEAT K. TONG

Something of a surprise was caused in "B" Division of the Badminton League last night when Kowloon Cricket Club, on their own court, beat the highly-fancied Kowloon Tong team by 6-3.

Kowloon Tong were without Richard Lee, who was at Camp, but otherwise were at full strength. Wynter-Blyth and Fisher were in great form for the home team and won all three games, and they were well supported by Anderson and Jones, and Hazell and Guest.

The Chan brothers, of whom much was expected, failed to win a single game for the visitors and this had much to do with their defeat.

In other matches St John's, the champions, had little difficulty against Police, and King's only lost one game to Jewish Recreation Club.

Following are the results of the Badminton League matches played last night:

#### Section "A"

King's College beat Jewish Recreation Club, 8 games to 1.  
S. Ramsay and L. Landau (J.R.C.)  
lost to S. E. Chau and K. J. Attwell 12-21  
lost to K. L. Lui and W. C. Chung 12-21  
lost to K. H. Lo and T. Lam 3-21  
A. Potlak and M. Talan (J.R.C.)  
lost to Chau and Attwell 5-21  
beat Lui and Chung 21-17  
lost to Lo and Lam 3-21  
B. Godkin and J. Odell (J.R.C.)  
lost to Chau and Attwell 12-21  
lost to Lui and Chung 15-21  
lost to Lo and Lam 10-21  
The game between Victoria Recreation Club and Chung Wah was postponed.

#### Section "B"

St. John's beat Police by 8 games to 1.  
H. Eardley and D. Kwok (S.J.).

### CRICKET NOTES

Owing to the fact that "Adrem" has been at Camp, there will be no cricket notes this week.

beat A. R. S. Major and C. Y. Sui 21-2  
beat W. Gillies and L. Gordon 21-7  
beat J. Macdonald and H. Dingsdale 21-6  
R. Maynard and G. Ladd (S.J.)  
beat Major and Sui 21-9  
beat Gillis and Gordon 21-13  
lost to Macdonald and Dingsdale 9-21  
N. L. Smith and P. Wilson (S.J.)  
beat Major and Sui 23-20  
beat Gillis and Gordon 23-20  
beat Macdonald and Dingsdale 21-7

#### K.C.C. Win

Kowloon Cricket Club beat Kowloon Tong 6 games to 3.  
V. D. Bright and A. L. Fisher (K.C.C.)  
beat F. H. Kwok and J. Chan 24-21  
beat A. T. Chan and A. C. Chan 20-0  
beat Peter Lo and J. Tsang 21-16  
J. L. Anderson and H. S. Johns (K.C.C.)  
lost to Kwok and Chan 8-21  
beat Chan and Chan 21-6  
beat Lo and Tsang 21-16  
D. Hazell and A. E. Brest (K.C.C.)  
lost to Kwok and Chan 11-21  
beat Chan and Chan 21-3  
lost to Lo and Tsang 20-23

### K.C.C. BOWLS TEAMS

Following will represent Kowloon Cricket Club in a friendly Lawn Bowls match against United Service Recreation Club on the latter's green on Saturday:  
A. H. Martin, P. Wellwood, A. Wright and J. Fraser (skip).  
A. C. Tribble, B. Wylie, V. C. Labrum and W. W. Parsons (skip).  
A. W. Smith, C. J. Tacchi, G. E. Taylor and R. H. S. Marks (skip).

### BURROWS BATS WELL

In a friendly cricket match at Sookunpoo yesterday a combined team from 35th and 20th Battery, Royal Artillery beat Royal Air Force by 7 wickets.

Best individual performance of the match was Burrows' innings of 40 retired, while Parnell, Goodwin and Richardson also did well.

R.A.F.  
L. Goodwin, c Woolridge, b Guy 28  
C. E. Abbas, c Woolridge, b Guy 3  
Gillespie, c Guy, b Pelt 1  
Clarkson, lb.w., b Allanson 4  
Palmer, run out 10  
Stimpson, b Pelt 4  
Richardson, not out 21  
Barker, by Guy 0  
Herry, not out 1  
Extras (B15, LB5) 18

Total (for 7 wks. dec.) 50  
Hoodless and Austin did not bat.

#### Bowling Analysis

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Guy	10	2	30	3
Pelt	9	2	31	2
McNarghty	4	0	9	0
Hall	4	3	1	0
Allanson	2	1	1	1

#### R.A.

Parnell, b Gillespie	27
Roche, c and b Abbas	5
Woolridge, c Palmer, b Gillespie	15
Burrows, retired	40
Allanson, retired	16
Guy, b Gillespie	0
Marsh, b Barker	16
Chapel, b Richardson	6
Pilt, b Richardson	0
McNarghty, c Palmer, b Barker	5
Hall, not out	1
Extras (B5, LB2)	7

#### Total

138

#### Bowling Analysis

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Gillespie	8	0	36	3
Abbas	2	0	24	1
Stimpson	2	0	16	0
Goodwin	3	0	24	0
Richardson	2	0	11	2
Barker	2	0	20	2

The nett proceeds of the charity football match, between Kwong Wah and Club, last Saturday, were \$1101.

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## From Here & There

It is understood that hockey is being taken up at St. Stephen's College, Stanley, and some of the boys are so keen they are thinking of getting up a competition confined to Stanley, with teams from the Fort, Prison Officers' Club and the College.

Royal Hong Kong Golf Club held their annual meeting on Friday, when, amongst other things, the new captain will be elected. On December 29 the newly elected official will play himself in.

F. X. Lobato Faria, of Faria's Gym, has just opened a class for small boys. He has already about 20 on the roll, and the youngsters seem to be enjoying physical culture and body-building.

In order to encourage cricket, Royal Scots have started holding inter-company games on the "friendly" basis. Most of the matches are played on the Army ground at Sookunpoo, but one drawback is the lack of facilities for nets practice. Formerly nets were used, with matting, on the Murray Parade Ground, but they are not now available due to the fact that there is a bigger demand for the ground for the more serious aspects of soldiering.

Word has been received from Australia that the two sons of Mr. A. W. de Rosa, well-known local exchange and bullion brokers, are doing quite well on the cricket field at their new school in Australia. This ought to be welcome news for Club de Recreio, who should benefit considerably when

the youngsters return to the Colony.

Post Office Club (formerly Radio Sports Club) are talking of running a team in the Tennis League next season. They still have most of their playing members, and one of the keenest these days is D. W. Fitches, Police lawn bowler.

Pte Corrigan, Army long distance runner, is considered to be one of the most promising Royal Scot novice boxers. He took part in the recent Inter-Company (Novices) boxing tournament and won all his fights.

On Boxing Day a grand treat is promised anybody who makes the trip to the Civil Service Cricket Club. A football match will be played between two teams, to be picked on the ground, and conditions are that tennis shoes must be worn. A small rubber ball will take the place of the usual football.

Civil Service Cricket Club are holding their annual tennis tournament earlier than usual and some of the first round matches have already been decided. In the Handicap Doubles W. J. Skinner and F. H. Harper beat J. A. Bendall and W. Old, B. Agafuroff and C. Walker beat N. M. Rakusen and J. Hooper; and F. Haynes Jr. and J. Agafuroff beat R. H. W. Maynard and W. E. Collidge. In the Singles (Handicap) B. Agafuroff has won his first round match against "Guns" Hendricks, while F. Haynes Jr. beat R. H. W. Maynard.



## GRAPHIC GOLF



## TRAPS CAN BE OF AID

By BEST BALL

The average player fighting traps ahead of the green is anything but thankful for them. He considers them a nuisance but even so they have their nuisance value. It is this factor the experienced golfer capitalises on. Outlined by sand traps the green is more clearly outlined, the position of the flag in relation to the green can be more carefully determined.

Proceeding from this appraisal, the player can gauge his shot so that it will stop in the vicinity of the cup. Naturally a certain number of shots fail of their purpose but not because the target was blurred. Rather the fault lies with the player's mechanical ability rather than his judgment. Spectators around the green afford a similar outline. The golfer who will look upon these features as a help rather than a hindrance will fortify his mental approach to the game.

Next Article:—Notice Missed Putt.

## HOCKEY UMPIRES

The following are the official fixtures of the Hockey Tournament games on Sunday:

(Navy Ground, 11.30 a.m.)  
 Umpires: K. Hussain and T. A. Tyas  
 5th A.A. v. Police "A"  
 (Lyceum, 11.30 a.m.)  
 Umpires: W. Wathen and G. Gorman  
 Royal Engineers v. Recreo  
 (Sookunpoo, 11 a.m.)  
 Umpires: Wellington and E. Vasco  
 Khalsa v. No. 2 M.T.B.  
 (Police Ground, 10 a.m.)  
 Umpires: D. Smith and Capt. Martin  
 University v. Central British Association  
 (Pokfulam, 4 p.m.)  
 Umpires: E. Vasco and J. T. Gilchrist  
 Punjab Regiment v. Destroyers  
 (Marina Ground, 4 p.m.)  
 Umpires: Lt. Perrie and L. Coombe  
 R. Signals v. Police "B"  
 (Sookunpoo, 4 p.m.)  
 Umpires: L. Saxby and V. Bridle.

## Friendly Hockey

At Sookunpoo, Royal Engineers shared four goals with 24th Battery, Royal Artillery, in a friendly hockey match, after leading two goals to nil in the first half.

Taylor, centre-forward for the Sappers, scored both for his side and Gaghan tallied the Gunners' two goals.

## PONY CLASSIFICATIONS

The following are the alterations and additions to the Hong Kong Jockey Club pony classification lists, dated May 28, 1940:

Australian Ponies:—Comber, Many Thanks and Sparrow to "B" Class; A Great Time, Australian Prince, Double Finesse, Quick Despatch, Sea Jay and Winfred to "C" Class; and A Green Time and National Victory to "D" Class.

China Ponies:—Rob Roy to "B" Class; Eve of Folly to "C" Class; Dawn Star, Eve of Hunting, Laughing Girl, Lovely Star, Royal Wedding Eve, Scenic View, Soldier of Britain to "D" Class; Fel Ying, Gold Coin, Hurricane, Matador, National Success and Palmer to "E" Class.

## Y.M.C.A. CRICKET TEAM

The following will represent European Y.M.C.A. against Civil Service C.C. "A" XI at cricket on Sunday:

C. Logan, W. H. Ingleby, F. E. Lawrence, W. Gegg, H. Eger, F. Willis, H. Brokenshire, G. Swanson, E. Curtis, H. Eardley and F. Thayer.

# South China Athletic Meeting

## 10,000 METRES SHOULD BE GOOD RACE

The Eighteenth Annual Athletic Meeting of the South China Athletic Association will be held at Caroline Hill on Sunday, December 23, and apart from 13 events for their Members, there are five events open to the public. These consist of three men's relays and one ladies' relay and a men's 10,000 metres flat race.

The best event on the programme should be men's 10,000 metres (Open Event), which has attracted 24 entries.

Although it is unwise to forecast the outcome of this event, favourites for this race will probably be Private Manson, of Royal Scots, Lee Yuk-foon, of Hong Kong and Kowloon Residents' Union, and Signman Lewis, of Royal Corps of Signals.

Lee Yuk-foon, who won the last Marathon Race held by the Hong Kong and Kowloon Residents' Union, and which he is now representing, should offer good opposition to Manson, who has twice won this event at previous Meetings of South China.

Signman Lewis will undoubtedly be another stronger challenger to Pte. Manson in this event.

The 400 metres relay race for men should prove a good race. Close finishes may be assured as the entries include Lung Nam Uni-

versity and Wah Yan College. Both these teams featured in close finishes at the last All-Schools Meet while Service Corps and Police are also expected to offer strong opposition.

The only event for Ladies—400 metres Relay—has only attracted two entries, from South China and French Convent.

Seven track and six field events for members only will be included in the programme.

Chu Fook-sing, who has entered for every event, should do well in the early part of the programme but may be too exhausted for the later events. He will probably choose certain events in which to compete.

Fong Chi-hung, formerly of Wah Yan College, who did well in the inter-school meeting in the field events should be one of the favourites for the Pole Vault and High Jump events.

Following are the entries:

**OPEN EVENTS**  
 10,000 Metres:—L/Cpl. Taylor, Lewis, Malik Lankha Singh, Myles, J. Corrigan, Wilson, Joginder Singh, Noda Singh, Harbans Singh, Cpl. D. Cole, Lee Yuk-foon, Leung Nai-yik, Young Wah-sing, Lam Kim-fan, Chan Chu-wai, So Wan-man, Choi You-chuen, Chi Rak-wing, To Su-ye, So Pak-sing, Lee Kih, Leung You-sum, Hong Kit-sang and Choi Won-kwong.

## B. GOSANO, PEREIRA FOR KOWLOON

B. Gosano and J. Pereira of Kwong Wah have been transferred to Kowloon and will be playing for their new club this week-end.

Men's 400 Metres Relay (Team of four):—Wah Yan College (H.K.), Lung Nam University, King's College, R.A.S.C. and Police Training School.

Men's 1,600 Metres Relay (Team of four):—Wah Yan College (H.K.), H.K. and Kowloon Residents' Union, H.K. and Kowloon Residents' Union, H.K. and Kowloon Residents' Union, H.K. and Kowloon Residents' Union.

Men's 400 Metres Relay (Under five feet, Team of four):—Wah Yan College (H.K.) and King's College.

Ladies' 400 Metres Relay (Team of four):—French Convent and South China Athletic Association.

**MEMBERS' EVENTS**  
 100 Metres:—Tam Hol-chuen, Cheng Kwan-man, Lo Chee-to, Yee Kai-yin, Sin Kwok-ping and Au Se-pang.

200 Metres:—Tam Hol-chuen, Cheng Kwan-man, Lo Chee-to and Au Se-pang.

400 Metres:—Ho Yik-siu, Tam Hol-chuen, Long Kai-ming, Wong Siu-chuen, Cheung Kit-pui, Cheung Chow, Tam Kwong-ka, Sin Kwok-ping and Au Se-pang.

800 Metres:—Lai Pang-yuen, Ho Yik-siu, Long Kai-ming, Wong Siu-chuen, Cheung Kit-pui, Chan Chu-wai and Cheung Chow.

1,500 Metres:—Lai Ping-yuen, Ho Yik-siu, Wong Siu-chuen, Lam Kim-fan, Chan Chu-wai and Tam Kwan-ka.

110 Metres High Hurdles:—Chu Fook-sing, Cheung Tung-hoi, Wong Ki-lam and Liu Kwan-cheun.

110 Metres Hurdles:—Chu Fook-sing.

## CLUB "A" RUGBY WIN

Club "A" as the result of a last-minute rally, beat Navy "A" by three tries (9 pts.) to a penalty goal (3 pts.) after a scoreless first half and after being 3-0 down.

Club tries were scored by Alec Pearce, the cricketer, D. Hynes and Bosanquet, all of which Castleton failed to convert. Hughes kicked a penalty goal for Navy.

## YACHTING RESULTS

The sweepstake race held by the Yacht Club over 8.6 miles yesterday resulted:

True Blue 16.35.8½	L. Garner	1
Redshank 16.38.42	H. W. Browne	2
Isobel 16.43.30	R. W. Berridge	3
Zephyr 16.43.50	E. Hiffecott	4
Gull 16.44.02	A. O. G. Mills	5
Ailsa 16.46.17½	W. A. Ingram	6
Widgeon 16.48.52½	J. H. Brown	7

Long Kai-ming, Cheung Chow and Cheng Kwan-man.

Throwing Discus:—Chu Fook-sing and Yee Kai-yin.

High Jump:—Chu Fook-sing, Cheng Kwan-man, Lo Chee-to and Fong Chi-hung.

Long Jump:—Chu Fook-sing, Cheng Kwan-man, Cheung Tung-hoi, Cheng Kwan-man and Wong Kai-lam.

Pole Vault:—Chu Fook-sing, Tam Hol-chuen, Kwan Kam-pui and Fong Chi-hung.

Throwing Javelin:—Chu Fook-sing, Kwan Kam-pui, Cheung Tung-hoi and Fong Chi-hung.

Step-Hop-Jump:—Chu Fook-sing, Tam Hol-chuen and Cheung Tung-hoi.

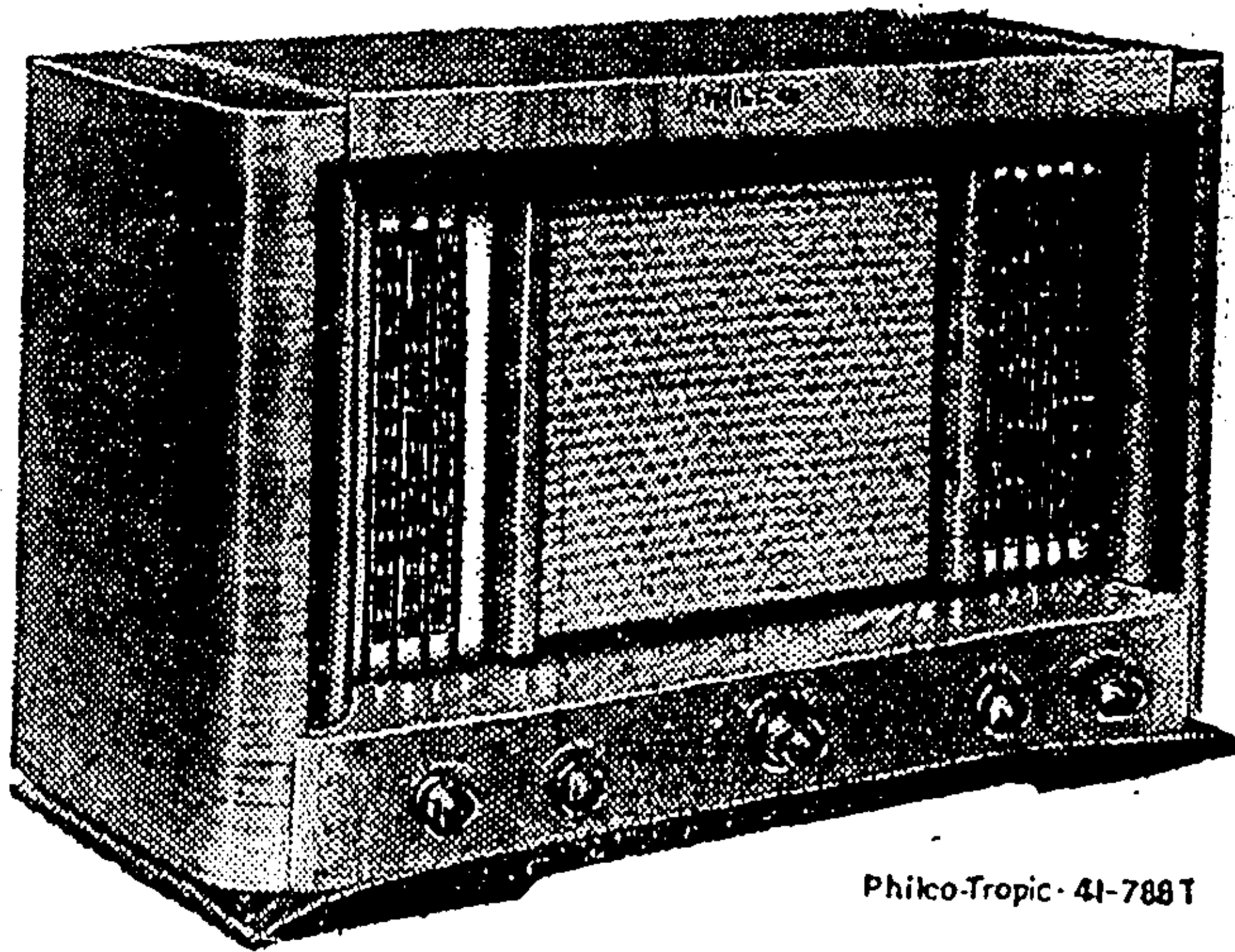
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# FIRM REPRESENTATIONS TO SPAIN ON TANGIER

Vigorous Demarche In "Very Definite Language"

ANOTHER  
RAIDLESS  
DAY

Yesterday was another raidless day for Britain.

A German bomber was shot down off Dover in the afternoon by British fighters without loss to themselves, according to an Air Ministry communique, which adds that otherwise there is nothing to report. — Reuter.

## S. AFRICAN FIFTH COLUMN

MEASURES AGAINST FIFTH COLUMN ACTIVITY IN SOUTH AFRICA WERE ANNOUNCED IN PRETORIA YESTERDAY BY THE MINISTER OF NATIVE AFFAIRS.

Government has ordered the removal to other areas of 400 German missionaries who entered South African native reserve after 1935 because some of the missionaries are carrying on subversive propaganda. — Reuter.

## Grave View Taken In Britain

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO SPAIN IS MAKING "FURTHER VIGOROUS REPRESENTATIONS" IN "VERY DEFINITE LANGUAGE" ABOUT THE RECENT SPANISH ASSUMPTION OF SERVICES HITHERTO DEPENDENT ON THE INTERNATIONAL ADMINISTRATION OF TANGIER.

This categorical statement on the subject was made by the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. R. A. Butler, in reply to a question in the House of Commons yesterday as to the steps being taken to secure the reinstatement of British personnel.

Mr. Butler recalled that following the promulgation of the law on December 1, Britain was assured that the collective and individual rights of British subjects in Tangier would be safeguarded.

The further unilateral action on December 13, with "all the consequences which flow from it," had been vigorously taken up with the Spanish Government.

Mr. Geoffrey Mander (Lab., Weymouth) urged Government to carefully reconsider the advisability of continuing to supply food through the British blockade to a government which treats British subjects in this "high-handed and aggressive manner."

Mr. Butler said he used the word "with all consequences

flowing from it" to indicate the gravity with which Government view the latter event.

Mr. Philip Noel-Baker (Lab., Derby) asked if the negotiations were not successful would Government bear in mind the fact that oil was still being allowed to reach Spain, which might be stopped.

Mr. Butler thought "everything will be borne in mind." — Reuter.

### Fortification Issue

Questioned as to fortifications, Mr. Butler replied that the Spanish Foreign Minister had given our Ambassador in Madrid an assurance that no fortifications of a permanent nature would be created in the International Zone at Tangier. — British Wireless.

## 1,371 DETAINED FOR DEFENCE REASONS

On October 31 the total number of persons detained in Britain under the Defence Regulations was 1,371. This figure was given in a White Paper dealing with the subject which also states that during that month 33 persons were detained, all being British subjects, although 16 of them are of enemy origin. — British Wireless.

## RETREAT OF ITALIANS TO DERNA INDICATED

(Continued from Page 1)  
no slackening in the British pressure.

The object of the present operations seems to be to isolate Bardia and then mop it up in the way that was so successful in the cases of Sidi Barrani and Sollum. This would very neatly round off the operations which began at Sidi Barrani.

The road connecting Bardia with Tobruk is threatened. British reinforcements are coming up and the Italians may find it impossible to strengthen their base.

The town itself is well manned and well fortified and is not likely to fall without a fiercer struggle than our troops have yet encountered.

### Indians Put Up Grand Show

A New Delhi message says that the Indian troops taking part in the operations include men from all parts of the country.

They were among the first to attack and captured three Italian camps besides taking part in other operations.

The spirit and gallantry of the Indian soldiers has been remarked by many observers. Under dive-bombing, they remain cool and determined.

Italian prisoners are still streaming across the Western Desert to internment camps.

Correspondents who interviewed some of the Italian prisoners report that their morale has sunk to zero.

The older men, patriots all, are afraid of the increase of German influence in Italy. — Reuter.

## BRITISH BROADCASTING

FACTS ABOUT BRITISH BROADCASTING TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES WERE GIVEN IN THE COMMONS YESTERDAY WHEN THE PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE MINISTRY OF INFORMATION, MR. HAROLD NICOLSON REPLIED TO A MOTION DEALING WITH THE TRANSMISSION OF BRITISH NEWS BY THE B.B.C.

Government, Mr. Nicolson said, were not trying to imitate the propaganda methods of Dr. Goebbels but had a long-term policy of confidence.

Showing the increase in broadcasts in foreign languages he said that in December, 1939, broadcasts in sixteen foreign languages were given occupying 66½ hours each week. To-day 30 foreign languages were broadcast with 144 hours a week devoted to them.

Mr. Nicolson added it was hoped there would be an even greater increase. — British Wireless.

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# CARNIVAL FESTIVITIES

### CALENDAR

CHRISTMAS EVE  
— TUESDAY —  
DECEMBER 24th, 1940.

CHRISTMAS DAY  
— WEDNESDAY —  
DECEMBER 25th, 1940.

BOXING DAY  
— THURSDAY —  
DECEMBER 26th, 1940.

NEW YEAR'S EVE  
— TUESDAY —  
DECEMBER 31st, 1940.

NEW YEAR'S DAY  
— WEDNESDAY —  
JANUARY 1st, 1941.

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WHEN the hands of the clock crept past twelve Christine again tiptoed into Dicky's bedroom. He must be asleep by now, she thought, but he was not—*not* asleep and yet how little awake; just lying so still, so flat, so small under the covers, that only the dull glimmer of his open eyes proclaimed any life.

Even as she bent over him, put her hand on his waxen forehead he did not smile, or stir or speak; just lay in that dreadful apathy that was driving her to desperation. She said:

"Shut your eyes, darling. Try to sleep."

He did not shut his eyes, did not answer. By no sign did he show that he had heard or understood. She thought "Even if I did hang his stocking and put the toys on the table he would not know—and I'm so dreadfully tired."

Yet she could not bring herself to turn even that risk. Those toys were to be part of the shock that, they hoped, would arouse him. They and Tom, if she could only be certain of Tom.

She turned on legs that seemed as leaden as the rest of her exhausted body, moving across to the dressing room. Only then did she hear a sound from the bed, but so faint that only anxious ears knew it for a whisper.

"Yes, Dicky," she asked bending eagerly.

A ghost of a word floated up to her. "Bells."

"Yes, it's past twelve," she told him.

"Christmas Day?"

"Well, not quite. Not until we've done our Christmas Eve sleep," she said desperately, knowing too well what his next word would be, but it came "Daddy?"

"Give poor Daddy a chance," he tried to make it a natural laugh. "He's got to have his sleep, and he's got such a huge, long way to come, too. But when it's real morning when you've slept your sleep into day. Try Dicky, it'll really make Daddy quicker."

"Trying to try," the tiny little whisper rattled. "It won't come if Daddy—"

"Try enormous hard," she urged swiftly, fearing, fearing that promises about Daddy might be more dangerous than not. "Shut eyes, boy. Poor Mummy's got to wait and sleep, too."

He did not shut his eyes not really. He made the effort, but the thin, bluish lids crept with a terrible labour only as far as the lower rim of the iris, the whites still gleaming through. He hadn't the strength left even to sleep. Not that sleeping or waking made much difference. Still, even that was something, and if she left him he might doze—

She went back to her own bed, lay on it fighting the numb weariness that had settled like a dead weight in every muscle. She knew that she had reached the limit of her own endurance. She had set herself to hold out until Tom arrived, and he had written that it would not be later than Christmas Eve, perhaps before if he could manage it, for he really was due for a long leave. It was his not coming that had broken her. It was as though she had stretched herself taut to bear just the limit of strain and the extra wait had caused her to crack.

She shivered as she thought of Tom's failing. It would be the end of Dicky. That one last spark of life left in the frail little body—his desire to see and romp with his father at Christmas—would be quenched; the dreadful listlessness that had held him since his illness would deepen. He would die.

Dr. Maule had left no doubt about that. "Unless we can rouse him we can do nothing, Mrs. Logan. He's just slipping downhill. Medical science is helpless if there's no will to live. His father might bring that back. The child's wanting him to be here at Christmas shows that there's just enough of the boy left to make a fight."

"Christmas has always been their great time together," Christine had said huskily. "Tom, my husband, is a great boy himself... with the toys and the romping... they're a pair."

"That's it. And with Christmas so near Dicky's just clinging to the memory." Dr. Maule said it so gravely that Christine knew what he meant by that "clinging."

# THE TURNING POINT

By  
Douglas Newton

It was Dicky's last, desperate hold on life. "If Mr. Logan comes that memory might be revived, into activity. It's not much, but it may be the turning point. I mean, once the little beggar set up and takes an interest in anything, youth should do the rest."

"And he is devoted to his father."

"That, too. I'm counting on that. There's nothing so remarkable as the swing back of children. Recoveries can be startling—but they need a focussing point. You're sure your husband will get leave?"

He said it in a way that told her that if Tom didn't then nothing could save Dicky, and she had answered passionately: "Oh, quite sure. Tom never falls us—never!"

That was true. Tom was always so splendid that way. He made it an article of faith to keep all promises—especially to Dicky. He would move heaven and earth to come, as he said he had, especially after she wrote again telling him all that Dr. Maule had said, urging him to come as early as possible. Before Christmas Eve if it could be managed. Knowing Tom, she had been sure he would do it. And yet he hadn't come. Hadn't even answered her.

Oh, whatever the reason, why hadn't Tom come, or word? With closed eyes she drove her clenched hands into her pillows, sending out her spirit in a passionate clamour to her husband, demanding his coming, commanding it with all her will before it was too late.

Exhaustion must have made her sleep. A thunder in her ears, a whirling of a bell, crashed through to her numbed senses; roused her, dazed and started. The knocking and ringing broke out again. She sprang up, ran through the flat to the door, terrified that Dicky might be frightened. It would be the postman, of course—Christmas Day was definitely here.

It wasn't the postman, but a telegraph boy with three messages. Two were in gay "Greetings" envelopes, the third—her heart jumped in fear as she took it and heard the boy's cheery "Happy Christmas, Ma'am," as he went away. A Happy Christmas! Happy! If that third telegram was from Tom as she dread.

Her hands shook as she forced her finger under its flap, and began to tear—and stopped.

Dicky had laughed.

Incredible. She stood rigid, startled, not believing her ears. But it had sounded like a laugh, weak, quavering, pitiful—but a laugh, it must be true. Joy as well as fear so unnerved her that she had to cling to the back of a hall chair, telling herself it just couldn't be. And as she clung Dicky laughed again.

It was true. True!

She flung the telegrams on to the hall table, ran stumbling to the bedroom door, pushed it open with a positive terror of hope weakening her. And again Dicky laughed.

She stood gasping, staring. Dicky's frail figure no longer made its terribly neat mound under the bedclothes. They were crumpled because he had managed to turn on his side. And he was looking up, the white, tight skin of his face puckered in a weak smile, and his eyes were no longer heavy and dull as he watched—Tom!

Tom sat beside Dicky's bed as though he had never been away. His very pose had that heartaching familiarity, the memory of which had strengthened her through every day and night of his absence. The frank boyishness that made him so akin to the boy in Dicky was alive in his

every movement and in his every feature, as he did something utterly ridiculous with Dicky's Christmas toys. Dicky gave a ready little chuckle, saw Christine, gasped out:

"Mummy, isn't Daddy a one?" Christine cried from a tight throat: "Tom, Tom, my dear. You got here?"

Her husband looked up, a queer, veiled, warning look, as though to say, "This is not our moment. Dicky alone counts." She heard his voice as in a dream, saying cheerfully:

"Didn't I promise this young fellow-me-lad that not even em-battled rhinosophants could keep me away from him and Christmas pudding?"

"Or—or crocolators," she heard Dicky gurgle with joy at Tom's use of their "secret" language. A frail and thin gurgle, yet already how different from his voice of a few hours ago. It was no longer flat and dead. It was alive.

She could only stand, swaying and staring and absolutely stupid under the flood of relief that filled her to the point of weeping.

"Oh, Tom, how? How?" she began. A silly thing to say. He'd slipped in while she was asleep, of course, using his key. Seeing her lying exhausted, he had left her undisturbed while he tip-toed into Dicky. That was his way—always so thoughtful, so quick to understand, so practical. She changed her question quickly to "When?"

"Hours an' hours an' hours ago," Dicky's voice ecstatically answered for him. "An' terrible dis-sip—he's awful strict, too. Made me sleep first. Toys only after we'd got rid of our Christmas Eve sleep, just like you said. Mums, can I have a drink of milk?"

"Milk, my dear. At once!" she gasped. "Tom—that's the first time he's asked for something for weeks."

"When we men get together there's nothing we can't do," Tom chuckled. "Ain't it so, Goliath?"

Tom's face, so wise, so steady, so strong, smiled at her, telling her that everything was all right now, yet warning her to behave as though all this was ordinary. What a difference his mere presence made. Even his way of taking things for granted carried Dicky over difficult moments.

When she brought the milk, eased Dicky up with an arm about his shoulder, he turned his head away from the cup as he had always done in the past trying days. But now, under Tom's eye, he caught him back, muttered, "Daddy." He wanted Tom to give him his drink.

"Oh never," Tom said cheerfully. "Milk's the nurse's job all ways—that's the way of it son. It's up to a man to drink. . . . Down with it, monster."

Dick grinned in wan feebleness but drank, not much, but willingly. Instead of the long struggle of coaxing. She let the thin little figure softly back on to the pillows, looking at Tom with unspeakable gratitude.

"And you, my dear," she whispered. "You must be hungry, too."

"Had all I want already," he smiled. "But get something yourself. I and my motor mechanic here have a particularly nutty race game that calls for the deepest attention. . . ."

His glance said: "Leave this to me. I'm the tonic this young man needs. Go and rest and make yourself pretty, and worry no more."



After that he wanted to play with Tom again, and Tom persuaded her to go and rest. It seemed selfish of her, but Dicky was so entirely centred on Tom, was so manifestly improving, while she was still so terribly weary that she gave in. She shut herself in her room to sleep until tea time—and woke at seven.

She could not believe the clock at first, and when she did she hurried into Dicky's bedroom overwhelmed with contrition. It was dark, there was no sound in it except Dicky's breathing. She called "Tom" softly, but there was no answer. She clicked on the screened night lamp, and saw he wasn't there.

Sure that he had taken the chance to stretch his legs while Dicky slept, she was not even upset when she found he was not in the flat. She merely busied herself getting dinner ready—when, at least, they would be together. Her ear on the alert for any sound of his coming back or Dicky's awakening, and when she heard the boy move she went into him.

She heard him yawn, a delicious, natural yawn. He said in something of his old voice: "I'm terrible hungry—Can I have something—an' a big drink—?"

"Of course dear—what would you like?"

"Cake, an' chicken and—almost anything. Daddy says I've got to eat like a trooper, so's to be quite well when he comes again."

"Comes again?" she gasped.

"Comes really," he said quite calmly. "This was only a sort of pretend time, you know."

"Pretend," she caught herself up to say as naturally as she could, "Daddy's gone then?"

"Had to be back," Dicky said. "But he'll be here again quite soon, an' there's no need about worrying; it'll be for a longer and gorgeouser time then and real."

"Real?" she gulped, yet Dicky didn't seem light-headed, more normal than ever in fact. She switched on the room light. He was more normal. As Dr. Maule had said, Tom's coming had made all the difference—only what did he mean by "real" or by Tom's going back like this?

She glanced wildly round the room, and the first thing she saw was the plate of cold chicken she had cut for Tom's lunch. It was where she had set it on an occasional table—and it hadn't even been touched. She remembered then that she hadn't seen his hat or coat in the hall—no visible sign of him at all, except himself—and she hadn't touched him. And as she grasped the strangeness of it all she remembered the telegram she hadn't opened. With a gigantic effort to master her dread she said to Dicky:

"I'll see what secrets the larder has for you," and went out into the hall, snatching the telegram from the table, bursting it open. It was from a hospital, it read:

Regret to say husband, T. Logan, met with accident; not serious but will prevent taking his leave for some weeks.

Cradley, M.D.

At that same moment Robin Cradley was saying to a nursing sister as he stood by a hospital bed: "Ah, he's coming out of it—he slept all day, I suppose?"

"Like a child, doctor."

"No dreams, you think?"

"None as far as I could tell, and I watched for them, knowing how wrought up he was over that boy of his."

"Yes, I think he would have been in bad case if I hadn't given him that sleeping draught—I only hope his wife got my wire in time to prepare the boy against disappointment. Hallo, Logan, had a good rest?"

"Splendid, been with Dicky all day."

"Eh?" blinked Dr. Cradley. "A dream—"

"Dream, be hanged, it was— He caught sight of the nurse's uniform, switched his eyes in surprise over the hospital surroundings. By jove—perhaps it was—and yet so real—"

"You look better for it, anyhow," the doctor hastened to say. Tom Logan looked at him in a strange way. "Yes," he said. "Yes, I feel better—I feel that the boy will be all right now, has turned the corner. Quiet, but I feel that in my bones—"

With a singing heart she went back to her room, bathed and dressed with all the slow luxury that had been denied her during her spell of anxiety. Ate a real breakfast at last. Every now and then she stopped to listen to Dicky's voice. It seemed stranger every time, and it was certainly more animated. Tom was wonderful. He had justified all her hope and trust. He had kept his promise, and Dicky was going to get well.

He played quietly, gently, understandingly with all the toys, never exciting the child. He knew exactly when to stop and what to do when he did. She slipped in in mid-morning with a suggestion about not over exerting Dicky, to find Dicky placidly lying on his back, both his small hands in Tom's big brown one, his face serene and listening. Before she could speak Tom said:

"We are about to travel, per flying back to Africa, where the Bush-bird hunt lions in a strange and dangerous manner. . . . which means that this is the moment for me to go out and get a spot of fresh air rather than be involved in a purely male if not cannibalistic episode."

His eye winked sagely, then his head drooped and his lids closed over his eyes, and she knew that he meant to tale-tell Dicky to sleep, as he had so often done in the past. She blew both heartfelt kisses and went out breathing the good air as she had not hoped to breath it again.

It was glorious out. She strolled in the park with a sense of delicious freedom. She was even able to take her first peep at the snops, or what the Christmas shopping had left in the unshuttered ones. She knew everything was going to be right and it was. When she got back Dicky was asleep, really deeply and soundly asleep, breathing normally and with a colour already showing in his face.

She wanted to hug Tom for that and everything, but his glance warned her. Dicky's spindly fingers were gripped tight on his hand, any movement might wake him. She made a mocking grimace:

"Horrible imp—he comes between us—We haven't said how-do-you-do, or talked—"

"Plenty of time for that, my dear later—and it'll be better for making to-day all Dicky's."

"I know," she breathed. "Oh, Tom, you don't know what your coming has meant to me—us."

"I'm not beyond guessing," he smiled.

"And—and I was afraid you mightn't come."

"I'd made up my mind to come," he said. "Nothing could have stopped me—Nothing on earth."

Dicky stirred a little then, his eyes warned her and she fled for fear her voice and presence would spoil the magic. Singing gently she began to prepare lunch.

They had a picnic lunch in the bedroom. Dicky did not want to miss a moment of his father, and, anyhow, it was a joy to them both to see him eat. Yes, he actually wanted to eat, little bits of chicken and jelly with the beginnings of a boy's appetite. They could scarcely give attention to their own food: It was such a great moment.



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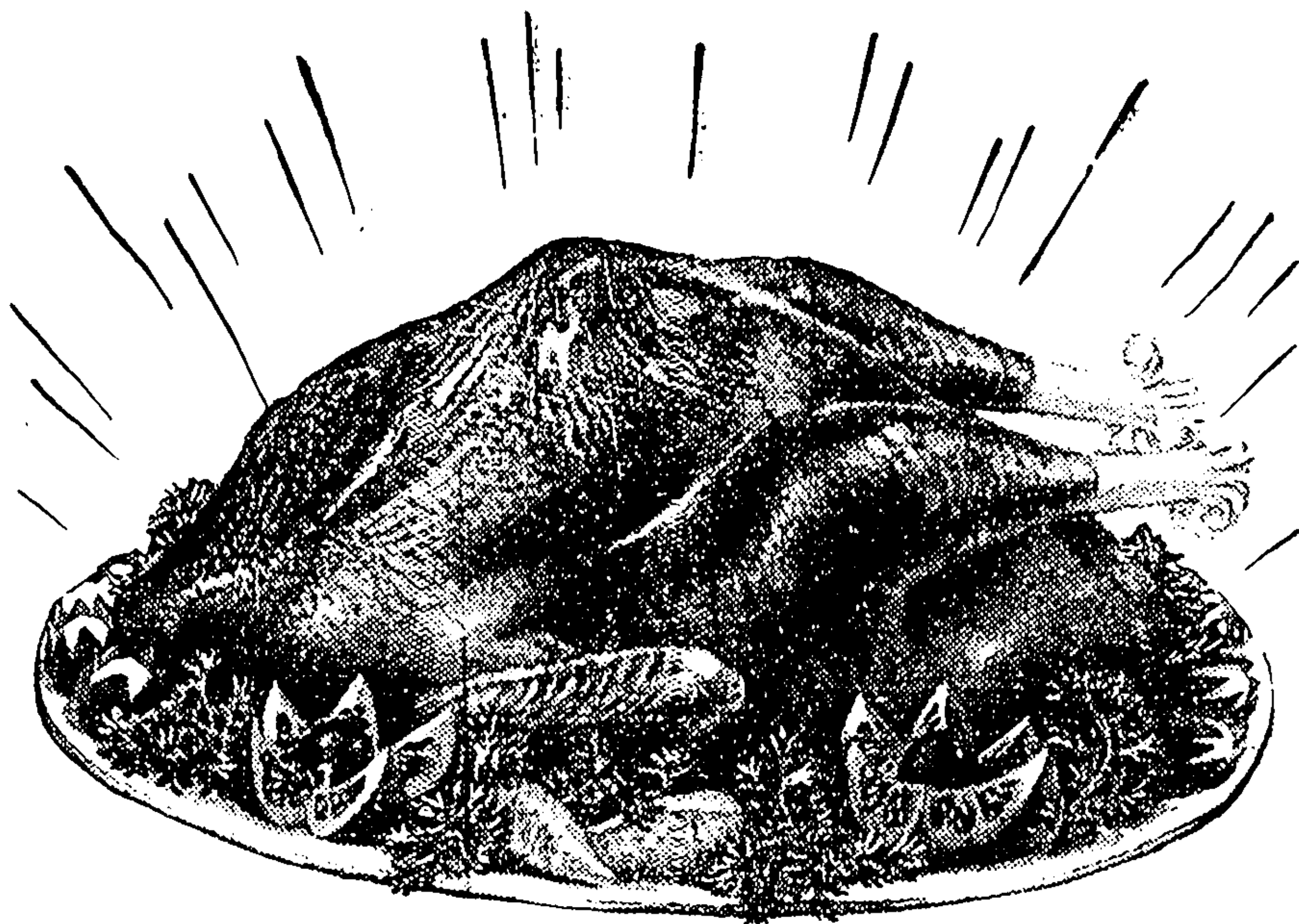
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# FANCY FROCKS FOR PARTY FROLICS



BY DORIS MARY DAVY

THIS is the time to talk of the jolly parties and fancy dress parties. We shall all soon be enjoying, or perhaps you have started the gayest of seasons?

It is fun to think out ideas for parties and ingenious costumes. So, to our theme, we shall want such a cosy party. We are sure to feel jolly and light-hearted on these dazzling, festive occasions. The delightful ballads in all their vivid colourings, Japanese lanterns, streamers, and crackers, not to mention the table with the marvellous spread of food cake and every imaginable size and colour, all help to make the party a most enjoyable time.

The first sight of the Christmas tree with the adorable tiny doll which sits so charmingly on the branch bough makes you sigh and wish it were yours. So near, yet so far, is the Noah's Ark which would keep one very quiet for hours. When the tiny candles are light, perhaps done with small coloured electric bulbs, they twinkle like thousands of nodding stars.

## We're Growing Up

What an adorable DUTCH GIRL a big sister will make. She is fat and rather plump and will fit into the picture beautifully. Her dress of striped cotton is very full and is gathered to the tight little bouce. A band of white trims the square neck and sleeves. The white cotton apron is trimmed

with strips of vivid colours and patches, and these patches also adorn the skirt. A fetching little



Dutch Girl

cap is worn, and long plaits and elogs should complete this costume.

## Laden With Tinsel

Silver tinsel makes a pretty finish to the tree when it is draped from branch to branch, and a few glass witch balls of bright colours are also delightful. Crackers and tiny bags of sweets bring

joy to small girls and boys.

You may have many ideas of what you would like to wear, but here are a few illustrations which will help to bring you up to date. They are all inexpensive and easy to make at home. A few could be evolved from clothes you already have, should you have a last-minute invitation and no fancy costume to hand.

## As A Milkmaid

A dainty little MILKMAID is an attractive character, whether you are dark or fair, so long as you have rosy cheeks. Then you can portray a fresh little maid all ready for work in the dairy with her stool and pail.

A charming sunbonnet and frock of cotton printed with a tiny pink flower, or leaves on a white background will look fresh and pretty with a white apron of cotton or organdie to finish the picture.

A few may not have time to make a fancy dress, but you may remember you had a frock and sunbonnet last summer. That is the very thing. A tiny apron could be borrowed and a small stool and pail can easily be bought at a store.

## Oriental Splendour

The PERSIAN LADY reminds one of the alluring East. It would be an exciting creation for some little girl. This jacket is of green velvet trimmed with broad gold and thus it would wear a white blouse. The trousers are of yellow gauze with large colour bands sewn on at intervals and a wide striped sash swans the waist. The turban is of the same green as the trousers.

The shoes can always be hired at a fancy dress store and the costume will be found very comfortable and easy to dance and romp in, and it is very simple and inexpensive to make at short notice.

## For Cheeky Sons

The cheeky COOLIE BOY feels comfortable and jolly in his decorative costume which consists of a magyar sateen tunic of white over yellow sateen shorts. The wide sleeves are lined with yellow and the tunic is bound with scarlet. The yellow sateen plaque on his chest is decorated with Chinese letters in black. Poster paint was used for this, and the attractive little coolie hat is in canvas or straw. Mother or sister could make this costume in a very

short time.

Sweet Seventeen in her dazzling youthfulness should easily find a costume which is charming, sweet and fresh. A bouquet of flowers is as fresh as the morning dew, and what better idea for a fancy costume could anyone conceive. The bodice is a mass of multi-coloured flowers sewn over a cotton foundation. The skirt is made of white Cellophane or net, and round the waist is tied an enormous bow of satin ribbon. On her hair she might wear a long nosegay of flowers, fresh ones would be charming.

## Such Mixed Company

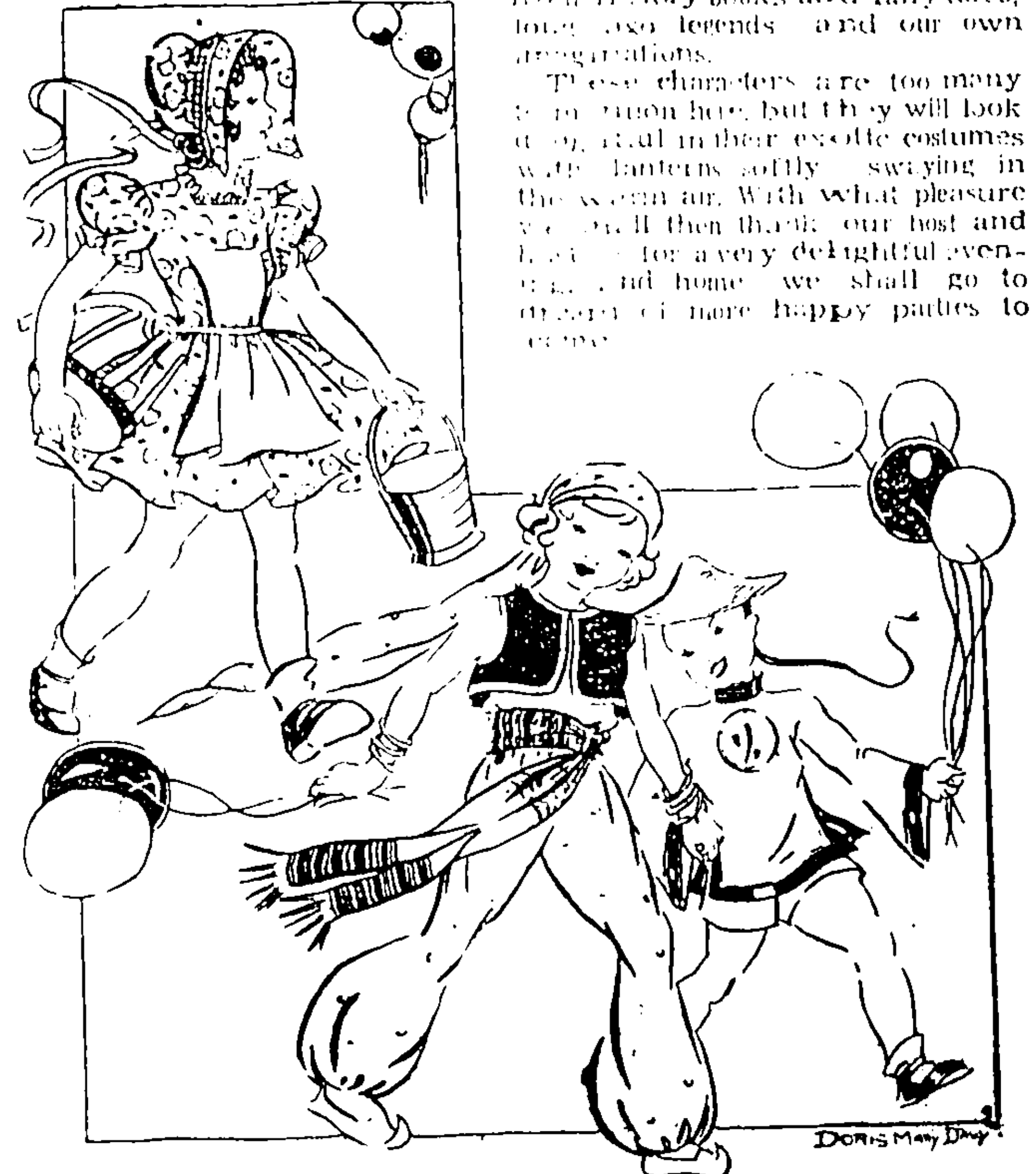
There is sure to be a galaxy of colours in the party. The parade will show Polish peasants, Costers, Persian ladies, Colliers, Mexican girls, Argentine dancers, Tyrolean peasants and pirates, Serenitas and R. I. Indians, Victorian ladies, and Caucasians with hundreds of other characters which have appeared



Bouquet of Flowers

in our story books and fairy tales, from our legends and our own imaginations.

These characters are too many to mention here, but they will look so jolly in their exotic costumes with lanterns softly swaying in the warm air. With what pleasure we shall then thank our host and hostess for a very delightful evening, and home we shall go to dream of more happy parties to come.



Milkmaid

Persian Lady

Coolie Boy

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I WENT Christmas shopping this morning, a long list in my hand.

First, something for Jane; she's not quite two. A bit too young for books and dolls; she lives in her own dynamic world where things appear to happen not wisely but too well. She makes patterns on the carpet with the contents of the coal-box; or finding Mother's handbag she tips the



Something for Jane, she's not quite two.

family finance piece by piece on to the floor.

All this because she's at the age when she feels the urge to fill and

empty; and, of course, investigate till further orders, for how can she otherwise find out all the things in a vastly intriguing world which she wants to know?

So let's get her something that will let her fill and empty, and something that she may make patterns with, avoiding painful retribution.

#### Lessons For Fingers

A bag of large, bright wooden balls with holes drilled through their waists, which she can thread upon a stick. They're a good idea; she can fill and empty boxes with them, too. Or a set of wooden nestboxes; she can fill the big one with the smaller ones, in their successive sizes, then tip them out and start again. She can build a tower with them, too; and if she knocks it over—well, she'll be just as pleased to make another!

Another good idea is a trolley with wooden cylinders to fit in little holes, and bright cupped balls to fit like heads upon the cylinders. Six little soldiers to pull around with her until she's tired, and then be knocked to pieces!

She enjoys a bit of destruction now and then; it gives her a sense of power in an adult-controlled world. Well, these are things she

can destroy whenever the spirit moves her.

And she won't know that every time she fits the bits together again her fingers are having one



She'll enjoy washing them occasionally.

more lesson in control. But her mother will.

John is three. He likes things to make. His fingers are still quite small, and they won't always do exactly what he wants them to; but still, he likes to try.

#### Give Him A Hammer

He can join parts together; not with real nails or screws, of

course, but wooden pegs are easy. He'd like a box of bricks with holes and pegs to fit them, and a hammer to fix the parts together. The things he'll make won't look like anything we recognise for a bit, but that doesn't matter. It's the fitting and hammering that he'll enjoy, because he needs it.

He won't tire of it easily, either; at his age he always wants to be making something. Every time he fits the parts together his fingers become a shade more skilful, and his brain associates cause and effect more easily.

Jigsaws and picture blocks are good for him, too. If the pictures are good and recognisable, and the parts large enough for his little fingers to control, he'll play with them for hours.

Cynthia is four. She loves dolls, of course. She'd like a set of doll's clothes to put on and take off; she'll enjoy washing them occasionally, too. A time will come when she won't be anxious to do anything so useful, so we'll make the most of it, and teach her while she wants to learn!

She's starting school quite soon. She knows her letters; by the sound, of course, not by name. We can buy for her a box of loose letters with which she can build her own little words.

And Jimmy? Well, he's at school; he started in September. The problem with him is the resting-time after his midday meal. For food subjected to immediate and perpetual motion must inevitably lead to Trouble; but quite certainly he will lie low and say nuffin' only if he's got plenty to do.

He can make patterns by plaiting strips of coloured paper, or fit bright balls on a holed black background into a mosaic design. He can have pictures of ships and castles and all sorts of exciting things on cards, with holes at half-inch intervals along the outline, and, with a blunt raffia needle and rainbow wool, watch his own coloured picture grow.

And when he says: "But what



Swings provide exercise.

can I do?" the answer will be in the cupboard!

#### Those Soldiers

We preach peace and practice war. For Saturdays and holidays there are always forts and armies; and guns and pistols are very dear to a small boy's heart. We may lament the warlike tendencies of our sons. But man has fought and hunted for the preservation of his race since the beginning of Time; and the instinct to prize his weapons is passed on to each generation.

There are toys, too, for physical development. Motors, fairy-cycles, swings—all provide exercise and make the children grow. They keep them warm and out in the fresh air when winter weather prohibits ordinary playing out of doors.

They are of tremendous value, too; the elements of balance are so easily learned in early years, when a tumble here and there is part of the fun, and doesn't really matter. This is a very real job of work these toys can do, if the children may develop a sense of security without the admonition of that black-edged voice: "Take care." Unless of course it's absolutely necessary.

Christmas shopping on these lines is tremendous, you'll find. And not expensive, either.



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"WHAT shall we do?" One often hears this question during a Christmas house party. Christmas, after all, is a time when everybody wants to be enjoying themselves and doing something, and if you have a good fund of tricks and teasers, a few games, and some posers up your sleeve, you have every reason to hope for a truly merry time.

It is a good idea to be ready with something to interest and amuse your guests almost from the moment they arrive. For example, if you want a good "warming-up" item, you could not do better than to write the name of each guest expected on a small piece of paper or a slip of card. Put all the cards into a hat or bowl and duly mix them up. As the guests arrive see that they are given one of the names—not their own, of course!—then instruct them to find the person whose name they have on the paper.

Quite soon, they will all be saying, "Are you Mr. Brown?" or more familiarly "is this charming girl Peggy by any chance?"—and the like. This is an excellent idea when a number of strange people get together and it is surprising how soon everybody will be friends.

It's a good notion to have a simple little teaser at hand to interest people while waiting for the Jones or Smiths (who are always late). Consider this

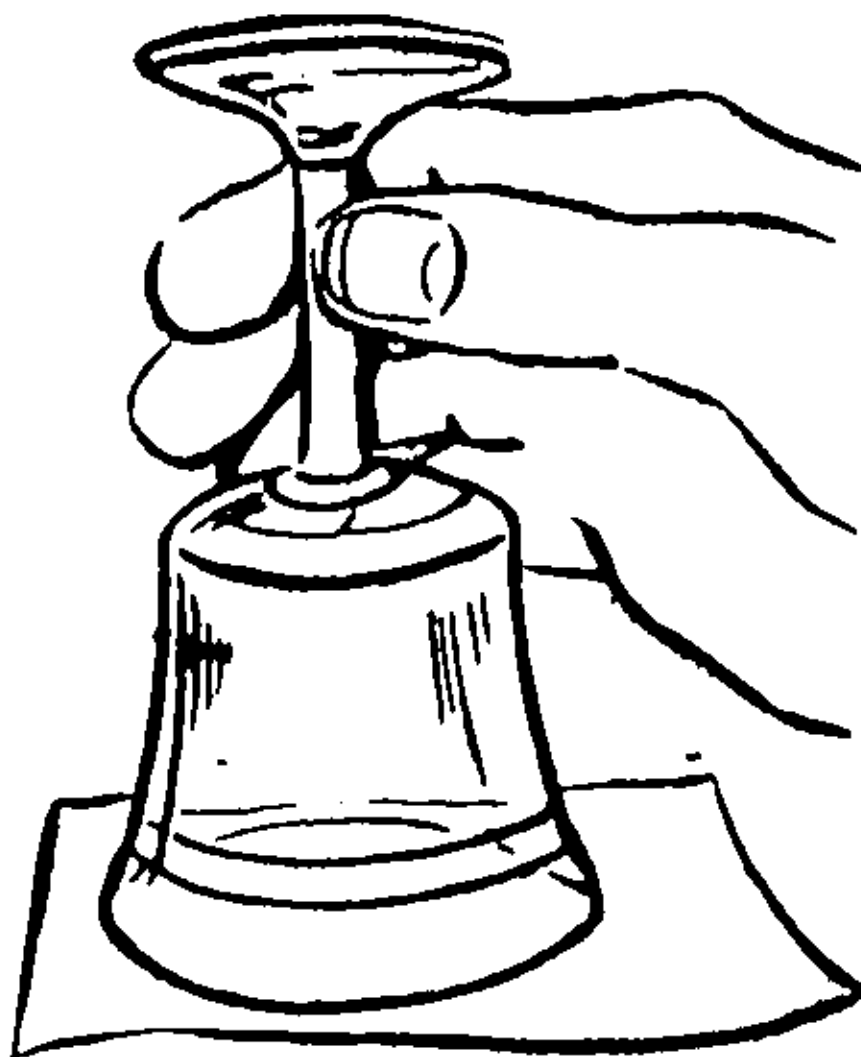
### Money Teaser

For this item a handful of pennies is needed, and the idea is to ask people to say how many pennies, placed one on top of the other, would be necessary to make a stack one inch high.

Of course, a ruler must be ruled out, and don't let anyone start experimenting with a halfpenny, as that measures one inch across. All sorts of numbers will be ventured, and most folk will be surprised to know that it takes fifteen

pennies to make that one-inch pile.

While talking of tricks, an ingenious after-dinner one is trying to turn a wineglass, which is full of water, upside down. The object being to keep the water in the glass, of course.



Water Stays Inside.

If you value that clean tablecloth, or maybe the carpet, don't let anyone forestall the effectiveness of your trick by a few experiments. Simply fill the glass right to the brim and then take a

sheet of glazed paper—notepaper will do—and place it on top of the glass. Press the paper firmly with one hand and invert the glass steadily with the other. Your guests—and maybe you as well!—will be surprised to see that the paper adheres to the glass when your hand is removed, and lo, you are holding a wineglass of water upside down, as promised.

While on the subject of tricks, another one that earns full marks for the person with a steady hand is—

### Knotting The Cigarette

Invite the company to tie a knot in a cigarette, but without breaking it in any way. This is where you get out that box of smokes that Aunt What-Was-Her-Name sent you the Christmas before last (it's a good way of disposing of them). It should not come as a surprise to you that unless they know the trick everyone will fail. That is where you step right in and collect that applause.

Beforehand you should have saved several pieces of Cellophane wrapping from cigarette boxes and the like. Select a piece of this Cellophane and wrap it round the cigarette firmly several times, leaving a margin of one inch at either end of the cigarette. Now twist the Cellophane ends slightly, making sure to keep the whole thing quite taut, and you will find that you can gradually turn the whole affair into a knot and duly tie it.

Of course, by means of clever lighting effects and a certain sleight-of-hand, you might be able to persuade the company that the trick was performed without Cellophane even.

It is hardly likely that anyone will receive a Christmas card such as you see here. The circumstances seem to be, however, that in Furitania the Reigning Fury stopped even the sending of Yuletide wishes, so that many of the inhabitants were forced to use cards in code. An example is shown here, and although it didn't deceive the secret-service organisation of the country concerned, it may baffle you for a few minutes.

The code was formed by making one letter of the alphabet stand for another. See if you or your guests can decipher the greeting. It would be a good idea to put up a prize for the first one getting the message right, wouldn't it?



Queer Card.

And talking of prizes, here's an excellent scheme if you want a good party competition. Lay in a stock of ordinary wire pipe-cleaners and give three to each person entering the competition. Competitors are instructed to make the most interesting or amusing object they can by twisting and joining the three pipe-cleaners. They must not be cut in any way, and, for the sake of fairness, all three cleaners must be used in each "creation."

### Christmas Charity

Now, try this seasonable problem. It concerns a certain charitable gentleman who took 100 children to a pantomime. He obtained seats for some of the children at 1s. 6d. each, and the

others were accommodated at 1s. per head. The total cost was £6 17s. 6d. Can you work out how many children sat in each of the two kinds of seat? If that one beats you for the time being carry on with this picture-puzzle.

To solve it, write down the three words which the pictures illustrate and use them, together with the other two letters in the puzzle, to spell the name of rather a busy person just now. All the letters must be used.

And here is another good party novelty! Have you ever seen

### A Needle That Floats

Believe it or not, such an apparent impossibility can be achieved. Like most other things there is a catch in this one. The "effects" comprise a bowl of



Who Is This?

water, a needle, and a piece of cigarette paper. First of all, you rest the needle on the piece of cigarette paper, and then place that very gently on top of the water in the bowl. Gradually the paper will absorb water and then slowly sink. But, don't be alarmed, the needle is left floating on the surface of the water, and you take your bow as an obvious magician.

Another effective trick is performed with a candle and matches. A half-used candle is preferable, and the whole affair looks much better in a darkened room. Place the candle on a table and light it, introducing some cross-patter while the wick gets well warmed. Ask someone to come and blow out the candle, after which you inform the company that you can relight it without actually touching the wick.

In fact, you say that the feat will be performed by holding the lit match, and so, above the candle. The secret is to have the match lit and ready to hold in that position immediately the candle is blown out, because gases will mingle with the smoke as soon as the candle is out, and these rise up to the match which relights them. The flame runs down the column of smoke to the wick. Be careful not to risk spoiling this trick by a draughty room.

### A Games Drive

Have you ever thought what good fun can be had from a few simple guessing competitions, and the like, worked in the form of a progressive test? It is really good fun and interesting for your guests, especially if there is a prize to be won at the end.

This item needs a little preparation beforehand. About a dozen different items will be wanted, although these can be varied according to the number of your party and the time you wish the "turn" to last. Arm each guest with a pencil and paper and tell them that there are, say, twelve tasks for them to do, and they must write the result of each one on their answer papers as they complete it.

No doubt you will have all sorts of clever ideas of your own as to what tests to impose, but here are a few to show you the sort of things that prove effective.

See how many grains of rice can be extracted from a deep bowl, in half a minute, by means of two knitting needles.

Give twelve (or more) letters on cards, all mixed up, and ask competitors to make the longest word they can from these. Award points according to the number of letters used.

Fill up a glass jar with peas and invite the "victims" to guess how many there are in the jar.

Measure up a yarn or so of string, roll it up into a bit of a tangle, and ask its length.

Make up a sort of mystery parcel, in which some object is wrapped in cloth and tissue paper and tied with string. Competitors have to feel the parcel only and try to guess the object it contains.

See who can make the highest score with three darts.

and so on! No doubt you will all have much more clever ideas, but remember that very often the simpler the idea the more it appeals. If you make them too complicated it will take longer for the games to warm up. In deciding upon the winner, you should give points for each item, and then award the prize (or prizes) to the highest totals.

And, by the way, do you happen to know the difference between a wife and an income-tax collector? In case you don't the answer is fifty—you see, an income-tax collector only takes your money twice a year, whereas a wife "collects" fifty-two times per annum.

Now for another puzzle. It is quite an easy one really, and the idea is simply to replace each row of asterisks below with a seasonable word. If the right words are selected you will be able to read off eight four-letter words in each of the down columns thus formed.

\* \* \* \* \*  
A O E H A A I T  
\* \* \* \* \*  
S T S W S L Y W

And now, if by any chance you want to win some money, or at least be on the right side of things, here is

### A CERTAIN WINNER

For this item you require 24 match-sticks and a willing victim.

You invite your opponent to enjoy a little game of matchstick grabbing, and before the game starts even, you can tell him he is going to lose.

The rules of the game are simply these: each player takes it in turn to remove from the pile of 24 matches either one or two sticks at each turn. More than one or two sticks at each go must not be removed, but whether it is one or two is entirely at the player's option. The winner is the person who removes the last match or matches from the table.

Supposing your opponent goes first and takes one match you must then take two; should he have taken two matches, however, you must take one only. Knowing this trick you will realise that the matches are removed in threes and therefore you must win the game. If you should go first, take only one match, and if your opponent takes one, you take one again, and then follow on in the ordinary way, making sure that each pair of moves adds up to three.

You will find that whatever moves your friend makes, keeping these simple rules in mind, you will always win the game by taking the last match or matches on the table.

And now finally. Each letter in the following sum stands for a figure and the first stage of the sum is multiplication and the second addition. Curiously enough, as you can see, the final answer is the reverse of the number you start with.

G Y C B R A L N T

T N L A R B C G Y

T N L A R B C G Y

Now then, can you puzzle out which figures the letters stand for?

The Mystic Greeting: "Here's wishing you a truly merry Christmas."

Christmas Charity: 75 at 1/6 and 25 at 1/-.

Picture Puzzle: Father Christmas.

Word Puzzle: Presents and Yuletide.

Sum:  
123456789 times 8 plus  
9=987654321.

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WE all like to have our fortune told at Christmas time. Although we may look upon it just as party fun, it is always interesting to hear what the future has in store for us, and the guest who can tell fortunes is likely to be the most popular person at the party.

But although it is thrilling to have your fortune told in detail, waiting your turn is apt to become tedious, especially where there are a large number of guests. A much better plan for the party hostess who wants to keep everyone happy at once is to have some fortune-telling games in which everyone can "have a go."

Here are some ideas for fortune-telling which are sure to go down well at your next party. You can play them all with things you are sure to have about the house, and the methods are so simple that you can pick them up in five minutes.

### Keeping Company

Would you like to know what friends you are going to make in 1941? Then take from a pack of playing cards all the court cards—that is, the ace, king, queen and knave of each suit, 16 cards in all. The rest of the pack is not required.

Remove from the pack of 16 the card representing yourself or the "subject" whose fortune you are telling, choosing it as follows:

King of Hearts represents a young, fair man, King of Diamonds an older, fair (or grey-haired) man, King of Clubs a young, dark man, King of Spades an older, dark man. Queen of Hearts represents a young, fair woman, Queen of Diamonds an older, fair (or grey-haired) woman, Queen of Clubs a young, dark woman, Queen of Spades an older, dark woman.

Draw three cards, face downwards from the remaining ones, add the "subject" to these, shuffle, and turn up. By noting the details

below, you can foretell the company you will keep in the coming year.



FIG. 1

Kings and Queens have the meaning already given. In addition, King's frequently suggest people of authority or superior social standing. All Knaves indicate a slight "spot of bother." Black Knaves (and also black Queens) suggest gossip or slander; red Knaves show flirtations, or people in uniform (perhaps a policeman stopping your car, or a postman bringing your income-tax form!).

Ace of Diamonds means money, Ace of Hearts love and affection, Ace of Clubs work and progress, Ace of Spades slight obstacles or else a change of circumstances.

Two examples are shown in Fig. 1, from which you will soon learn to forecast an interesting fortune. In each case a cross indicates the "subject." Miss Blonde, for instance, is likely to have a flirtation, or perhaps a dark woman causing gossip about her, but the Ace of Hearts shows that she will find the right man before long. Her dark-haired brother or boy friend, however, as shown in the second example, is all set for a good year in the world of business. Money and promotion is promised by the two aces, while the King of Spades suggests an influential friend who will help to create this happy state of affairs.

### Dart Board Fortune

Every home has a dart-board nowadays, and when you grow tired of the ordinary way of playing try fortune-telling instead. For this, take no notice of the numbers, but let the four main divisions on the board indicate four aspects of life, as shown in Fig. 2, respectively money, home, work and travel. If you cannot remember these four, write them on slips of paper, and fix to the board with drawing-pins.

Each person throws three darts, either aiming definitely at a particular spot, or letting each dart take its chance. If a dart goes off the board, you may have another throw. When all three have been placed, you can determine the

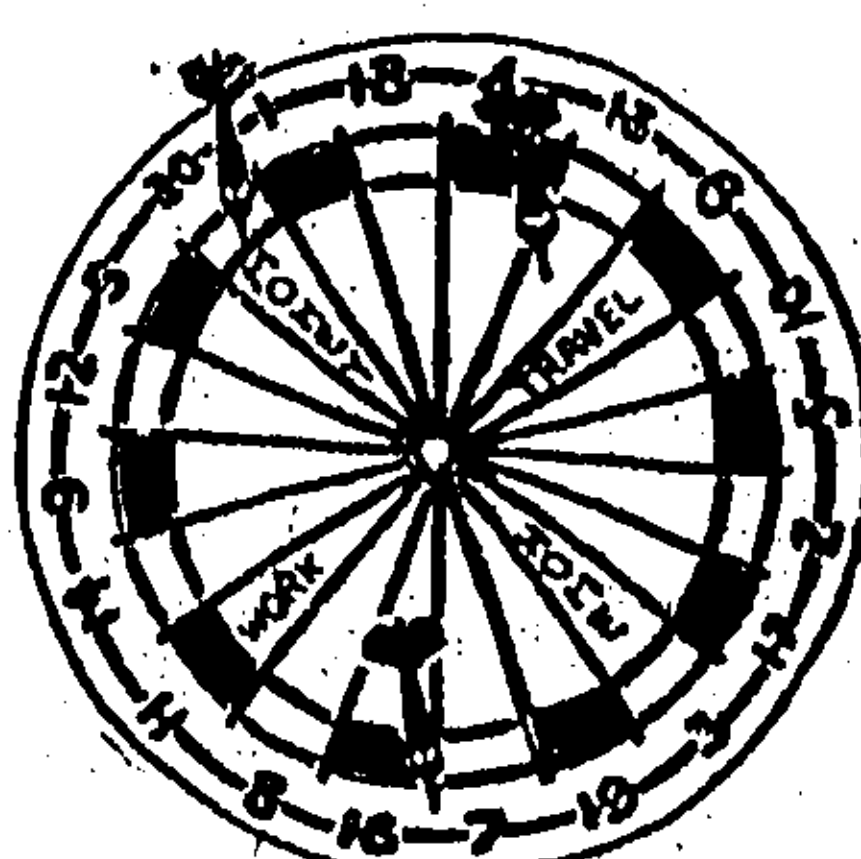


FIG. 2

"subject's" fortune from the following meanings.

A dart in any of the named spaces, good progress, happiness and success in that particular aspect of life. Either side of a space—changes and new schemes in that part of your life, but ultimately for the good. "Next door but one" to a space—difficulties and hindrances, which will make or mar your future according to the way you deal with them.

A dart in the centre is specially lucky, promising a good year all round. To score a "double" means a "double dose" of whatever the rest of the space indicates, whether good or bad, and similarly with a "treble." A dart in the outer rim of the board shows a rather "neither nor" year to come, with few changes and slow but steady progress. The position of the three darts shown in Fig. 2 may be translated in the following terms. This will be an exceptionally good year financially, with a promise of either a new home or an enjoyable holiday which opens new prospects. Your work and friends remain much the same, bringing happiness and quiet contentment.

### Spin A Coin

You need a chess or draughts board for this game, and a number of similar coins—one for each person. The coin will depend on the size of your squares. It should be fairly large in proportion to the squares, similar to the proportions shown in Fig. 3.

Everyone spins a coin, choosing different parts of the board. When

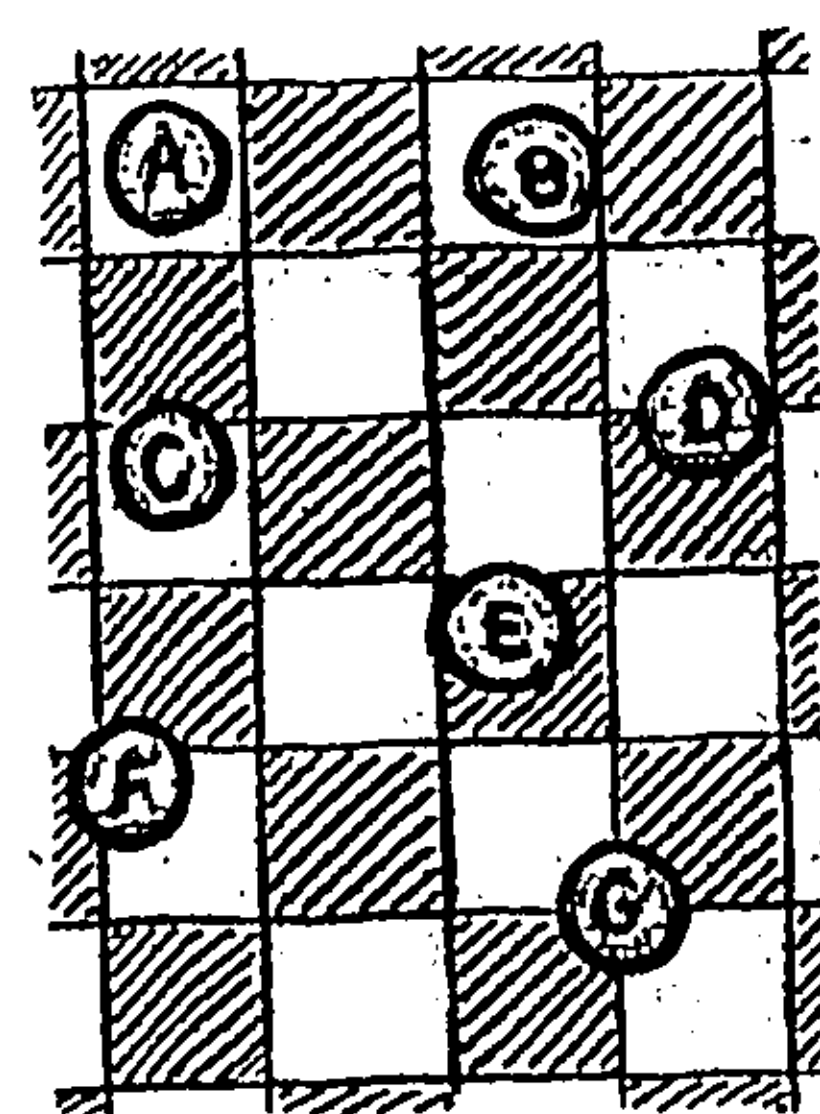


FIG. 3

all the coins are at rest on the board, your luck is forecast according to the positions explained below, and also shown in Fig. 3.

A.—In centre of square—home life and love affairs go smoothly. Make few changes this year.

B.—Irregularly placed within square—a new home or an addition to the family. Look for happiness this year within your home circle.

C.—Touching one line—unexpected happenings—slight promotion in business—small financial improvement, if at home.

D.—Centrally across one line—new friends or interests—new hobby or job.—Be ready to seize any opportunity which comes along.

E.—Touching two lines—you have to make decisions in the coming year—friends or events are pulling you in two different ways.

F.—Touching two lines and a corner—you will go places and do things this year—travel and excitement is in store for you.

G.—Centrally at junction of four squares—this is your lucky year—everything will go right for you. Providing you look before you leap, you are sure to leap in the right direction!

### Spills for Luck

Have a bundle of coloured spills about the house, those that men use to light their pipes. If you haven't you can buy a bundle for a copper or so, and they are just the things for fortune-telling.

They are usually in four colours—green, yellow, pink and purple. To each colour allot one of the aspects of your life, as for the dart-board method. The best arrangement is—green for travel, yellow for money, pink for home and friends, purple for work.

If your spills have a different assortment of colours from those stated here, you can substitute others to suite your purpose, providing that you always keep to the same ones.

Give each person twenty spills—five in each of the four colours. If you have sufficient spills, it is good fun to let everyone "spill their spills" together, giving each person a clear space on the floor. Mix your twenty spills well

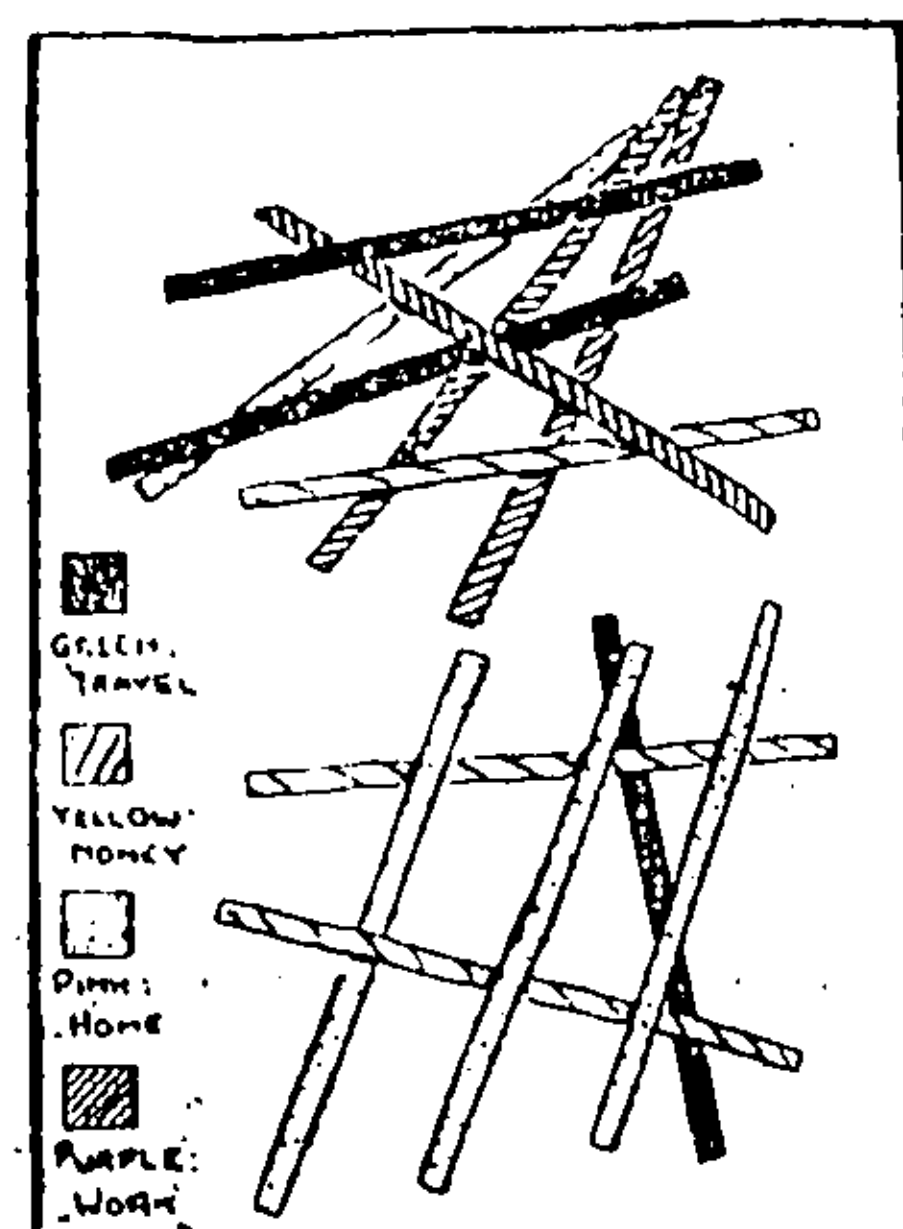


FIG. 4

together, hold them between your two hands at shoulder height, and let the spills drop gently to the floor. You will probably find that they have fallen in one or more small groups, with a few isolated spills lying apart.

Remove all the isolated ones, and if there is more than one group, remove all but the largest. This leaves one group of spills, containing only two or three, perhaps a dozen or so. The size of the group is unimportant.

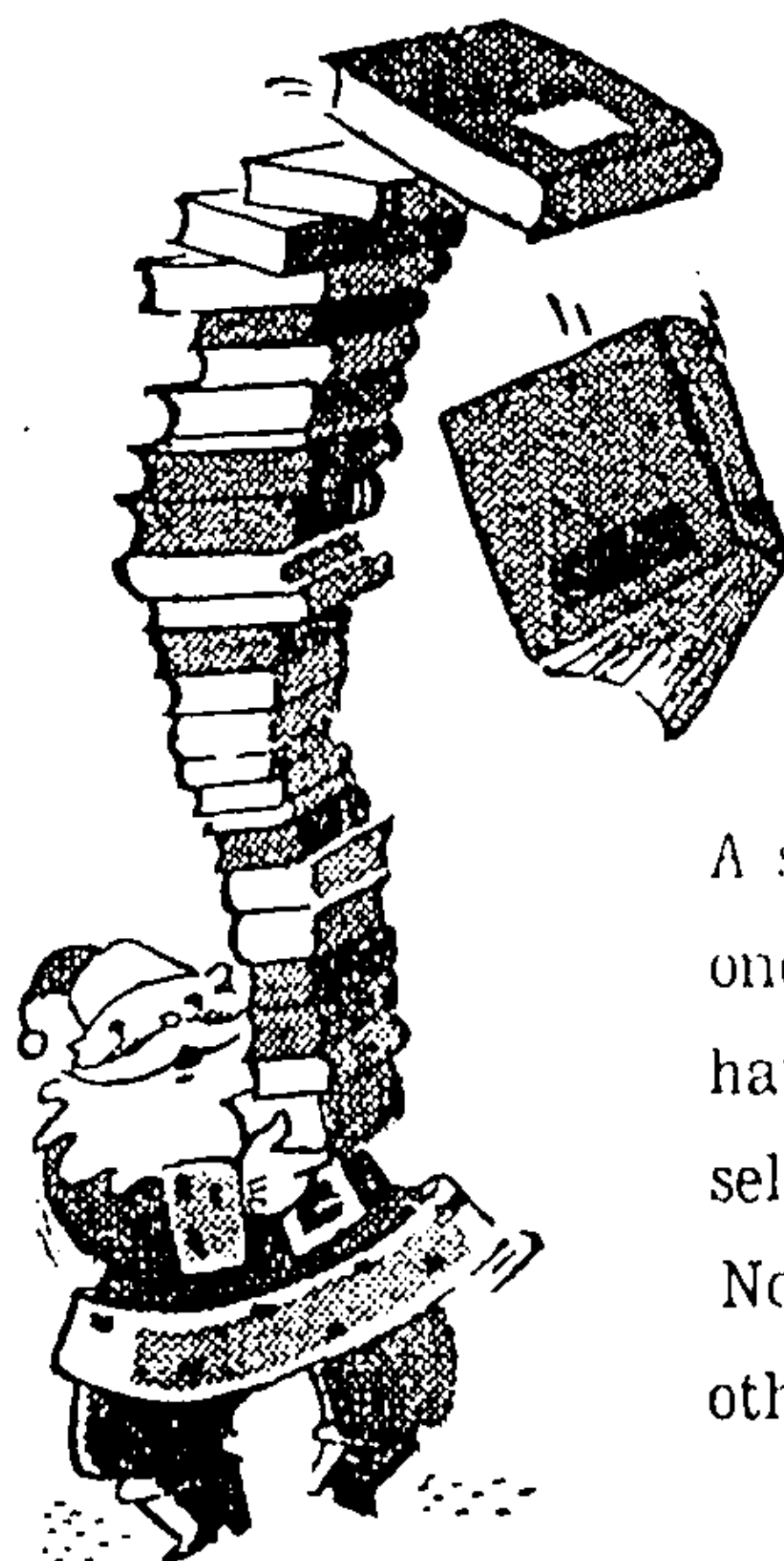
As you will readily see, many interesting facts can be forecast from the colours and position of the spills in the group. A large proportion of yellow ones suggests good financial prospects, several green ones suggest that you are "going places," and so on.

A very irregular group suggests a year full of unexpected happenings; where some kind of pattern is formed, your life will go according to plan.

Two examples are given in Fig. 4. The first shows good business prospects, with some journeys connected with your work, possibly unexpected ones. Take care not to let this work and travel upset your home life too much (note the one "home" spill beneath all the others). The second indicates a peaceful year with home and comfortable prospects in evidence.

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It is a mistake for people to have birthdays within a week or two of Christmas. Relatives, generally speaking, do not mind giving two presents a year at decent intervals, but when the two occasions are separated only by a few days, one of two things is bound to happen.

The kind uncle or aunt says, "Well, dear, as your birthday and Christmas are so close together I am going to buy you a very nice present to do for both."

And the present costs just about the same as the ordinary Christmas or birthday present would have cost. The only difference is that in the course of the year they weigh out once instead of twice. This is all very well for the uncle and aunt but very unfortunate for the nephew or niece.

I knew somebody—it was a girl of course—who got over the difficulty by declaring to all who were concerned, that, since she was so unfortunate as to be born on a Boxing Day, she intended to keep her birthday on the 28th of June. This gave everybody time to recover from having given one present before being called upon to make the next.

Stella Linklater had not thought of this, for in many ways she was a simple girl. That is to say, fairly simple and at least not grasping. Probably she did not notice her misfortune, at least it was not pointed out to her by those who made one present do for two.

But when she had just turned the corner of twenty and a young man fell seriously in love with her, he noticed the embarrassing circumstances if she didn't.

The young man was Norman Talland—one of those names which goes with a swing, and the owner thereof may be expected to perform all those deeds of chivalry and daring which are to be seen only on the pictures. But a name like that wants a lot of living up to.

When you're an underpaid clerk, with no pretensions to good looks, rather shy and all that, and inclined to freckle, you have a job to live up to a name like Norman Talland.

Our Norman Talland was too young to have served in the war, wretchedly poor at all games except chess, as plain as a home-made pie, of sound but not outstanding intelligence, and at heart as romantic as all your handsome fellows.

His people were dead. He had no living relative but a blind aunt who rather exaggerated when



was not in one of those "safe" jobs in which a man's salary increases every year until he retires on pension. The "safe" job may not appeal to the spirit of adventure, but no man with responsibilities can be happy in the thought that the next month's end may see him adrift on the becalmed sea of unemployment.

For Stella he was a most unsuitable suitor. Her parents liked him well enough as a man, but

Concerning him they had used that last word many times, and always gave it that emphasis which deserves the capital letter.

But, of course, Stella fell in love with him. She was the sort of girl who would—as if she did it for the sheer pleasure of annoying her people.

There was the usual family rumour. Norman, like the man he was, went straightforwardly to Papa and told him. Papa was stern and non-committal. No engagement, of course, until, as he vaguely expressed it, "matters improved." He was not born yesterday and he knew the folly of forbidding the young man the house, thereby investing him with the romantic glamour he seemed to lack.

No, he was welcome as a friend, but—he lingered lovingly over this useful little word—no engagement, at least not for the present. The situation as old as the hills, as you see, and as new as the latest edition of an evening paper to each such pathetic pair of lovers.

Christmas came, but although

Norman had put himself through a course of semi-starvation he had scraped only sufficient. With this he bought a manicure set, in return for which he intended to extract one half-penny from Stella. For they say that you must never "give" things which cut, in case the gift cuts friendship. That was all right for the Christmas present, but what about the birthday gift?

And then he noticed the escritoire in the window of the second-hand furniture dealers. It was a fine old piece of highly-polished oak, and even on that dull morning little focuses of light gleamed on its surface. What made him stop and look twice at a piece of furniture he could not afford to buy is one of those everyday mysteries of life.

The thought came to him that if he could only buy it Stella would have it in her own room and think of him every time she sat down to write her letters. Utterly beyond his wildest dreams of finance, of course, but the Good Fairy, straight out of one of the old tales, happened to be passing unseen and flicked our young friend with her wand.

Inspired by the magic touch he walked in and inquired the price in the large manner of one who can afford to be careless about money. The long-nosed dealer eyed him superciliously.

"Twenty-five pounds," he said. "That's a very fine piece. Came out of the sale of effects of the late Sir Oswald Brending, the shipping magnate."

Norman just saved himself from laughing aloud. Then the Good Fairy touched him again with the wand which works miracles.

"Look here," he said, "I haven't got £25, but I'd like that escritoire. What about 10s. down and 10s. a week until the payments end? I can give you the usual references."

The dealer scratched his head. He had had that escritoire on his hands for longer than he cared to think. Driven to bargain he would have taken £10 for it and been content with only a small profit.

"All right," he said, "I'll take that. I've seen you about here a lot. I know your address and I know who you are. I'll get you to sign a form and I'll give you a receipt for your first 10s. The man will be back in a few minutes, and I'll send it round at once."

Norman followed the man at a distance, saw him deposit the piece of furniture at its destination, sighed and went back. On his way he took out a cigarette. Then he thought twice, sighed again, and put it back in the packet. Couldn't afford to be rash with cigarettes now. He would smoke another in two hours' time, make it last 20 minutes—he had found that he could do that!—and start another one two hours afterwards.

On the Christmas night he was bidden to a party at the Linklaters. The parents could have done without him and not suffered in consequence, but had to ask him for Stella's sake that he went. She came out into the hall while he was taking off his coat, and frowned at him.

"You're a very bad lad!" she said.

"I know," he answered lightly. "That's what makes me so attractive. These very good men are all very well in their way, I suppose, but they're awfully dull. No ging-er."

"You know what I'm talking about."

"I don't—as usual."

"That writing-desk thing."

"Oh that? Sorry if you don't."

"Oh, darling, it was too sweet of you. But I'm angry because you couldn't possibly afford it."

"Been in my family for years."

George IV gave it to my great-grandfather, who happened to be one of his favourites."

She laughed and then frowned.

"Do you know what happens to wicked men who—er—don't tell"

(Continued on Page 23.)



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# WHY CHRISTMAS GHOSTS?

By MAURICE NOEL HENNESSY



It seems very strange that most writers of ghostly phenomena carefully avoid that all-important question: why do ghosts appear more at Christmas than at any other time of the year?

Ghosts are seldom seen on summer evenings, they always seem to choose the festive season, and in the telling of a ghost story, summer seems to lack the form that it has when told around a blazing fire, on a wild winter evening.

There appears to be no definite expression of opinion on the subject, but there are a few outstanding features of ghostly apparition, which give us a solution to the problem.

One of the main categories into which these spirits can be class-

fied is the Family Ghost. Spirits follow certain families, wherever they may be, and the circumstances and reputed causes of their appearance vary in nearly every instance. In certain families they appear to come as a warning against approaching death or evil; in others, they come annually as a kind of anniversary event.

In Scotland and Ireland, the type of ghost is most frequent, most of the spirit, and spirit stories that enhance the glamour of the Scottish highlands and the Irish valleys are of the family variety. Few of the Scottish families of repute are without their ghosts.

## Isn't It Natural?

On consideration, an excellent case for the appearance of the family ghost at Christmas can be made. Christmas is the great occasion for the gathering together of all the members of a family. From far and near people come to spend the festive season, in the bosom of their families. This fact in itself constitutes a feature of the old Christmas that is fast dying out, but nevertheless presents an interesting point of view.

Isn't it quite natural that in this family re-union, the members who have passed on should come back to the fold in order to be present at the family gathering. Perhaps the force of memory and the re-



The snow on a leafless tree makes very strange figures.

miniscences of the past have such psychological effect that imagination runs riot and ghosts are "seen."

Again, Christmas is the time of feasting and merrymaking, sometimes the latter is a little more than mere merrymaking. Red wine flows freely and often ghosts appear more often. Readers, draw your own conclusions. Have you ever seen a ghost after a night of Christmas revelry?

A rather interesting idea presents itself in this regard. The

Christmas of the past was also associated with snow on the ground; and like ghosts the snow is white. But, after all, why should ghosts be white, why could they not be blue or yellow or green. But then, there are green ghosts in Scotland, however.

To resume; the trees are bare in winter and the snow on a leafless tree makes very strange figures, indeed many a stout-hearted person has received a scare from a snow-covered limb before now. What then could be seen by someone whose vision is blurred by the good cheer of Christmas? Ghosts, ghosts, and more ghosts.

A more serious cause for Christmas Ghosts is, of course, religion, and here appears to be the most acceptable theory. The fact that the birth of Christianity is the real significance of Christmas and the fact that Christianity is the source of all things spiritual, presents an important viewpoint for the Ghost lover.

No doubt, much research would present a fine case for this, but at the moment the more obvious facts must be accepted. And these are that Christmas was, by the very nature of its beginning associated with supernatural things, and the modern tendency to see things in the same light is nothing more or less than a relic of the ancient forms of the festive season.

Ireland, that land of ghosts, presents a peculiar custom which is really the only one that offers an



Glamis Castle, whose ghost is probably the most famous.

explanation of the Christmas ghost. Away in the west of Connemara, in the poor peasants' cottages, there is a very strong belief that the Holy Family visit the homes of the peasantry. Consequently, they leave their doors wide open; leave a bright fire in the hearth and prepare the table for three. Of their very humble fare, they lay a generous quantity on the table.

Their belief is really amazing and if they do see spirits at Christmas time, they think nothing of it. They expect it rather than look on it as a faint possibility.

## Simple Explanations

Then again, spirits often manifest their presence in a variety of ways, for example the guttering of a candle, the hooting of an owl, peculiar ticking sounds and various other ways.

The fact that Christmas frequently brings stormy winds might easily account for the guttering of candles, despite the fact that many will avow that when this strange thing happens, there is no draught. A little too much food—dogs frequently suffer from this complaint at Christmas—may account for the howling dogs. Many of the other manifestations may be explained in a similar manner, by some psychological or even physiological happening.

Old mansions and castles are usually the "right" places to see ghosts at Christmas. Here again the family element is noticeable, and it would appear that the family ghost is really the Christmas ghost. There is scarcely any family castle in Scotland without its ghosts; probably the ghost of Glamis Castle is the most famous.

Even Sir Walter Scott seems to have been scared by this particular ghost. He wrote: "It contains also a curious monument of the peril of feudal times, being a secret chamber, the entrance of which, by the law or custom of the family, must only be known to three persons at once, viz., the Earl of Strathmore, his heir-apparent, and any third person whom they may take into their confidence."

It would appear from this quotation that this chamber was the family ghost room. The following quotation shows what Scott thought of the Ghost atmosphere of the place. "I must own, that as I heard door after door shut, after my conductor had retired, I began to consider myself too far from the living, and somewhat too near the dead."

## Ask One!

Nuns and Monks seem to be a peculiar and frequent aspect of Christmas Ghosts. Here, maybe, religion is the explanation. They too may be returning to their own homes at Christmas: back to their monasteries where they spent so many peaceful days.

Careful research has provided no stronger case for the Christmas Ghost. Perhaps you may be more fortunate, or unfortunate than I have been, and may have occasion to ask some Christmas ghost why he calls at the festive season. Does he wish to partake of the festive fare or is it just that he is desirous of renewing acquaintance with the old home.

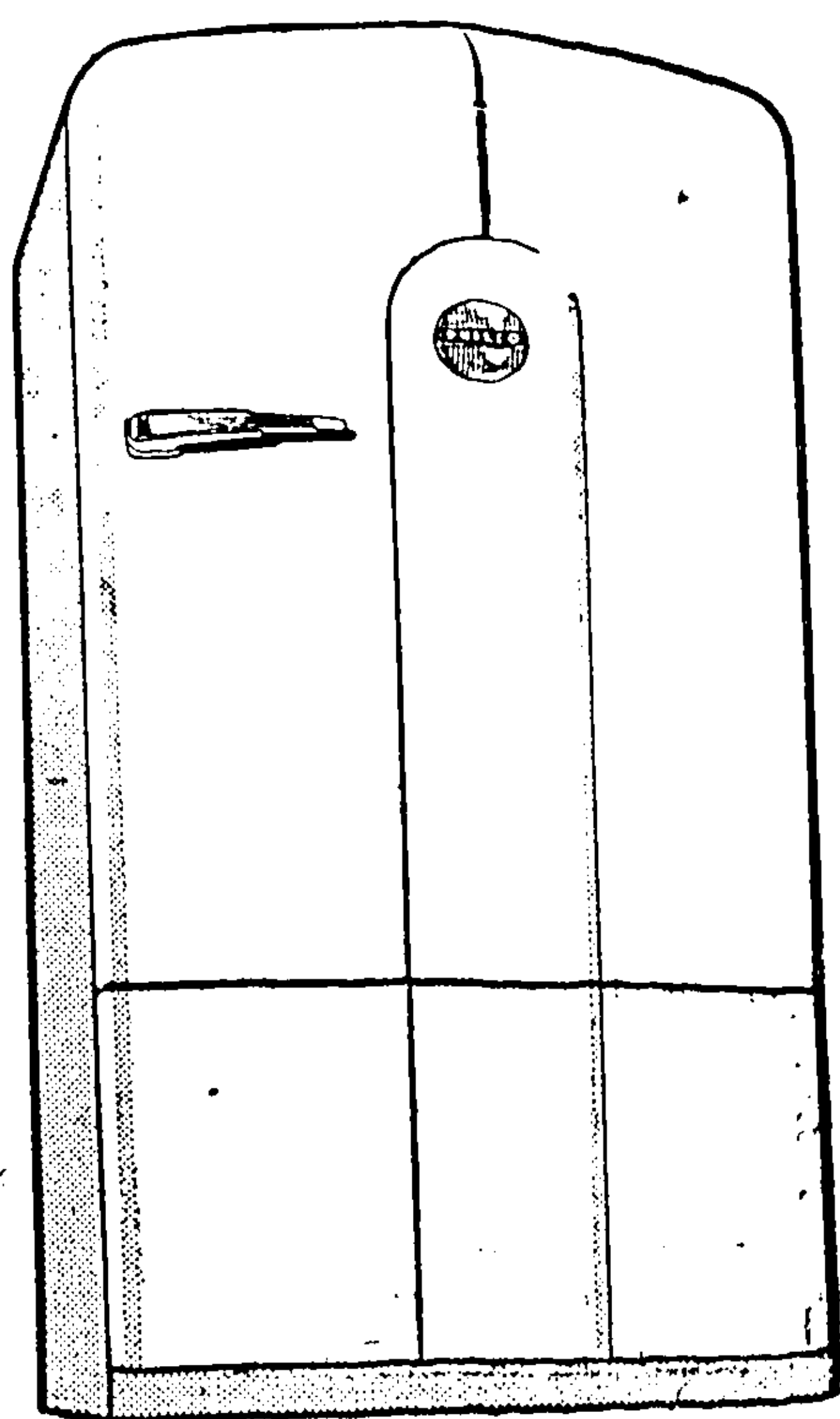
Whatever be the explanation, the Christmas Ghost is an institution. It is an integral part of the old Christmas glamour, and the old ancestral hall would lose much of its ancient charm if the Ghost changed his time to any other time of the year.

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**CHRISTMAS** simply would not be Christmas unless you gave a party, and if you think out beforehand what your guests are to play, you will find that you will enjoy the party as much as they do!

Make out a programme on paper, writing down more games that you will require, then you can make your choice at the time.

It's an excellent idea to sandwich a quiet game between two noisy ones, a sitting down one between moving about ones, and so on. Then your guests won't lose their breath or feel they weren't so young as they used to be!

If you're going to have paper and pencil games, then see that you have a supply of both, including a trick pencil that is rubber and won't write. Your friends



Autograph Hunters

will enjoy that, only see that you have a proper one in readiness as a substitute.

Another point to remember is that if you are having competitions, keep the answers in some drawer so that you know exactly where they are. Things have such a habit of disappearing at party time!

Now for some jolly games that your guests will thoroughly enjoy:

**AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS** makes an excellent game to set the ball rolling.

Provide each guest whether young or old with a pencil and a plain postcard. Then ask everyone to go round and get the signature of everyone else. See the idea? Immediately everyone in the room begins to rush round excitedly, asking people whom they've never seen before for their autograph, and the whole place becomes full of bustle and chatter.

Of course you don't allow this autograph hunting to go on indefinitely. At the end of ten minutes or quarter of an hour you cry a halt, and then see who has collected the most names.

The winner may be given a small autograph album as a prize. It would be most appropriate.

**LUCKY CHAIR.**—Arrange the chairs in a circle facing outwards, there should be as many chairs as you have guests, and one should have a cushion on it to show that it is a lucky chair.

Now the fun begins. All the guests line up round the chairs



Stamp Team

and while someone plays the piano as for **MUSICAL CHAIRS**, the line walks round. Each time the music stops everyone sits down on the chair nearest to him. Whoever sits in the lucky chair counts one point.

To prevent your friends from becoming completely dizzy, suggest that they walk round alternate ways, first time to the right, second time to the left, and so on.

And if your guests are young and energetic then get them to run round instead of walking. They'll love it.

As soon as anyone gets three points he cries "My luck's in," and the game stops.

He could be presented with a prize, if you're feeling generous, but it's not at all necessary.

A sitting-down game will make a change now, especially if you have a few great-aunts assembled, so why not play **I HAVE FOUR LEGS**?

This is a very quiet game. Everyone sits down and the player who is chosen to begin thinks of an object that has four legs, such as bed, table, chair, and so on. He then turns to his next door neighbour and says, "I have four legs and I begin with—" giving the first letter of the chosen word.

His next-door neighbour may have three guesses, but must make all before the first player counts ten.

If he fails to think of the right answer in spite of this, he is out of the game. The first player then thinks of another word and asks his next door neighbour but one. Of course, if the second player is successful it is his turn to think of a word.

The winners are those left in at the end of the game which should be stopped as soon as anyone begins to look bored.

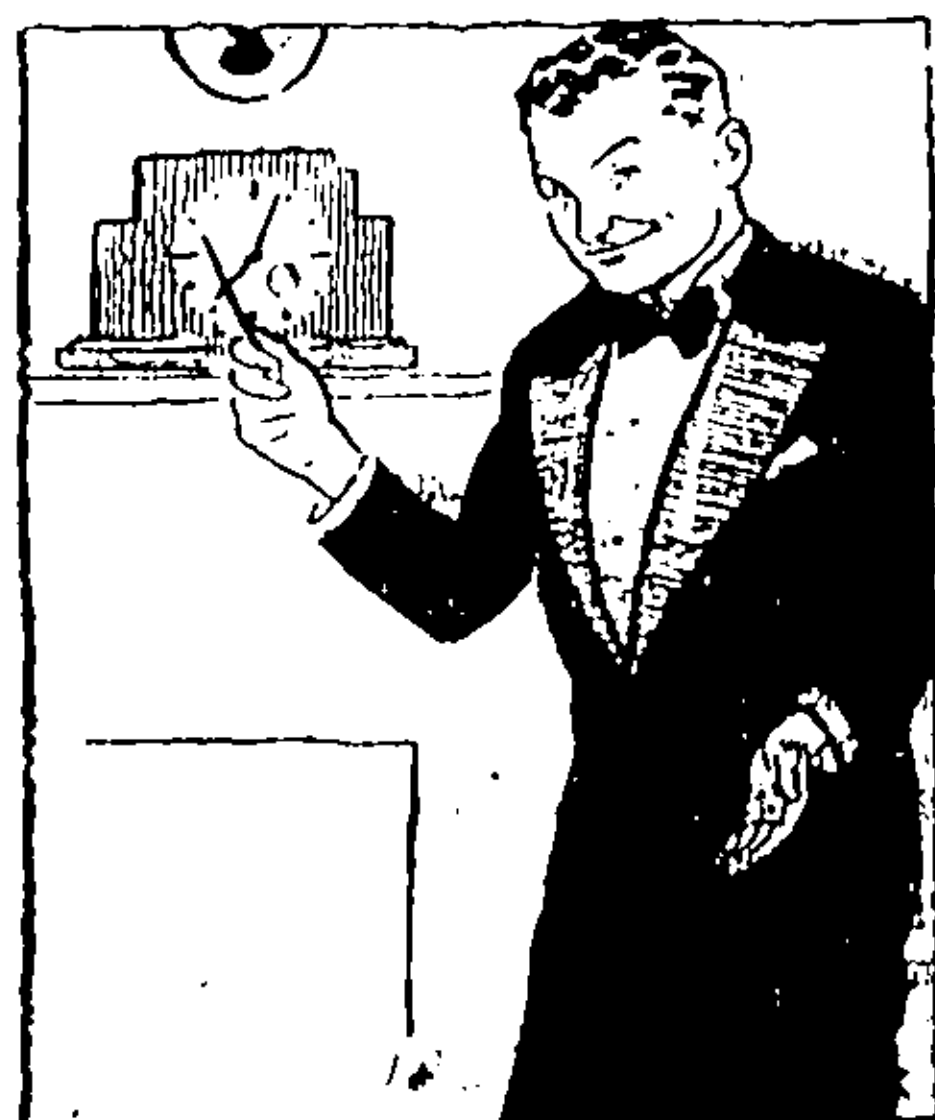
Everyone will be ready to stretch his legs again now, so there is a chance to play **WHERE'S THE BELL?** One guest is given a bell which he takes to any room in the house, hiding anywhere he likes. After the remaining guests have counted one hundred they set out in pursuit.

In the meantime the hider begins to ring the bell and continues to ring it until a player touches him.

To get the full benefit of the game it should be played in the dark, but it is nearly as enjoyable and less dangerous if played in the light.

The winner then takes his turn at hiding and so the fun goes on.

**SPEARING THE RING** makes an excellent game to play next



Time Telling

and will collect all your guests together again.

Hang a curtain ring on a string and let it swing shoulder length in an open doorway.

Give one player a walking stick, invite him to stand six paces away from the ring, and tell him to walk forward quickly and spear the ring on the end of the stick. He may succeed or he may not. If he does he scores one point. If he pauses on the way he is disqualified at once.

Everyone takes a turn and the winner is the first player to score half-a-dozen points.

He should be awarded a prize, the funnier the better. Something like an animal balloon will be appreciated both by him and rest of the party, so don't forget.

Everyone likes a team game, so try **STAMP TEAM**.

Make a collection before the party of all the used stamps you can find, whatever the value.

Ask one player to be umpire, unless you like to take on the job yourself, and invite two other players to pick up sides, beginning by choosing the children first. The two teams go to one end of the room, facing the opposite end.

Place the stamps in one large pile at the opposite end about a yard away from the wall and behind them with back to the wall, the umpire should stand.

Now the fun begins.

The umpire calls out any value he likes, such as fivepence halfpenny. Immediately the first player in each team runs up to the pile of stamps and selects as many as will make up the value of fivepence halfpenny.

The first player to hand the correct stamps to the umpire scores one point for his side.

When everyone has had a turn the sides count up their points and the winning one is acclaimed.

There is no need to say, of course, that children should be given very simple amounts, and if possible a child should run against a child in the opposing team. Such little points add greatly to the happiness of the party in general.

**TIME TELLING** will fit very well into the minutes that follow when everyone is recovering his breath.

Ask one of the players to think of a certain hour which you intend to guess. Tell him you will point to the various hours on the clock, and all he has to do to help you is to add the number of times you point to the hour he has chosen. When the total reaches 20 he must tell you. You will then triumphantly tell him that the hour at which you are then pointing is his chosen one—which it is. You then invite other players to try to tell the time in this way, and they will find it very mystifying.

This is how it is done. When you point, take any seven different numbers, asking after each one if the total is yet twenty. The eighth time you must point to twelve, the ninth to eleven, and so on backwards, stopping only when you are told the total is 20, which will be at the required hour. It's quite easy!

Everyone will enjoy a musical



Flower Hunters

game to follow, so what about **MUSICAL STICK**?

All the players stand in a circle, and one is given a stick. While music is played as for **MUSICAL CHAIRS**, the stick is passed round the circle from one to the other. Whoever is holding it when the music stops is out of the game, and has to retire and form part of the audience.

The winner is the player left in until the end.

Now for a competition. One that your friends will appreciate, whatever their age, is **FLOWER HUNTERS**. Cut up a number of pictures of flowers before the party, using those out of old gardening catalogues. Hide these in different parts of the house (or room, if more convenient), and then invite everyone to go flower gathering.

The winner is the one who has "picked" the largest number of flowers at the end of 10 minutes.

By the way, if you haven't a

garden or cannot bear to cut up your catalogue, play the game by writing out the names of flowers and hiding these slips of paper instead. It will be quite good fun.

Of, if you like the picture idea, substitute toys from a Christmas catalogue instead, and play **LOST TOYS**. This will have a particular appeal to the youngsters, anyway.

Now is the time to play **CRACKERS**.

The players divide into two sides, one being Midget crackers and the other Giant crackers. All the players except the two leaders stand in the middle of the room with their eyes shut. The two leaders go to the opposite ends of the room.

At the word "Go" the Midget leader begins calling out "Pop, pop," while the Giant cracker leader calls out "Bang, bang." They continue their cries while their players try to find them with their eyes still shut. The winning crackers are those who have all their crackers together first.

Finally, here is a quiet as well as being a musical game.

**BOX OF BEADS.**—For this game put as many beads (buttons, nuts, or some other small objects) as you can find into a box lid. All the players sit in a circle, and while music is played, the box is passed round, each player taking one of the objects before passing the box on. As soon as the music stops, as in Musical Chairs, the box is still passed on, but no player may take out a bead until the music begins again. This continues until all the beads have gone, when the totals are counted up. The winner is the one with the highest total.

The music should be played for only short periods of time.



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IT was Christmas Eve and Big Ben had just struck eight when Bill Gover, affectionately dubbed "The Nipper" by his pals, burglar and ex-con, turned into B— Square, Mayfair. For some peculiar reason a corner house at once arrested his attention.

It was number 13. Like so many criminals, Bill was superstitious. He believed in numbers. Number 13 in another London Square had once brought him in a good haul. This number 13 might prove equally lucky. So he eyed its exterior with professional interest. All its windows were in darkness except one on the first floor, and the blinds of that particular window not being drawn down, Bill could see into the room. Standing in front of the dressing table was a blonde, he knew that by the top of her head, which shone like burnished gold. He could not see her face, because of the mirror.

What interested him most about her, however, were her hands: the white, bejewelled, scarlet tipped fingers dangled a sparkling necklace.

"Diamonds," he said softly to himself. "If they're genuine they would fetch a mint of money, enough to set me up in a pub." To own a cosy public house in White-chapel or Lambeth was the height of his ambition. "They're worth trying for. I'll come again later, when the coast is a bit clearer."

Strolling off he whiled away the next few hours in a coffee house in Soho. He stayed there till close on midnight. It was now snowing, and cold and beastly enough to clear the street of loiterers. All who had homes were only too glad to get back to them. This was all in his favour, for when he reached B— Square, it was deserted, and few of the houses showed lights. Number 13 was in total darkness.

Having assured himself no policeman was lurking anywhere near, he trod noiselessly down the area steps, and was nearly at the bottom of them when he slipped. His head struck a wall, and he lapsed into unconsciousness. For how long he could not say. When his brain functioned again, he got

up and examined the area windows.

They were all barred, except a very small one. If Bill had not been a very small man—that was why his intimates named him "The Nipper"—he could never have got through it. He certainly had to squeeze a good deal.

He alighted in a larder. The air felt dank and chilly, but it was a very chilly night.

Slipping on a pair of felt slippers, they were part of his stock in trade, and flashing his electric torch cautiously around, he moved slowly forward; out of the larder into a kitchen, where a nearly spent fire glowed dully in the large range, out into a stone flagged passage and up a wooden staircase on the ground floor.

The light from a lamp-post in the Square shone through the fan-light over the front door, and called into evidence dark shadows. There was something strange about the house, what it was he

By ELLIOTT  
O'DONNET

could not say, but he did not like it. It made him creepy.

The sound of footsteps outside made him halt. There was no mistaking that measured tread, even though the snow muffled it. It was one of his enemies, a policeman, and his heart skipped a beat when the footsteps stopped outside the house. Was the copper looking at his imprints on the area steps? Would he ring the bell?

Bill did not breathe freely till the steps moved on, he then tiptoed softly to the staircase leading to the first floor. From afar off came the sound of singing, carols, probably on the wireless, but it sent Bill's memory fleeing back to the time when he was a choir boy. A choir boy then, a hardened burglar now. The irony of fate, and Bill smiled grimly. He wondered what the shepherds who watched their flocks, and Noel, would think of him, going up the stairs to pinch these diamonds, and on Christmas Eve too. Lord blimey! It was funny. Then he jumped, as a dark, shadowy form darted past him. It was a big, black cat.

Arriving on the first floor, the light from his torch revealed a door nearly opposite him.

"That's the room," he told himself.

Tip-toeing noiselessly across the landing, and cursing when the boards creaked, he halted at the door and, with his ear pressed against the panel, listened intently. Not a sound from within and no light showing under the door. A gentle tapping in his rear made him swing round in alarm. It was only a spray of ivy beaten against the staircase window by the wind and snow.

Cautiously, and with bated breath, he tried the door handle. The door was not locked. Opening it noiselessly he stepped into the room. The sound of deep, regular breathing came from the bed. The occupant was an elderly, clean-shaven grey-haired man, and he appeared to be sound asleep. There was no one else.

Bill's gaze, wandering round the handsomely furnished room, rested on the walnut dressing table. The elaborate display of silver backed toilet requisites suggested a woman, the blonde lady with the diamonds, but where was she, and where were they?

He was examining with feverish haste the contents of the dressing table drawers when he caught the tapping of high heeled shoes on the staircase. In a panic he at once hid behind the heavy curtains covering the window recess. Only just in time, for hardly had he concealed himself before someone entered the room.

Bill peeped through a chink in the curtains. It was the blonde! Tall and slender, with neat features, and a scarlet cupid bow mouth and heavily lashed blue eyes, she was really beautiful. Even Bill, who had been very much off women since his wife ran off with his best friend, while he was last in prison, had to admit that. He was not, however, so much interested in her looks as he was in her jewels. The diamond necklace was not on the dressing table, or in any of the drawers. Was she wearing it? The answer came when she

took off her opera cloak and he saw the gems he so coveted sparkling round her neck. If only she would make haste and get into bed he would try and grab them. But my lady was in no hurry. For some time she stood by the bedside. There was a half-frightened, half-resolute look in her eyes, and lines of pain about her dainty little mouth as she gazed thoughtfully at the sleeper.

Once there came an expression into her face that Bill did not like. It gave him the creeps, it was cruel, and seemed incongruous in one so young and fair. He was glad when she left the bedside and disrobing, which did not take her a jiffy, slipped into a suit of dainty pearl buttoned silk pyjamas, and switching off the light, got into bed.

Bill waited till he felt assured she and the man were slumbering, and then came quietly from his lair. Everywhere was very still, no sounds but the pattering of snowflakes against the window, not even the rustling or squeaking of a mouse.

The lady had laid the necklace and her other jewels on the dressing table, and their sparkle and glitter when he flashed his torch on them, made his mouth water. He was about to grab the lot and make a bolt for it, when he heard something that made him start in apprehension.

It was the gentle, surreptitious trying of the door handle. In an instant he was back in his hiding place, and not a second too soon for the door opened noiselessly and a white face peered through the aperture.

It was a woman, a woman with smooth black hair parted down the middle. The glow from the heater illuminating her long, narrow face, and emphasising its whiteness to a quite startling degree, threw the features into strong relief, and they were of a kind not easily forgotten. A hawk-shaped nose, tight, thin lipped mouth and dark obliquely set eyes, sinister eyes, that glittered evilly as they wandered furtively round the room.

"Strike me pink!" Bill inwardly ejaculated. "What a nasty looking devil! I wonder what she's up to?" and he shivered.

Moving with cat-like stealth, the woman crossed the floor to the bedside and bending over the man, listened with fiendish intent to his breathing. Then, apparently satisfied he was asleep, she gently drew the bedclothes from around his neck, and producing a shining razor edge, horn handled knife from under her clothes, deliberately cut the wretched man's throat.

Tip-toeing noiselessly round the bedstead and holding the dripping knife ready to strike again if necessary, she peered derisively down into the blonde lady's face. Frozen with horror and unable to move a limb or utter a sound, Bill, in his hiding place, watched. At length, apparently satisfied the blonde was asleep, the murderess made for the dressing table, and picking up the necklace thrust it in her bosom.

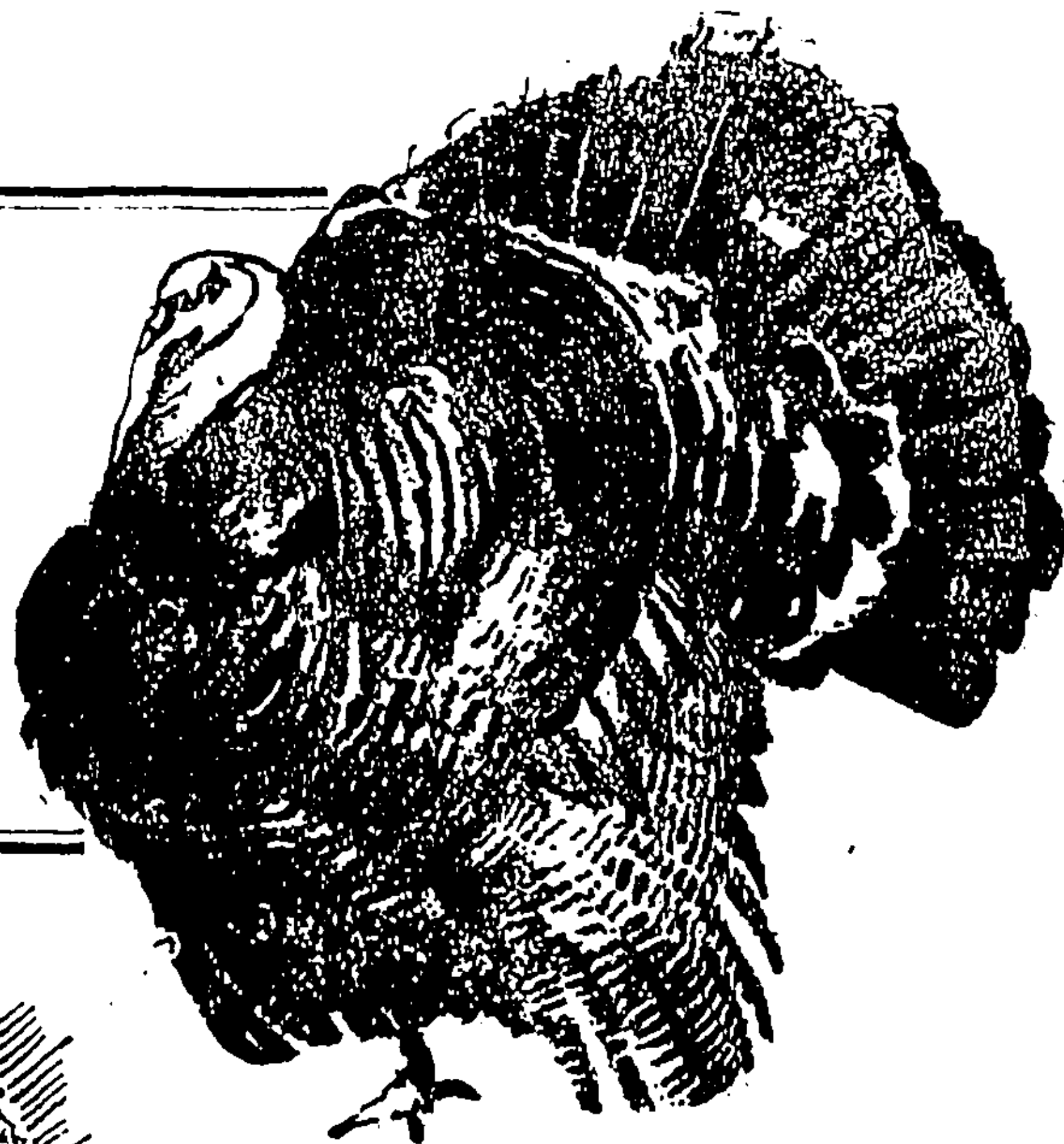
At that moment there was a slight noise close beside Bill. What caused it he did not know. It might have been the wind, a mouse—anything. The murderess heard it too.

Darting to the curtains, she pulled them aside. Bill made a frantic effort to break the spell that still held him limp and tongue-tied. He could do nothing. Outside the snow was falling faster than ever and the wind blew the flakes against the window panes with increasing vigour. Save for the slight noise this made everywhere was deathly still. Bill never forgot that stillness, there was something so weird and unusual about it. The woman stood, with her ugly, sinister face thrust forward, her eyes full of evil mockery mocking at his terror and inability to defend himself. Raising the keen knife, her lips wreathed in a cruel smile, she paused, gloating at his suspense, and then with a swift, sudden action, she stabbed. Bill felt an awful, agonising pain and then all was a blank. He came back to consciousness, to find himself lying, nearly buried in snow, in the very spot in the area where he had fallen and bumped his head.

Puzzled beyond words, for it had all seemed too real and vivid to be a dream, he staggered to his feet, and discovered he had no cap. It must have dropped off. The answer came when she

(Continued on Page 13)

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No Christmas party would really be complete without its par-lour magician. There will always come the moment when his performance will be eagerly welcomed as an aid to the general entertainment.

The guest who has a little repertoire of simple tricks of magic will be the most popular man in the room.

The tricks can be of the simplest kind—indeed, the less elaborate they are the more the bewilderment and the greater the fun. Those I am going to describe here have all been chosen because they require no other articles of apparatus than those found in daily use and require little preparation.

What they do require, of course, is a little practice. Given that, and a little well-thought-out accompanying patter, the tricks I have selected will be found very effective indeed.

Let us start with cards. Here's a first-class trick which is thoroughly mystifying to the audience, and which will be found remarkably easy to perform.

Taking a pack of cards, you give them a thorough shuffle and then hand the pack round to two or three members of the company also to shuffle. That should convince everyone that it is impossible for you to have the slightest idea where any particular card is placed in the pack when the shuffling is completed.

Regaining the cards, you put them, without another glance, in a small box which is fitted with a lid. This you close. Then, with a hearty thump on the top of the box you announce that you know quite well what the top card of the pack is. "It's the seven of spades," you say with assurance, at the same time opening the box and picking out the top card, which you display to your audience. They will see with astonishment that sure enough it is the seven of spades.

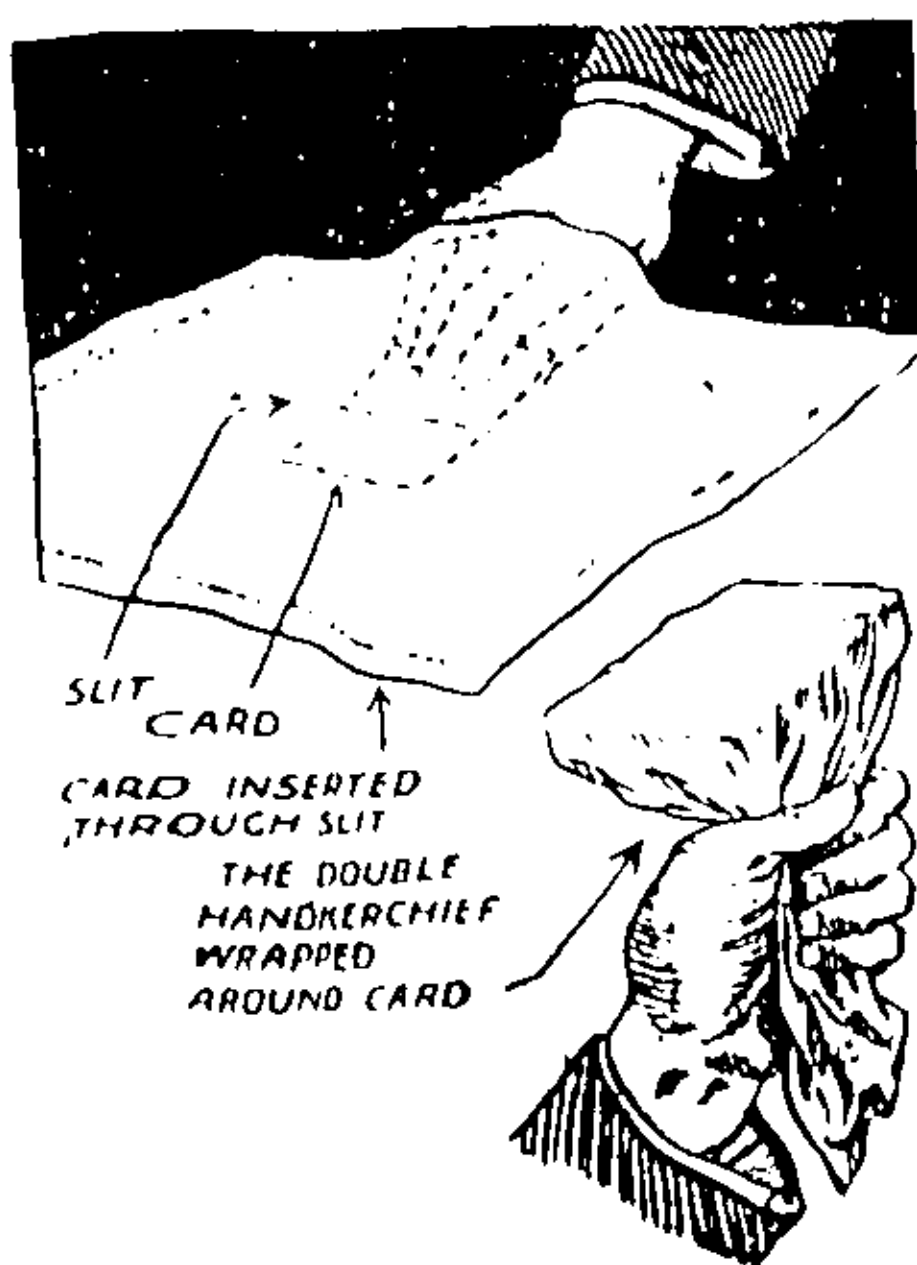
### Thought-Reading Powers

You pick four or five other cards from the top of the boxed pack, and spread them fanwise on the table, still, of course, face downwards. You name each card without a glance at its face, afterwards showing it to the audience to prove you are right. And you are—absolutely.

## CARDS, COINS and CORKS

By Bruce Keane

It's very baffling, and yet all very simple. That box has a false lid. Between it and the real lid you will have concealed beforehand five or six cards, the values and order of which you have memorised. The thump you give



Disappearing Card.

the box will knock down the dummy lid, putting the concealed cards at the top of the pack in the order you have arranged them.

And all you have to do is to pick them from the box one at a time and announce their values—with your eyes shut, if you like.

Here's an excellent card trick—for which the little preparation that is necessary will be found well worth while.

That preparation consists of sewing two ordinary pocket handkerchiefs together round the edges, and then cutting a neat slit, just wide enough to take a playing card, in the centre of one of them.

What you are going to do is to make a card disappear. You accordingly display to your audience a card you have already selected, and then place it under the double handkerchief.

Your audience, of course, does not suspect for an instant that it is any other than an ordinary single handkerchief. Nor, if you do it adroitly enough—as you will with a little practice—will they notice you slip the card through the slit, which is on the underside of the double handkerchief.

Once you have the card through the slit you wrap the double handkerchief completely about it, bunching the ends of the fabric so that the shape of the card can be plainly seen. You can even get some one to hold it, so that they can feel the card is still there.

Then, taking hold of a corner of the fabric, you bid the holder to release the card. As soon as he does so you flourish the handkerchief in the air.

The card will seem to have vanished entirely. Throwing the handkerchief down apparently carelessly—but in a spot where it will escape examination—you then ask someone to look, say, under the hearthrug or in a drawer, or maybe under the clock. And there the card will be found.

Or rather, a duplicate, from an exactly similar pack, which you have quietly "planted" there a good deal earlier in the evening.

A third effective little card trick which I will now describe will, if properly carried out, convince your friends that you really possess thought-reading powers.

All you do is to put three little heaps of cards face downwards on the table. Then you ask a member of the audience to think hard about any one of the heaps he chooses. If, you explain, he concentrates hard enough, you

will be able to tell him just what heap he has in mind.

While he is in the throes of concentration you let your audience see you scribble something on a piece of paper with a pencil. Then you ask the man who has been concentrating just which heap he has had in mind.



Blow Sharply!

When he indicates it you smilingly point to the slip of paper and ask him to read aloud what you have written on it. He does so. "Your choice will be the five heap," he reads.

You then direct him to turn over the heap he has selected. He is startled to find it is a five heap.

The truth is that it was bound to be. One of the three heaps, which you will carefully have arranged beforehand, consists of five cards; the second consists of the four fives—the five of each suit; and the third of an ace and a pair of twos.

Each of the heaps, in short, would answer the description of a five heap. Take care, of course, to shuffle up the cards as soon as the trick is completed.

Now for some tricks with coins.

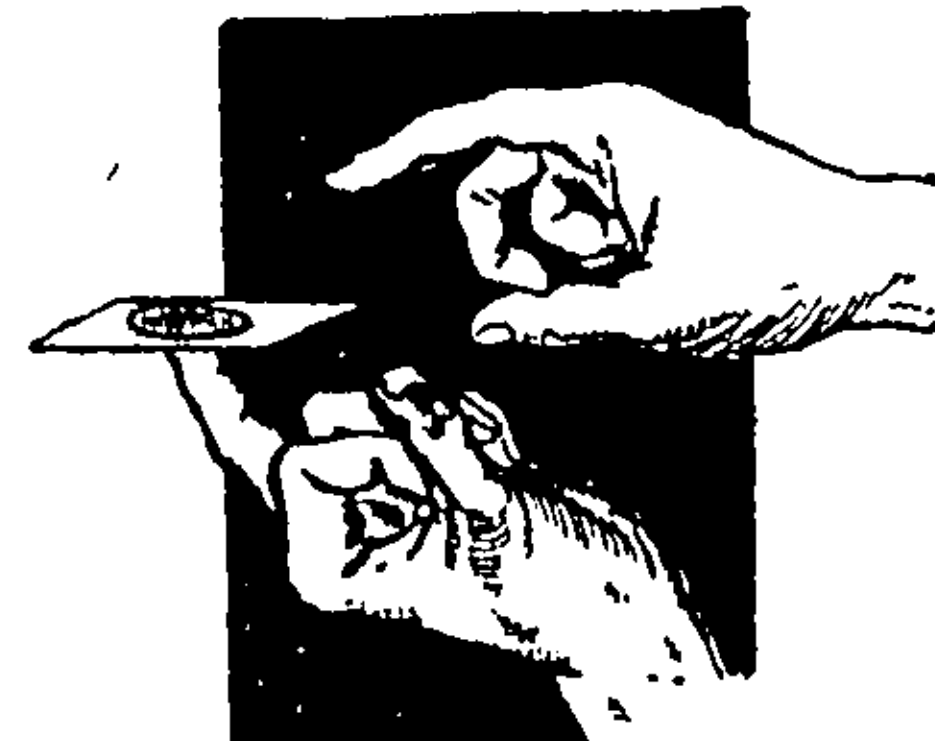
These, too, can be very simple, yet very effective.

### Jumping Sixpence

Take this one of making a sixpenny piece jump out from under a shilling without touching either coin. It's not nearly so difficult as it sounds, once you have the knack, and a little practice will soon give you that.

You take an empty wine-glass, drop the sixpence into it, and the shilling on top. You challenge any of your audience to get the sixpence without touching either of the coins or the glass itself.

It's a challenge that won't be taken up. Then you proceed to do



Just a flick.

it yourself. What you do is to bend down towards the glass and blow as hard as you can, not directly on to the shilling, but a little to one side.

And to the surprise of everyone the shilling will spin over, and as it does so flick the sixpence into the air and out of the glass.

Quite simple, too, after you have practised it, is this little trick with a penny. It is one that will captivate any children in your audience.

Holding up the middle finger of your left hand, you carefully balance on your finger tip a cigarette card. On top of that you place a penny, taking care to ensure that it is resting absolutely centrally over the finger tip.

What you set out to do now is to remove the cigarette card without disturbing the penny. Everyone will declare it just cannot be done.

But it can. This is the way. You just give the card a sharp flick, using the thumb and middle finger of the right hand. And the card will just fly right away, leaving the penny in position on the tip of your finger.

(Continued on Page 15)

## THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT!

### No. 1. HAMPER

- 1 quart Lanson Champagne
- 1 " Gordon's Dry Gin
- 1 " Black & White Whisky

**\$20.00**

### No. 2. HAMPER

- 1 quart Lanson Dry Champagne
- 1 " Black & White Whisky
- 1 " Gordon's Dry Gin
- 1 " Hunt's Manzanilla Sherry

**\$25.00**

### No. 3. HAMPER

- 1 quart Lanson Dry Champagne
- 1 " Black & White Whisky
- 1 " Gordon's Dry Gin
- 1 " Hunt's Vino de Pasto Sherry
- 1 " Sandeman's One Star Port
- 1 pint Gordon's Creme de Menthe

**\$35.00**

### No. 4. HAMPER

- 1 quart Lanson Dry Champagne
- 1 " Black & White Whisky
- 1 " Gordon's Dry Gin
- 1 " Courvoisier Three Star Brandy
- 1 " Hunt's Old Brown Sherry
- 1 " Hunt's Full Rich Port
- 1 " Pommard Burgundy
- 1 " Sauterne White Wine
- 1 " Gordon's Sloe Gin
- 1 pint Gordon's Creme de Menthe

**\$55.00**

### No. 5. HAMPER

- 1 quart V. C. P. Champagne
- 1 " Black & White Whisky
- 1 " Gordon's Dry Gin
- 1 " Courvoisier V. O. Brandy
- 1 " Sandeman Brown Bang Sherry
- 1 " Sandeman Partner Port
- 1 " Sauterne White Wine
- 1 " Pommard Burgundy
- 1 " Laubenheimer Hock
- 1 " Margeaux Claret
- 1 " Gordon's Rum Shrub
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Hundreds of houses in England are left in the undisturbed possession of ghosts — left because these ghosts had tried beyond endurance the nerves of the people who had once lived there.

The ghost thus is a public menace. You buy an old house and you may find its peace upset by something out of the grisly past. Others may scoff and laugh, but you know that something is brooding under your roof which strikes terror in the hearts of your servants and makes your guests leave post-haste with impossible excuses. What are you going to do about it?

Nothing. You will utter in silence because you do not wish to expose yourself to public ridicule and because you do not know that ghosts can be laid.

The ghost is in your house probably because he has nowhere else to go. He is anchored there and will not be dislodged. It is still in his view, he owns it, and he considers you an intruder.

I agree that all the sounds, fantastic nonsense. But there is nothing sensible about ghosts. There is only one practical way to deal with them. It is this:

Assume first that the manifestations are signs of the presence of a tormented soul; that the disturbance is an SOS from the dead. Then find out what is the nightmare from which the dead is suffering. Dissipate it, and with the nightmare the ghost will go.

Take a medium to the house, let him go into a trance and ask his "controls." For help. They will sense the trouble of your ghost, get hold of him and "push him" into the medium. Then you can talk to him direct.

I cannot assure you yet whether this practice is free from snags I know, however, that it works.

The experimenter must cross-examine the possessing entity, who

must be told, if he does not know it, that he is making himself a nuisance, that the place belongs to him no more, that he is dead. If he does not believe you, let him look into the mirror. The shock of finding himself in a strange body will break the spell. He will stop suspecting or abusing you.

Tell him that he is the victim of a fancy of his own mind, that he should forswear vengeance if he harboured any, that he should pray for guidance. Pray with him if he cannot pray alone. You will find an increasing emotional response, and presently the ghost will slip out of the body of the medium free. He may never disturb the house again.

Recently I had to deal with two bad cases of haunting.

An old manor house in Surrey was the scene of one. The ghost walked, knocked and appeared in a form so solid that the owners of the house—a man and his wife—took him for an intruding tramp. Independently they challenged him and answered his idiotic leer by hitting him. The man crashed to the floor and fainted. His wife tore her hand on the lintel of the door in front of which the ghost stood, and she then fled in panic.

I waited up for three nights hoping to meet the ghost and finally, through the help of a famous trance medium, I got hold of him and had an interview more poignant with drama than any scene I ever witnessed.

The medium grew cataleptic. Then a dreadful change came over her. Her cheeks sank in, her chin dropped, her face became distorted and hideous. It was the face of a tormented man whom pain had deprived of his reason.

I beckoned to the owners of the house to step forward. The man, visibly shaken, declared that the face was the exact image of the ghost. His wife almost collapsed.

By dint of much persuasion, the

# Do You Believe In Ghosts?

ghost began to articulate. He threw himself on his knees and cried for mercy. He seized my hand in a terrific grip. I cried out in pain. For two days after-

## Asks Dr. NANDOR FODOR

wards my hand was swollen, and it hurt for two weeks. Using strange and mediaeval forms of speech which were hard to follow, the ghost gradually told his story. Betrayed by Buckingham nearly 400 years ago, he was imprisoned, maimed and murdered, and was still seeking vengeance on Buckingham.

He could not believe he was dead. I fought and argued with him, and finally, for the sake of his wife and son, he agreed to forswear his vengeance. Almost immediately he cried: "Hold me! Hold me! I am slipping!" The next moment he was gone and the medium's consciousness returned.

There are many things about the story which have yet to be verified. But I have the assurance of the man in the house that he now enjoys undisturbed possession.

The second recent ghost-laying

adventure took me to Yorkshire. An SOS came from an ancient country house the name of which I am not at liberty to disclose. Old-fashioned wire bells, which require a strong pull and cannot be short-circuited by wires touching or by mice and rats rang intermittently for five days.

Two days after the bells started ringing, an apparition was seen—independently by two servants—bending over an ancient cradle. I found the owners of the house extremely level-headed, intelligent people. There seemed nothing wrong with the bells, and my questioning of the five servants left me satisfied that a genuine mystery confronted me. I was accompanied by a well-known London trance medium. I expected to hear, through her, of one ghost, but found instead that I had to deal with three.

One ghost followed the cradle which belonged to her child. The child was taken from her to be used as a substitute in a Court intrigue and she was imprisoned. She got away, without realising that it was by death, and was still seeking her child.

The second ghost was a woman who lived in or near the house and had poisoned her husband and killed her child.

The third ghost was a deformed boy who was earth-bound because of arrested mental development. It was this boy who rang the bells.

As the ghosts unburdened themselves, a change came about in their mental condition. The pall of darkness which enveloped them

seemed to be lightened.

In a vision, the deformed boy saw his mother and father beckoning for him in a beautiful garden; a nurse came for the mother who lost her child by Court intrigue; and the poisoner was swept out of her state of despair after a passionate prayer.

I cannot yet tell how much of these strange stories might be verified by historic research. Neither can I prove that these ghosts were responsible for disturbing the peace of the house, nor even that they have been laid.

At the best, I could only prove by indirect methods that I was in contact with something beyond our ken.

The ghost of the woman poisoner wrote down her name when I pushed a piece of paper under the medium's hand.

Back in London I handed this paper to a well-known woman, of whose psychic powers I have a high opinion. Without reading the paper, she placed it on her forehead and passed into a state of abstraction. In the course of this, to my surprise, she gave me a number of visual symbols and phrases which were bewildering nonsense to her, but which fully applied to the story as told by the ghost.

It was a strange occurrence, but it made me lean strongly towards the assumption that I was in touch with grimmer realities than the medium's own power of dramatisation.

## CARDS, COINS AND CORKS

(Continued from Page 14.)

It's easy to make a sixpenny piece do what you tell it to do—when you know the secret.

What you require for this trick is a table cloth, a tumbler, and two shilling pieces as well as the sixpence. Then you are equipped for an entertaining little demonstration.

First of all you place the shillings on the cloth, just far enough apart to allow the rim of the tumbler, placed upside down, to stand between them.

Before you place the tumbler you put the sixpence just halfway between the two shillings. Then you ask your audience whether they think it possible to move the sixpence without touching either the glass or the other two coins.

It will indeed seem impossible, but you will proceed to do it. It's really quite simple. All you do is to scratch the cloth with your finger nails. The sixpence will then move either towards or away from you.

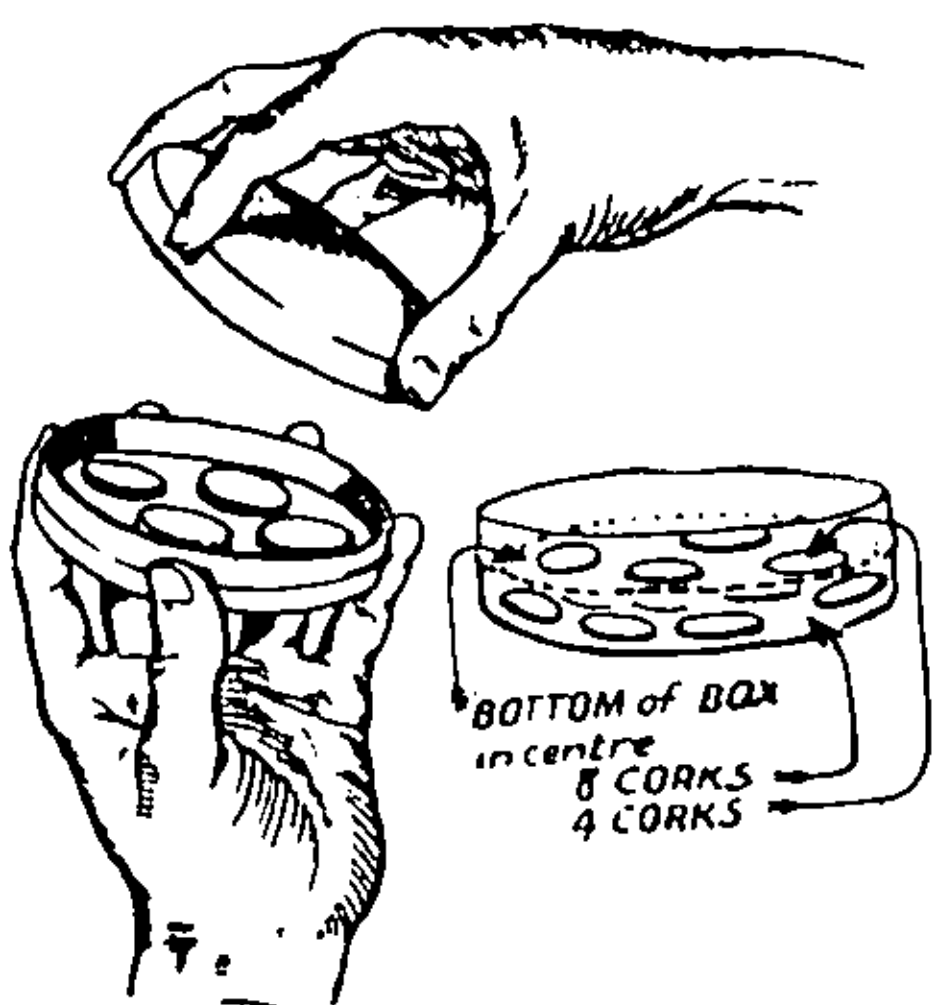
### Can You Multiply?

Quite a baffling trick with corks can be performed if there is a little careful preparation.

In this trick you show a small circular wooden box. Into this you place four pieces of cork and slip on the lid. Then you make a few mysterious passes over the box, remove the lid—and show the interior. To the astonishment of everyone the four corks have become eight.

You then replace the lid, make some more passes, and once more remove the lid. The eight corks have diminished to four once again.

Startling, yet really quite simple. The box really has two lids, and the bottom of the box is really in the middle. The four corks rest in the top half of the box, the eight in the bottom. Which quantity is produced to the gaze of the audience depends on which lid is removed. All you have to do to change the four into eight is adroitly to turn the box upside



With a Double Bottom.

down, turning it back again when you want to turn the eight into four again.

## LAST MINUTE WRINKLES

C rackers give that little "extra" look to your Christmas table.

H olly, if obtainable, is always welcome.

R emove all trussings from Christmas poultry before serving.

I cling on the Christmas cake can best be "bored" for candles by doing it with a HOT gimlet.

S erve your Christmas cocktails ICE-COLD.

T une your Radio beforehand, then there will be no delays.

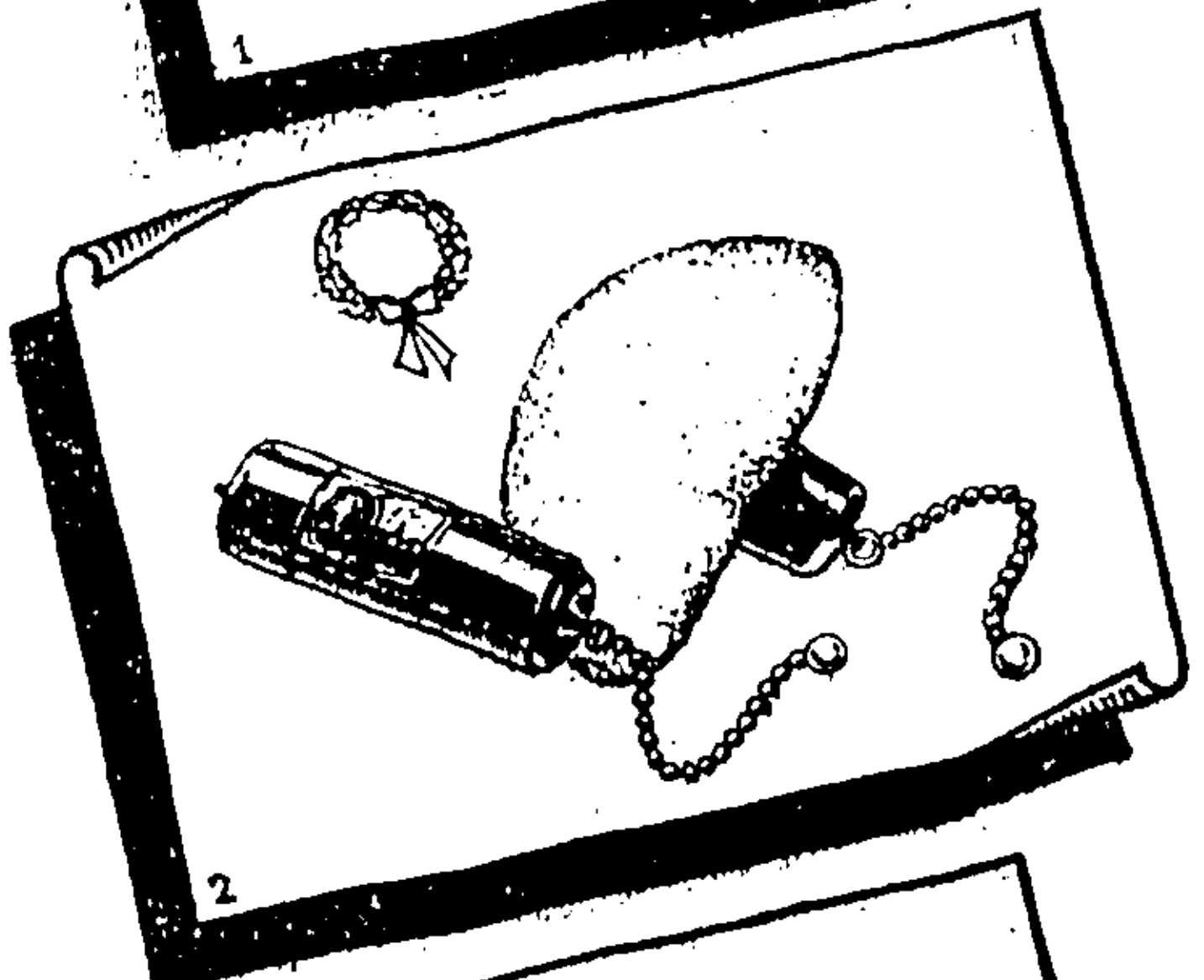
M ake sure that all your wine is opened and decanted before it is wanted for use.

A lways POLISH your table fruit with a dry glass-cloth—it looks better when this is done.

S oda-water is handy to have by one for the sparkling dilution of "soft" drinks. Some of your guests may not care for alcoholic drinks.

## GIFT Suggestions

Choose your gifts where choosing is easy — where the selection is the largest in the city! Come to Wing On's! You'll find the right gift for everyone—here are a few suggestions:



1. You'll find the right writing point to suit every person on your list from Esterbrook—the only fountain pen that provides a choice of 18 Re-New-Point styles for every hand. Fountain Pen \$5.75 and up. Pen and Pencil set \$11.50 and up.

2. Give a gift that's practical—the kind of a gift that she would buy for herself. Give a new "Pixie" Powder Puff—a full size puff that can be carried in the smallest evening bag.

3. Give a specially arranged basket of fruit this year—it's a gift that is always sure of a welcome!

THE  
WING ON Co., Ltd.



# Stirring Things Up

WHEN Mrs. Stork invited Mr. Monk to a Christmas party, he was rather surprised, for Mrs. Stork was not in the habit of giving parties of any kind. She would go anywhere and join in any fun provided by her friends, but no one had ever heard of Mrs. Stork going to the trouble of throwing a party in her own house.

"Come early, and bring a friend with you," said Mrs. Stork.

"Thanks—I will," agreed Mr. Monk, more and more astonished.

"Bring your toothbrushes and stay the night," added Mrs. Stork. "I shall be having a few friends in on Christmas Eve, Mr. Hippo is coming, and two nice young Spoonbills who sing and dance."

"Fancy me dancing with a Spoonbill!" exclaimed Mr. Monk.

"Well, you'll have to do your bit," said Mrs. Stork. "We're going to make 'whoopie', we're going to stir things up."

"Don't forget to stir up the mincemeat and the Christmas pudding," said Mr. Monk, as an afterthought.

"No, and don't you teach me how to throw a party!" said Mrs. Stork, who seemed rather touchy.

Mr. Monk saw he was treading on sacred ground, so he just waved a paw and told Mrs. Stork she could certainly expect him and his friend early on Christmas Eve. After leaving Mrs. Stork, Mr. Monk hurried to a friend's house to pass on Mrs. Stork's invitation.

The friend Mr. Monk intended to take with him to Mrs. Stork's party was Jumbo the elephant. He knew that Jumbo had been left out of a good many parties on account of his size, and Mr. Monk was determined that his elephant friend should have a

good time for once in a while. They both set off in good time to Mrs. Stork's house. Jumbo put some holly in his hat-band to give himself a festive appearance, and Mr. Monk carried a bunch of mistletoe to be put to good use at the party.

Jumbo walked very quickly, it was almost a trot, and Mr. Monk had some difficulty in keeping the pace. "Not so fast!" he said. "There's plenty of time."

"It's those new boots you are wearing," said Jumbo. "I don't know anyone who can walk properly in new boots."

"Maybe you are right," retorted Mr. Monk, "but you don't expect me to go to a party in old boots, surely."

"I don't wear boots myself,"

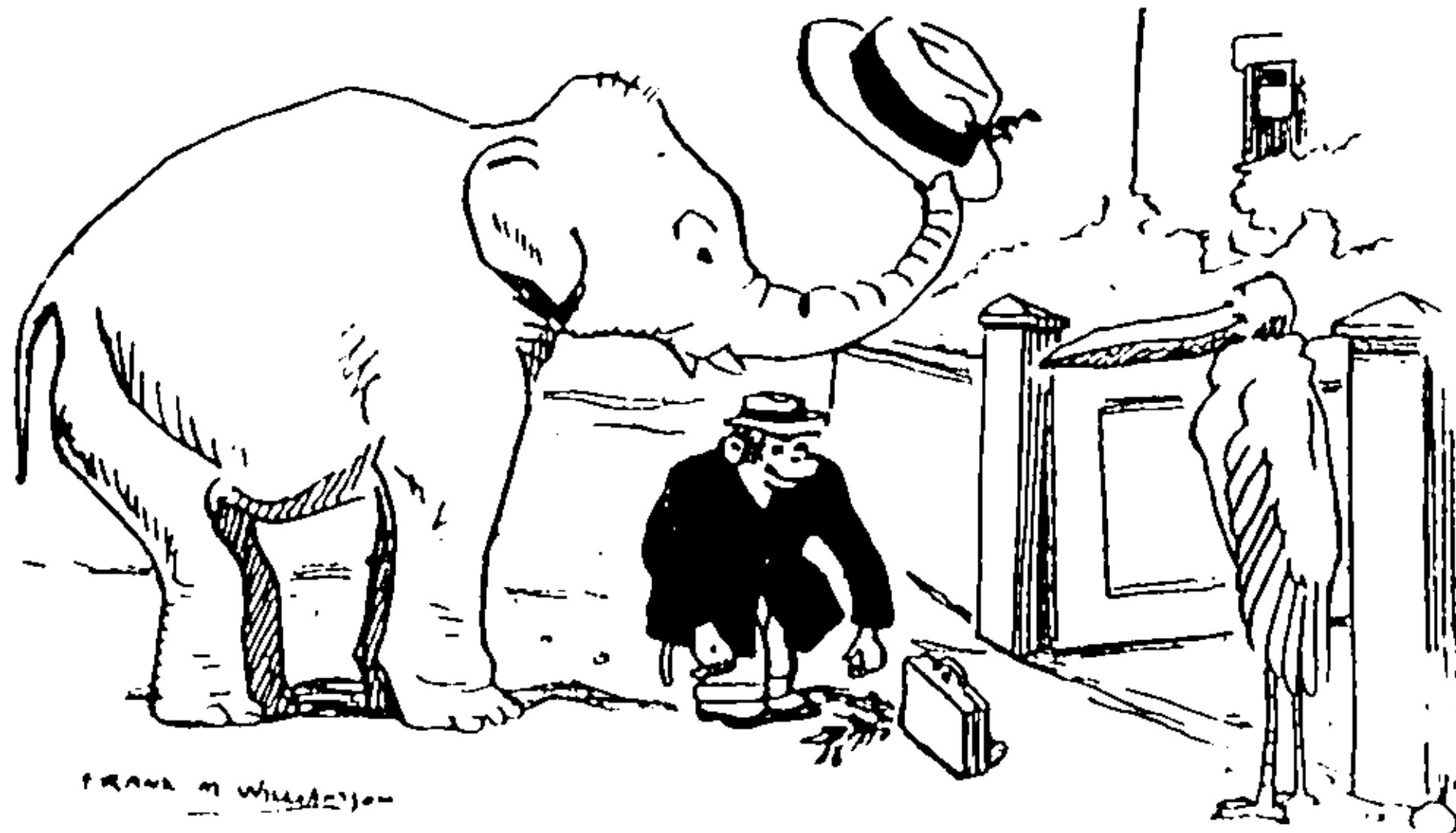
said Jumbo, "so I don't know anything about it."

Mr. Monk thought his friend ought to be wearing a pair of boots on this occasion, but he didn't like to say so. He got Jumbo to carry the week-end case for the rest of the journey, and this arrangement enabled them to move more rapidly.

At last they arrived at Mrs. Stork's little villa. She was standing at her gate waiting for them.

"My friend, Jumbo," said Mr. Monk, introducing the elephant. Jumbo remembered to raise his hat with his trunk.

"I didn't expect you to bring such a big boy friend," she cried. "I'm sure I don't know where I shall put him at bedtime, for I haven't a bed big enough to hold him."



JUMBO RAISED HIS HAT WITH HIS TRUNK.

Jumbo reached over the table with his trunk and picked up the cake, he opened his great mouth and popped the cake inside it.

A gasp of dismay came from everyone at the table, and Mr. Monk was obliged to say something to break the ominous silence which followed this lapse.

"I must apologise for my friend Jumbo," said Mr. Monk. "He is not used to Christmas parties, and is inclined to forget his manners."

The elephant gave a grunt of contempt. He was too tough to excuse himself. After that the supper fell rather flat, and Mrs. Stork was relieved when some of her guests said it was time they were getting ready to go home.

She remembered that Mr. Monk and Jumbo would be staying the night, and during the time her guests were saying goodbye and wishing her a Merry Christmas, she was racking her brain trying to think of somewhere for the elephant to sleep.

After the others had gone, Jumbo settled the question for himself. He picked up a big rug from the entrance hall and made his way through the open window to the garden.

"Where are you going?" shouted his hostess in alarm.

"I'm going to sleep on this rug under the roof of the wood shed," said Jumbo. "I shall be all right there, whether it snows or not," guests seemed to be doing just what they liked, and she was powerless to raise any objections.

"Tiddle off to bed," advised Mr. Monk, giving her a push with his foot. "I'll look after Jumbo."

"I'm so glad," said Mrs. Stork. "Yes, I will go to bed now, for I am tired."

"Don't open your bedroom window," said Mr. Monk.

"Why not?" inquired his hostess wearily.

"Jumbo snores," said Mr. Monk. "Enough said."

Mrs. Stork had hoped to sleep a little later than usual on Christmas morning, but soon after sunrise she heard an awful banging sound in the garden. In great haste she opened the window and looked out.

There was Jumbo with the hall rug hanging over his trunk and Mr. Monk was standing near. Mr. Monk soon became busy on the rug. He picked up a carpet beater and started to bang the dust out of it.

"What on earth are you trying to do?" bleated Mrs. Stork.

"Don't worry about me," said Jumbo, "any old spot will do for me—I've hit the hay many a time."

"All right, I'll think about that later," said Mrs. Stork. "Come inside, both of you."

Jumbo pushed his way into the house through an open French window, and managed to break the glass in doing it.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Stork. "Whatever shall I do?"

"Stuff an old apron through the hole, that will keep the draught out," suggested Mr. Monk. "I've often done it."

"Yes, but what will the guests say?" inquired Mrs. Stork, looking very distressed.

"Jigger the guests," said Mr. Monk. "They are coming to make 'whoopie' and they will not notice a little thing like that."

While Mr. Monk and his hostess were talking two Spoonbills were seen coming through the gateway, followed by the third guest, Mr. Hippo.

Mr. Monk gave Mrs. Stork a poke under the wing.

"Now straighten your face, your guests have arrived, and they will not want to see you looking doleful, I know," he said.

A tear was trickling down Mrs. Stork's cheek, but she hastily flicked it away and went to meet her guests.

The two Spoonbills seemed to be full of beans, and Mr. Hippo waved a portable wireless set he was bringing to the party.

"We shall be all right for dancing," bawled Mr. Hippo gaily.

After everybody had entered the house Mrs. Stork sighed. All her house Mr. Hippo enlisted the services of Jumbo to help him to move the furniture.

"We want plenty of room for dancing," he said, "all we can get."

No one seemed to consult Mrs. Stork, who simply looked on while her furniture was being pushed about the room. The smashing of her french window had left the poor dear with a dazed kind of feeling which rendered her incapable of taking any part in the preparations for the event. Mrs. Stork was beginning to be sorry for herself already.



He picked up a carpet beater and started to bang the dust out of it.

Mr. Monk noticed how pre-occupied she was, and he tried to reassure her. "Take it easy, we'll stir things up for you in a bit," he said. "Leave it to Jumbo and to me."

Jumbo tried to dance with one of the Spoonbills, but she complained that he was trying to choke her with his trunk.

Mr. Monk did better with the other bird, for they kept it up as long as there was any dance music on the radio. Then supper was served, and Mr. Monk had to confess he had never faced a more generous spread on anybody's table.

The behaviour of his elephant friend was his only regret. There was only one Christmas cake on the table, a splendid cake it was, with almond icing an inch thick and decorated with crystallised fruits.

"Just shaking the old rug before taking it inside the house," said Mr. Monk, looking rather hurt. "Is breakfast ready?"

Mrs. Stork had stood a deal from these two guests, but there is a limit even to a Stork's patience. "You are not staying here for breakfast, Mr. Monk," she said, "I'm stopping in bed for several hours; yet, so you may consider your visit at an end."

"Do you mean that we have to buzz off?" exclaimed Mr. Monk, looking very astounded.

"I mean just that," said Mrs. Stork, closing her bedroom window with a convincing bang.

Mr. Monk turned to his friend Jumbo. "What do you think about that?" he said. "Can you beat it?"

"Forget it," said Jumbo. "Let's get a move on, I've to join a carol singing party this morning, it will be more fun than beating carpets."

[The End.]

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# YULETIDE PERPLEXITIES

by  
**MORLEY ADAMS**

If you're going to be the life and soul of the party this Christmas you'll want to be able to pose a problem with the best; if not, here's a good chance to brighten up the old grey matter with a teaser or three. Puzzles you'll enjoy solving, puzzles you'll enjoy setting in your turn, here's all the fun of the Christmas fare.

## Siesta

After three helpings of turkey and four of Christmas pudding, followed by nuts, fruit, sweets and fizzy ginger beer, Bertie was in no mood for violent exercise, so he settled down with a book to wait for the inevitable convulsions.

He soon dozed off, and after his meal he had some vivid dreams. Illustrated in the picture are some of the many things he dreamed about. Curiously enough, the letters in the names of these objects can be rearranged to form the name of the book Bertie was reading and the name of its author. The figures indicate the number of letters in the names of the objects.



See if you can discover what Bertie was reading.

## Puzzling Letter

"I'm writing a letter to Auntie about the Christmas party we went to yesterday," said Jack. "and just for fun I've written figures instead of some of the words. Each figure represents a letter and if the letters are arranged in the order 1234567890 they make a word something to do with building a house. Do you think she'll be able to solve it? She likes puzzles."

"It's not so very hard," said Jill. Here's a portion of the letter. See if you can discover the words in the letter, and the keyword.

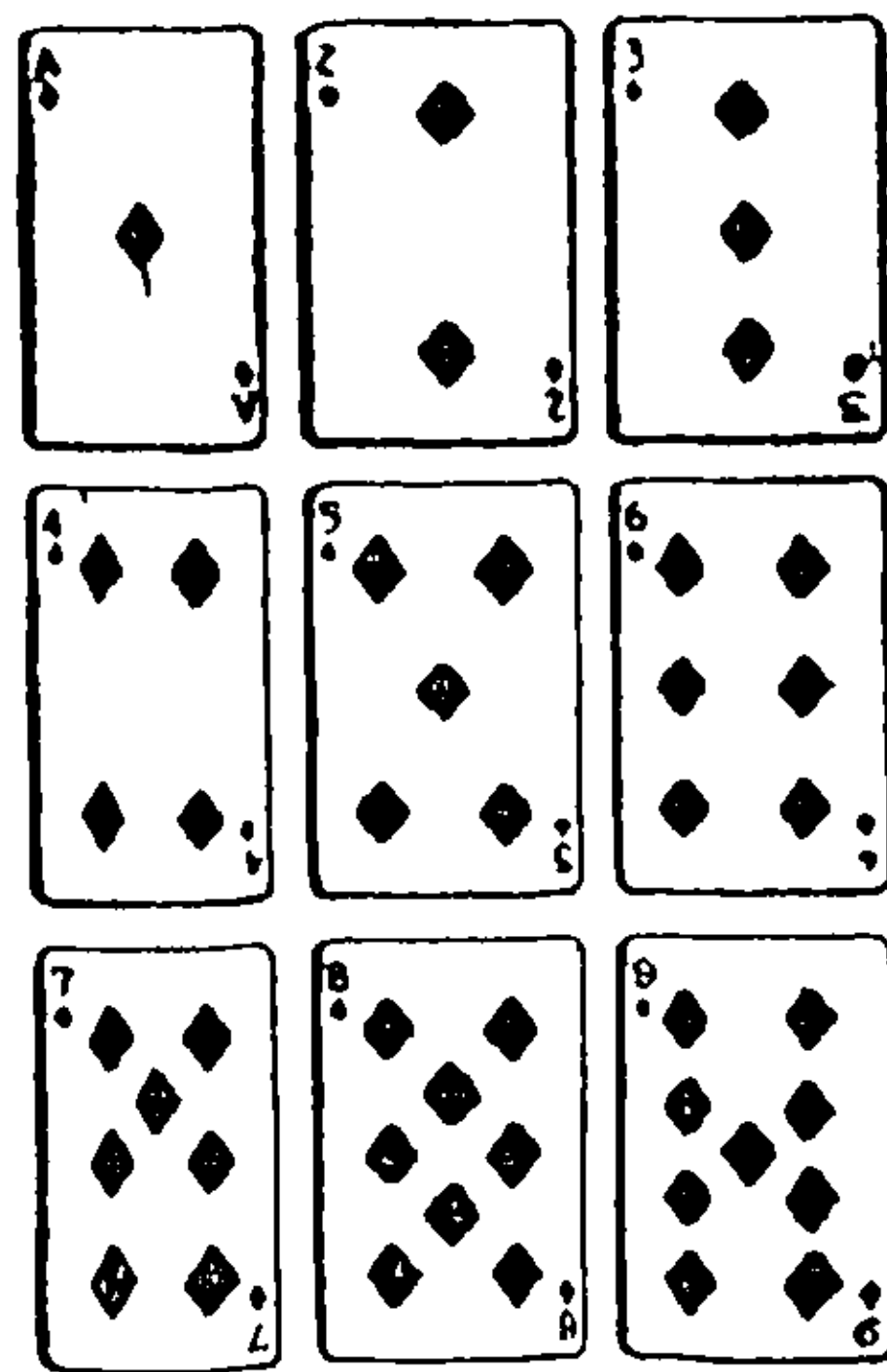
"After tea Uncle 679645 suggested games and we made a 45375 with 'Postman's Knock,' which made 322 the 08724 080026, especially my 484567 30964 Charades followed and kept our 89567645 for a long time. 311632890 34 85 does to those who like acting. The other games were obviously a 457389 on Uncle,

but he was 34 30826 34 any. The party finished with the 4800890 of 'Auld Lang Syne,' and we thanked our host for a very 12634395 and 685675389890 evening."

## Card Trickery

"Patience, Hey?" cried Smart Alec, intruding on a hitherto-peaceful game. "Nothing like a game of patience, eh, what?"

"The whisky's in the dining-



room," snapped Great-aunt Maria, who doesn't like to have a bout of patience disturbed.

"S'funny thing," persisted Smart Alec: "I see you've put each of the four sides of cards valued 1 to 9 on the table. You've only got to exchange the can remove so that those remaining total the same amount on each of the four sides." There's only one other condition: you must not remove all the coins.

positions of three pairs of cards to make a simple addition sum. The third row will prove to be the total of the first two rows if calculated like a simple addition sum carrying forward the tens to the next column."

"Will you go away!" cried Great-aunt Maria, which is a way great-aunts have, but all the same she sat down and did solve the puzzle.

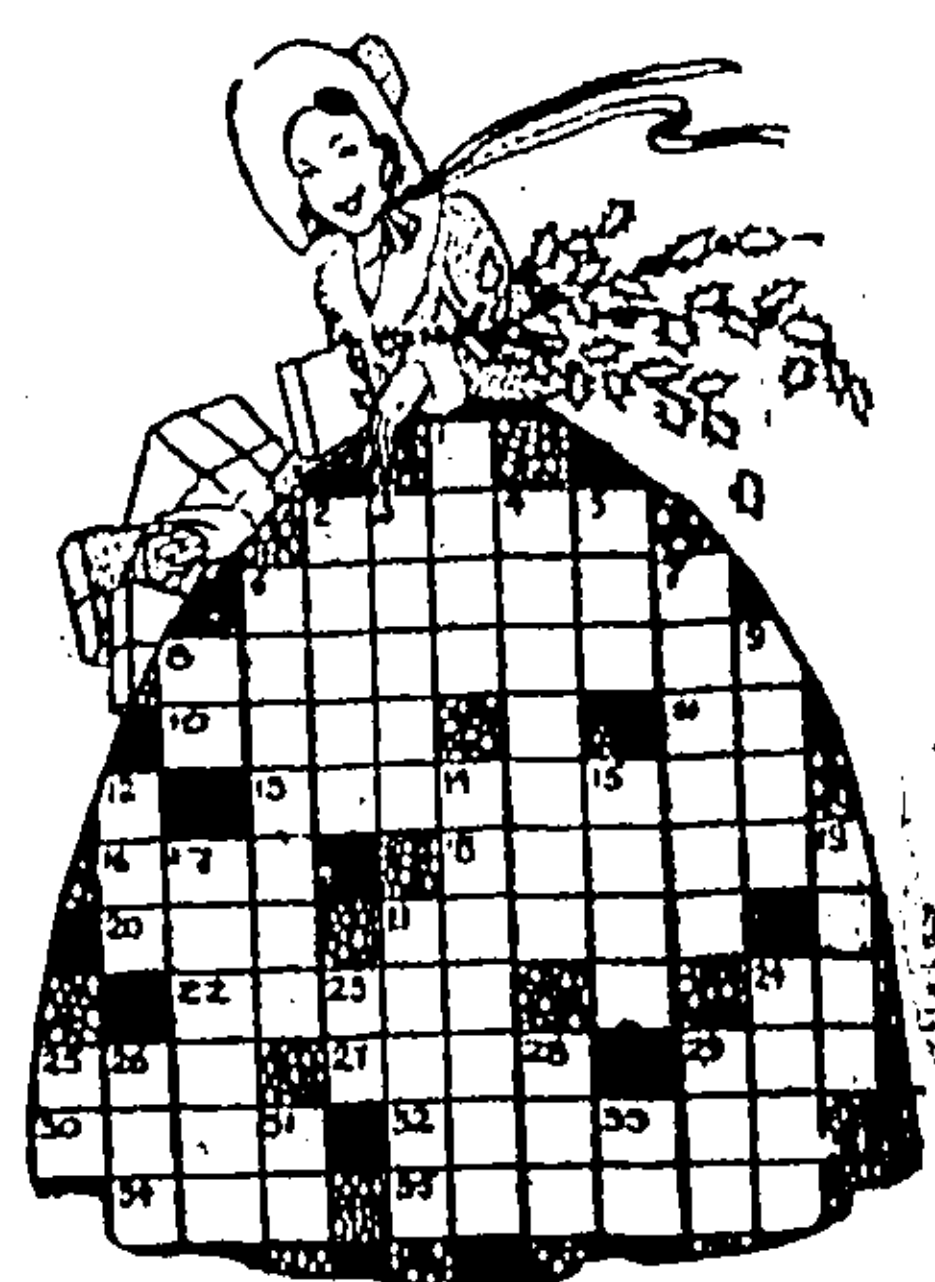
Can you make the three exchanges?

## Crackerjack

"Well, that's good I've got exactly 50 crackers," said Jack. "I did have five boxes of them, but some out of each box have been used. Now let's see, in the Red box and the Blue box together there are 27 crackers, in the Blue box and the Green box there are 19 crackers, in the Green box and the Yellow box there are 13 crackers, while the total number of crackers in the Yellow and Orange boxes is 19 again. Now, I wonder if you can tell me how many crackers there are in each box?"

## A Quick One

This ought not to keep you long. It's a test of your smartness. Arrange eight pennies on four sides of a square as shown. Now, what is the largest number of coins you



## Yule-Tide Crossword

CLUES  
ACROSS

2. Christmas song.
6. Crown.
8. Foretells weather.
10. Mohammedan leader.
11. Negative.
13. Divisions of army.
16. Part of foot.
18. Precious stones.
20. Make a mistake.
21. Boxes.
22. Very pale.
24. Short "thanks."
25. Human being.
27. Wise men came from.
29. Peer.
30. Outer rim.
32. Evening party.
34. Lair.
35. Come out.

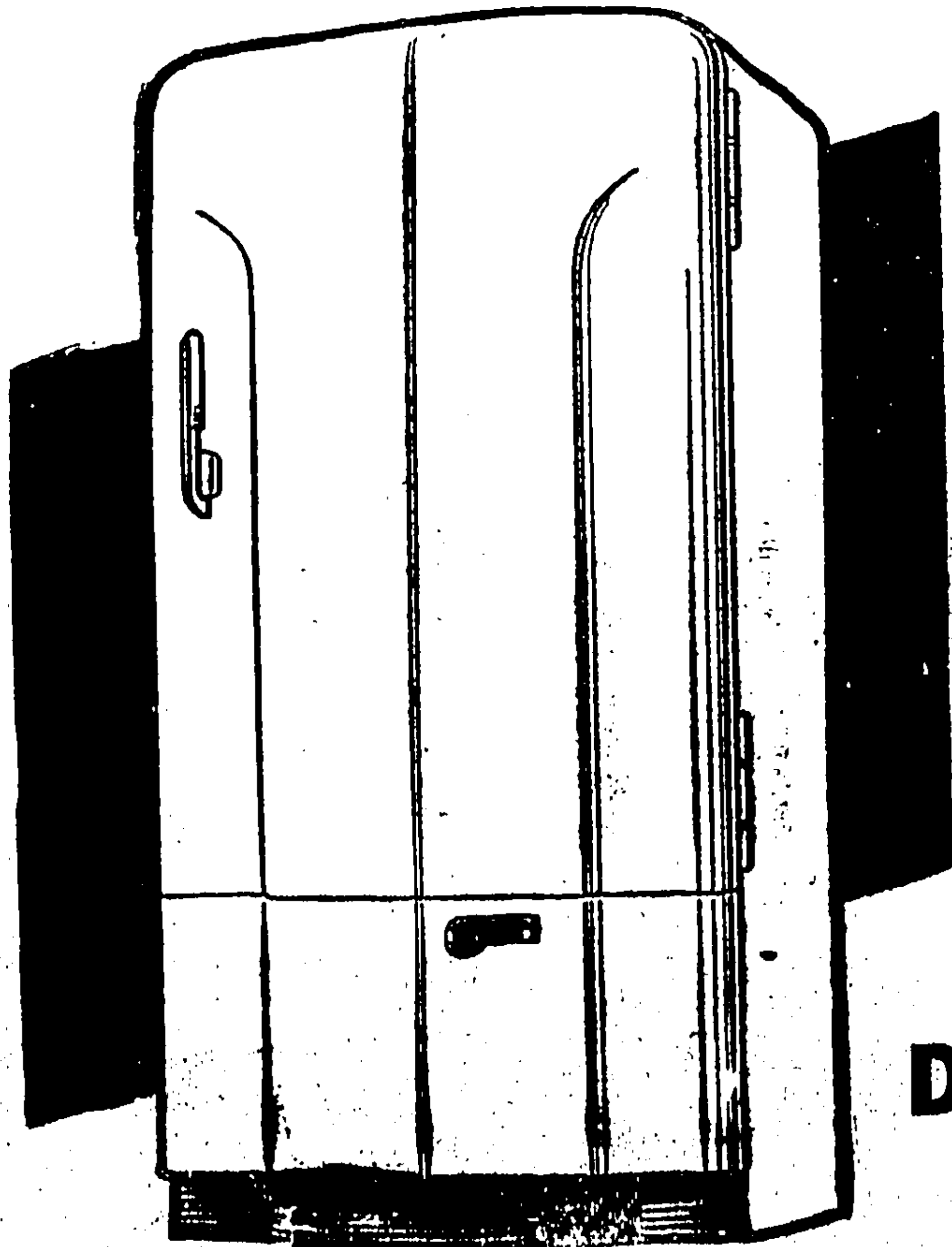
DOWN

1. Away.
2. Sea substance.
3. Fragrance.
4. Heavy.
5. Allow.
6. Open air "fans."
7. Popular game.
8. Curtain "bit."
9. Flower.
12. Consumed.
14. Horizontal beam.
15. Do what one is told.
17. Juicy fruit.
19. Remain.
21. Stop.
23. Pronoun.
24. Usually fir at Christmas.
25. Myself.
26. Total.
28. Often man's Christmas gift.
29. Wooden pin.
31. Curtain "end."
33. Red Rufus (initials).

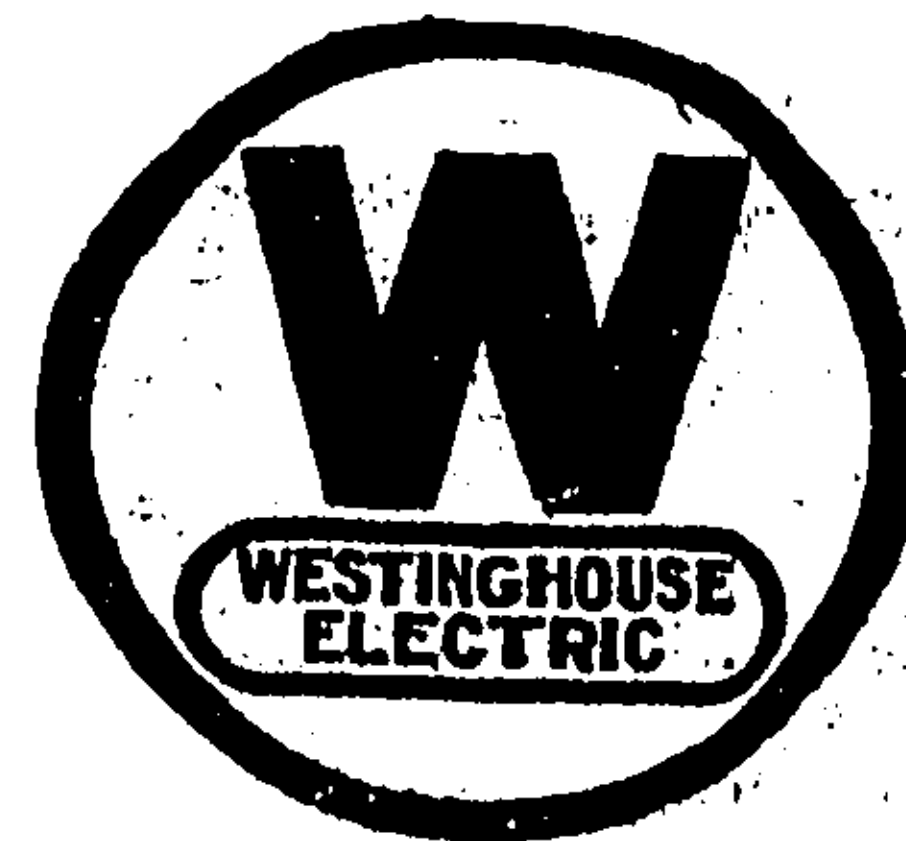
(Continued on Page 18)

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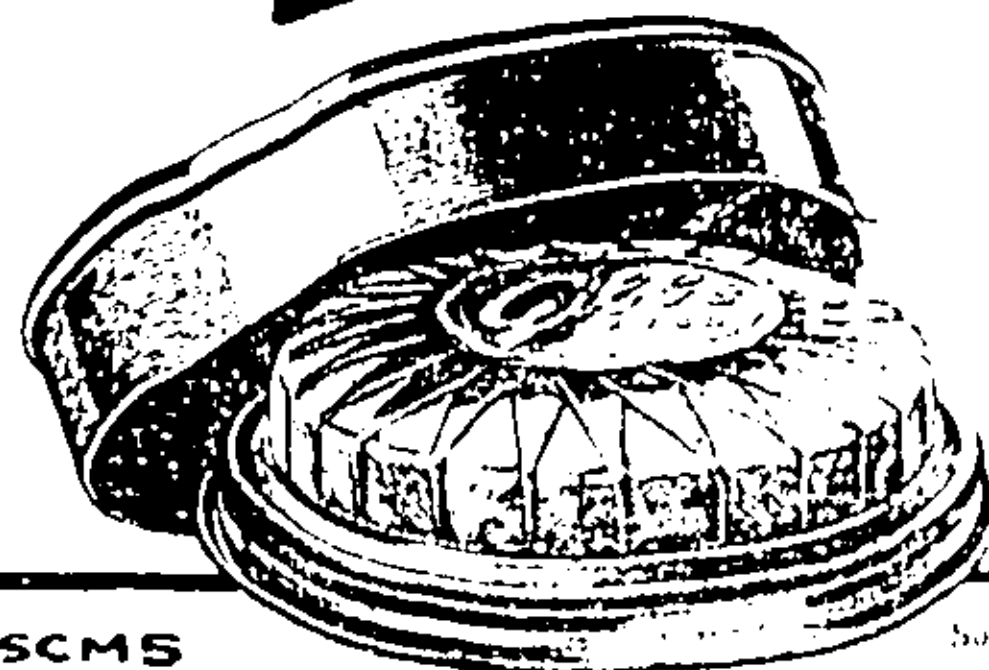
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## YULETIDE PERPLEXITIES

(Continued from Page 17.)

### Christmas Shopping

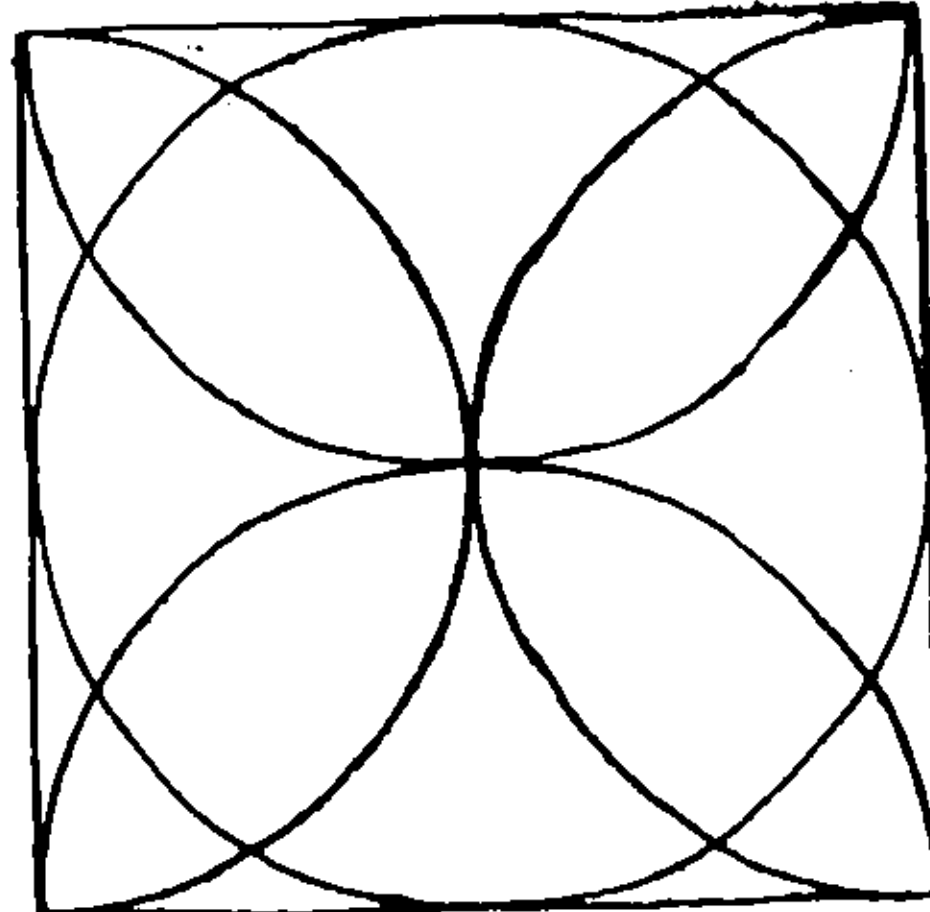
Sammy Spenditt went out to do his Christmas shopping yesterday. First he spent half the money he had in his pocket on a present for Mother, then 3s. 6d. on a book for Father. Half his remaining money went on his sister Mary's present, and then there was 2s. 6d. for Granny's gift. His remaining cash was again reduced by half when Sammy decided to stand himself a little refreshment, and having so many parcels to carry he took a penny bus ride home. Outside his house he met a creditor who insisted on being paid and Sammy's capital was again halved.



When Sammy finally arrived home and counted his wealth he discovered he had only 6d. left. What sum did he start his expedition with?

### Keep in Line!

Uncle Albert was going to give his young nephew Reggie his



usual Christmas half-crown when an idea struck him.

"Now, I'm going to give you half-a-crown for Christmas, Reggie," he cried, "but if you're smart you can double it. See the design on that table-mat. Well, if you can copy that without taking your pencil from the paper, and without crossing a line or going back over it, I'll make it five bob this Christmas."

Could you have earned 5s., as Reggie did?

### With Charitable Intent

Seven friends set out to raise £2,000 for a certain Christmas charity in which they were annually interested, each subscribing as much as he could reasonably afford.

Unfortunately they did not quite succeed in their attempt. Subsequent analysis of the subscription list showed that three had exceeded the average by £40, £140, and £240 respectively, whilst three subscribed less than the average by £50, £100, and £200 respectively.

The other subscription was £190.

How much short of £2,000 did they raise?

### Christmas Kind

"What sort of a Christmas do you expect to have," asked Abel of Willing.

"Well," said Willing, "there are several factors that might contribute to different sorts of Yuletides. For instance, if I had an AILERON I could make it an AIR NOEL. Now here are some more sorts of Christmas I might have. Each is composed of the letter of a well-known word. See if you can find them all."

- 1.—RABID NOEL.
- 2.—MY SOUR NOEL.
- 3.—MADE NOEL.
- 4.—BIG NOEL.
- 5.—CITES NOEL.
- 6.—CURSE NOEL.

### On The Air

All you have to do in this puzzle is to place in the vacant row of

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
O	P	O	E	E	L	R	L	E
V	I	A	V	A	A	A	A	D
E	N	S	E	S	T	T	N	G
R	E	T	R	T	E	E	D	E

squares the name of a popular detective character that will change all the four-letter words (reading down) into five-letter ones.

### SOLUTIONS

#### Siesta

A CHRISTMAS CAROL—  
CHARLES DICKENS.

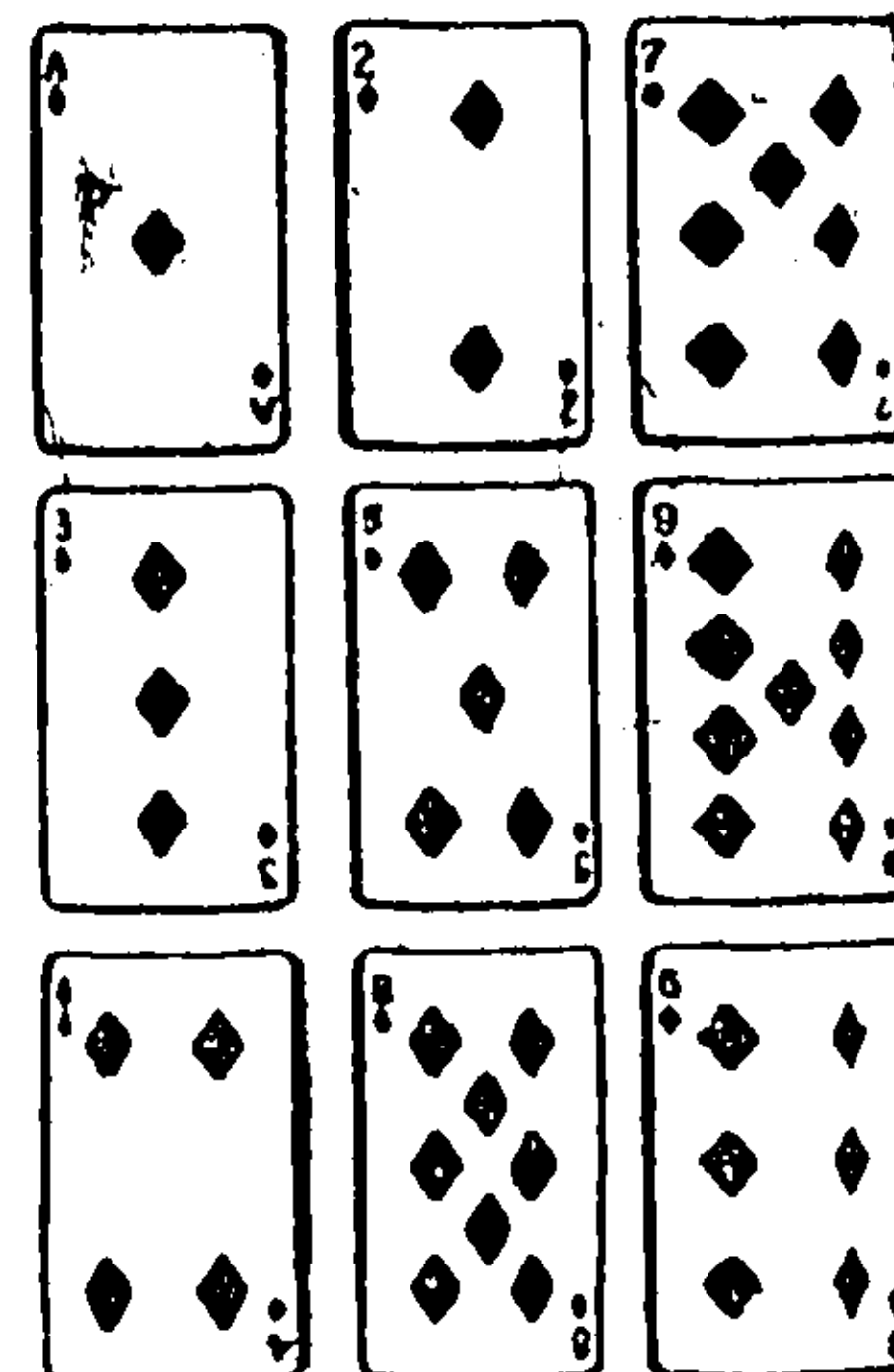
The objects were: CHICKENS, RAM, STAR, ARCH, SCALES, IDOL.

### Puzzling Letters

Keyword:

PLASTERING  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

### Card Trickery

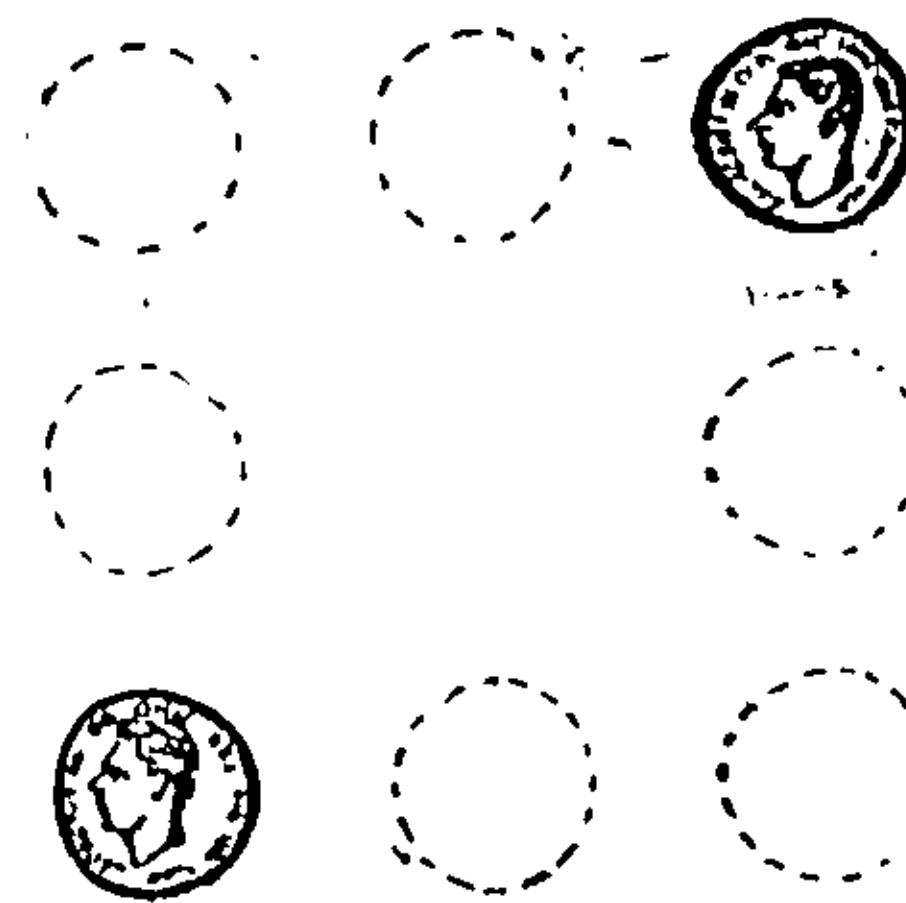


Exchange 3 and 4, 4 and 7, 6 and 9, so that square is as shown.

### Crackerjack

Red 12, Blue 15, Green 1, Yellow 9, Orange 10.

### A Quick One



Six coins can be removed leaving two as shown. The total in each side is then 1d.

### CROSSWORD:—

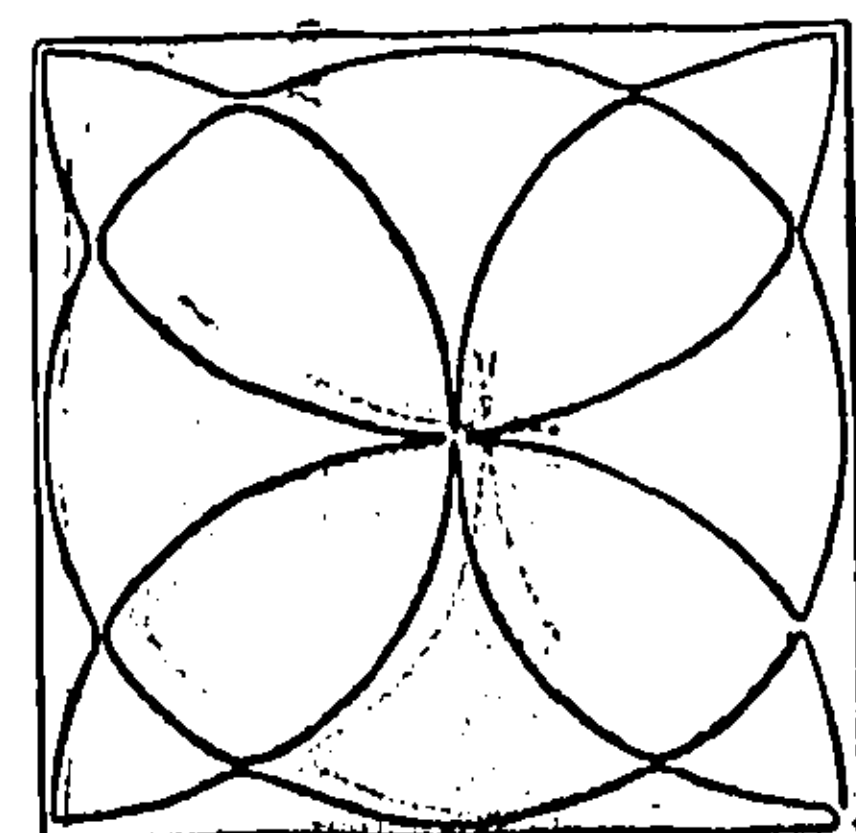
Across: 2, Carol; 6, Coronet; 8, Barometer; 10, Inam; 11, No; 13, Platoons; 16, Toe; 18, Rubies; 20, Err; 21, Cases; 22, Ashen; 24, Ta; 25, Man; 27, East; 29, Pry; 30, Edge; 32, Soiree; 34, Den; 35, Emerge.

Down: 1, From; 2, Coral; 3, Aroma; 4, Onerous; 5, Let; 6, Campers; 7, Tennis; 8, Bi; 9, Rose; 12, Ate; 14, Transom; 15, Obey; 17, Orange; 19, Slay; 21, Cease; 23, He; 24, Tree; 25, Me; 26, Add; 28, Tie; 29, Peg; 31, En; 33, R.R.

### Christmas Shopping

£1 5s. 8d.

### Keep In Line!



The diagram shows how the figure is drawn.

### With Charitable Intent

£180. Total amount raised was £1,820. Average is £280.

### Christmas Kind

1, Band-oller; 2, Enormously; 3, Lemonade; 4, Ignoble; 5, Selection; 6, Enclosure.

### On The Air

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
H O R N L E I G H  
O P O E E L R L E  
V I A V A A A A D  
E N S E S T T N G  
R E T R T E E D E

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RUBY EVANS

**SOFT** toys are always welcome gifts for the youngest members of the family, and many grown-ups as well appreciate an amusing animal for a mascot. So why not make a few toys to solve your Christmas present problem? They are very easy and fascinating to make, and all sorts of materials can be utilized with good effect.

Almost any strong, closely woven fabric will make the main body of the animal or other toy. Velvet, cloth or strong cotton are all suitable. Pink velvet, for instance, would make a pig, grey velvet cloth is just the thing for an elephant, and even a scrap of gaily checked gingham would make a quaint dog.

Scaps of felt and leather are useful for feet, beaks, ears, and so on. Cast-off patent leather belts can be cut up to provide collars and harness, and shoe-buttons or press-studs make eyes for almost any animal. A pound of millpuff or kapok, costing very little from your drapers' or upholsterers', will stuff half-a-dozen small toys. Snipped-up rags can be used for stuffing, but these are rather heavy, and more difficult to handle.

For large or complicated toys, you will need to buy a paper-pattern. But you could start right away to make the two simple toys shown here. The shape and measurements of each part are clearly given, and you will find it quite easy to cut out these paper patterns for yourself.

### Bunny Is Born

The soft and cuddlesome bunny is made from an oddment of white turkish towelling, with pink silk or cotton to line his ears. First cut out the four shapes in paper—body, under-body, ear and tail. The under-body is exactly the same shape as the lower part of the shape for the body. The given measurements allow for  $\frac{1}{4}$ in. turnings on all edges.

From turkish towelling cut out the body twice, the under-body twice, the ear twice, the tail twice. Also cut out the ear twice in pink material, making this lining just a little narrower than the pattern.

With strong white cotton, seam the two under-body pieces together along the straight top edge, leaving a small space in the centre for stuffing, as shown in the sketch. Slip this part between the two body pieces, so that it fits in exactly, coming as far up as the two crosses marked on the body piece in the sketch.

Pin all the edges together, and then stitch on the wrong side, thus making a complete "case" shaped like a rabbit. Turn right side out, and fill with soft stuffing, first the paws and then the body. Sew opening neatly together.

Join the two tail pieces, leaving the straight edge open. Turn right side out, add a little stuffing, and sew to the body. Make up the ears in the same way, but do not stuff. Bring the lower edges in towards the centre, lining inside, and sew to head with the lining facing outwards. A glance at the

finished rabbit in the sketch makes this step clear.

Add shoe-buttons or glass beads for eyes, using very strong cotton and taking the needle through the head several times from one eye to the other. A touch of paint can be used to make the correct pink eyes if desired. Mark nose and mouth with a scrap of thick red wool, and your bunny is ready for his new owner.

Humpty-Dumpty, also shown here, is a most original and intriguing toy. To make him, you need some scraps of gaily-patterned velvet (or cloth) and a piece of flesh-coloured stockinette. You could use, old stocking-tops, or pieces cut from woven underwear. If they are white, rinse them in strong cold tea.

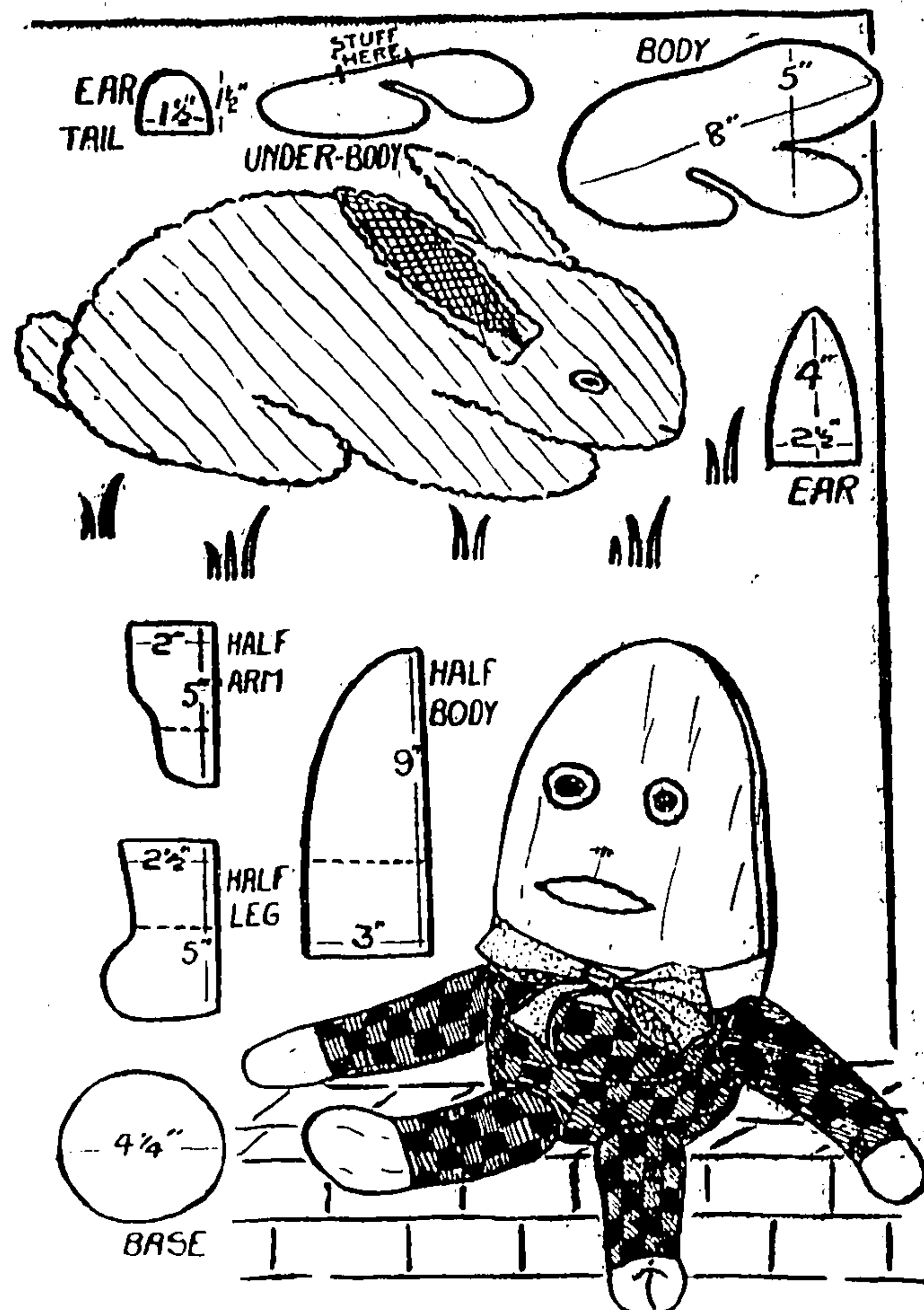
First cut out the four simple shapes shown here. Measurements include quarter-inch turnings on every edge. You will notice that only half the body, arm and leg is given. When cutting out these parts, lay the straight edge to a fold, and cut out in double thickness.

As you see from the finished doll in the sketch, the body, arms and legs are made partly from velvet, and partly from stockinette. These three patterns must, therefore, be cut across at the dotted lines shown in the sketch.

Cut out each part in its correct material. You can see from the sketch of the finished doll which parts should be velvet, and which stockinette. Then make up as follows:

### Stuff Firmly

**BODY.** Seam the lower and upper parts of the body together,



making two similar pieces, one for the front and one for the back. Join front and back together right round the curved side. Then join on the circular base (cut entirely in velvet) leaving an opening for stuffing. Turn right side out, stuff firmly, and sew up opening.

Sew a narrow band of plain white material round the body, where the velvet joins the stockinette, thus making Humpty a collar and hiding the join at the same time. Add a ribbon bow in front.

### Humpty Won't Fall

**ARMS AND LEGS.** Make up in the same way as the body, but do

not give them a base. Instead, sew the straight ends together when each limb is stuffed, and sew firmly to the body.

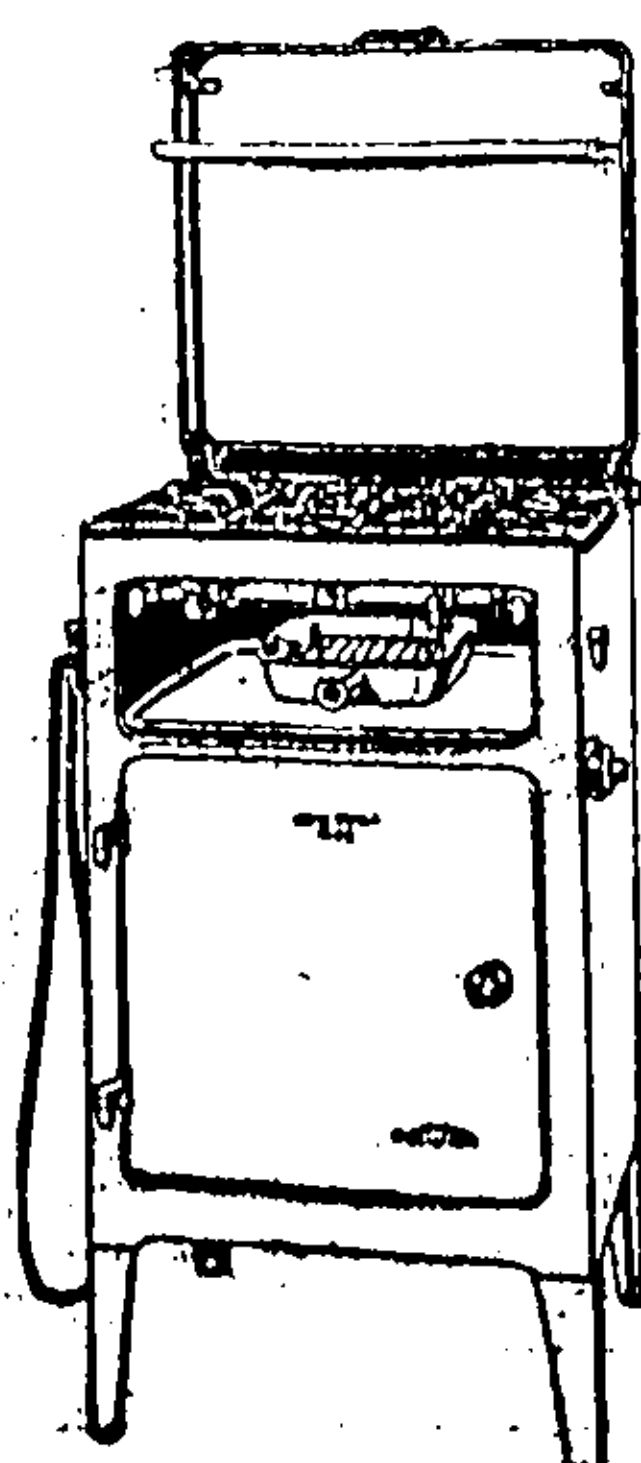
For Humpty's eyes, sew on two large black press-studs, and stitch a circle of black chain-stitch round each. A few straight black stitches form the nose, and an outlined shape in red chain-stitch indicates the mouth.

You will find Humpty a most good-tempered fellow, and he is guaranteed not to come to grief like his name-sake in the nursery-rhyme. In fact, he will stand up nobly to the roughest treatment which any small child may give him.

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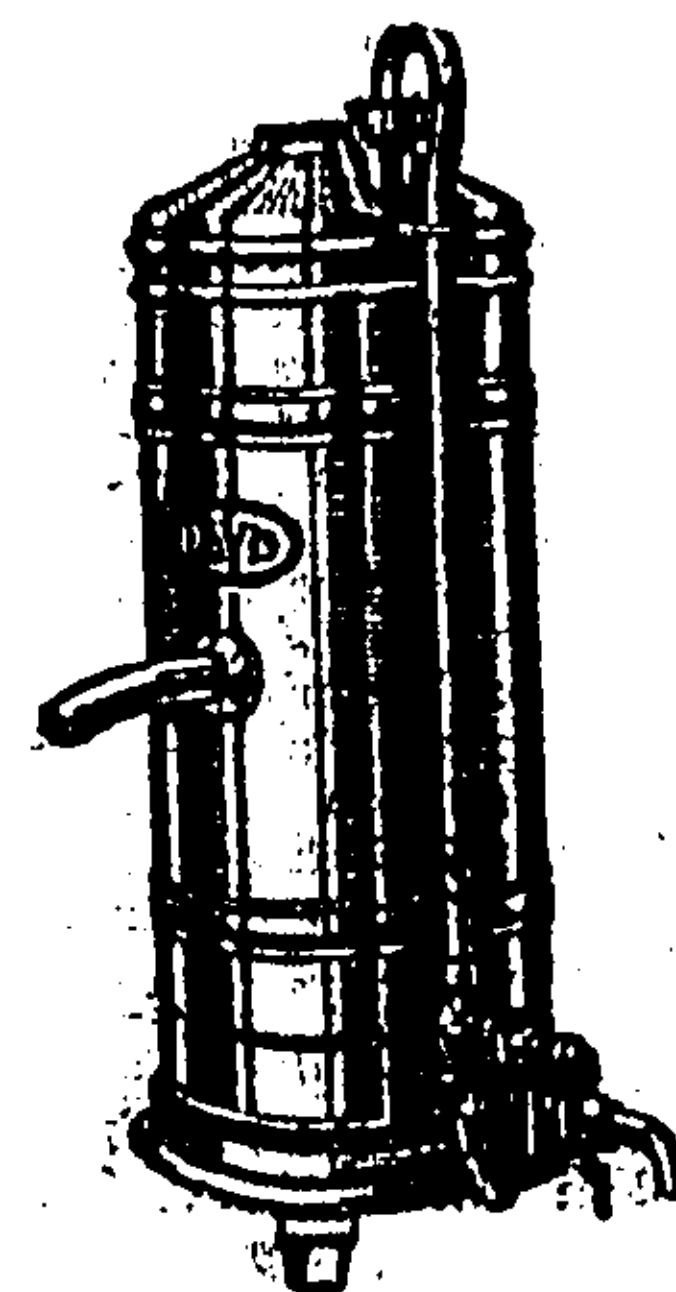
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## Children Believe In Fairies

I want to know why children believe in magic we must take a really close look at fairyland. Fairyland is a place where the unexpected always happens. The heroes and heroines there are never grown-up people. They are young, helpless, and credulous, the victims of misfortune, as our own small sons and daughters often imagine themselves to be. By the aid of magic, they can triumph completely over the forces working against them, as the children would surely like to do.

Sleeping Beauty is doomed from her cradle through the mere caprice of a wicked fairy. Lazy Jack is more kindly treated by fate. The pretty beans, which he so foolishly accepts in exchange for the cow, as any child might, turn out to be magic ones. Thus he is saved from his mother's anger and led through all sorts of adventures to ultimate triumph.

In fairyland there are giants and ogres who growl terrifying threats. Sometimes the ogre has a good wife, who hides you and gives you food, but only because she has not guessed that you want to destroy him, for she, too, is in power, and on his side when he comes to a fight.

You omit a small kindness, and the fairies withhold their favour. They are always watching, listening and knowing. You may be

powerless, caught in the gingerbread house of a hypocritical old witch, who pretended to be kind. A fairy will appear from nowhere. You turn to where her voice was. She has disappeared as suddenly and strangely as she came.

If you come to think of it, the work may look very much like fairyland to a small child. A baby a few weeks old is a completely helpless creature. He has few needs, but wants them satisfied immediately. He has no sense of time or place, no knowledge of how things come to him, why they are withheld, nor how to get them. When he wishes for food, its bringer must seem like a beneficent fairy.

Fairy tales and legends were an attempt to explain, when the world was younger, all that the people could not understand of the forces of nature attacking them in their helplessness and of capricious and cruel circumstances over which they had no control. Even to-day, to express wonder we sometimes say, "It's like magic." Even to-day, some of us would be glad of a magic wish to give us our heart's desire, or a fairy godmother to help us out of an intolerable situation.

Is the day of magic done? Only a few generations ago people throughout the world, superstitious and easily gullible, were practically all believers in the power of magic. Magic was in its heyday then, the modern observer would say. Never again will it reach such popularity. People no longer believe in magic, and no longer can they be mystified; they are incredulous and sceptical.

But seeing is believing—or is it? If you wonder what this means, if you doubt that you can see a thing actually happen and yet believe it to be absolutely impossible that it should happen, let me show you a little of my magic.

As a matter of fact, the magic of the Middle Ages was far from being the greatest magic the world has ever seen. The efforts of early magicians, men who achieved reputations and who passed down to history as noted figures, were as nothing compared with the magic that is within your power to witness to-day.

Magic is a science. It progresses like everything else. If a magician of medieval times were to sit at one of my performances he would probably be so impressed that he would either commit suicide or bury his head in the sand and allow the whole of his erstwhile followers to spend the rest of their lives kicking him for being such a fool to imagine that

he was a mystic.

The trouble with these old-time magicians was that they linked up their magic with alchemy and necromancy.

I do not profess to practice anything supernatural. I realise perfectly well that modern magic consists chiefly of ingenious tricks and clever manipulation. I practice magic for amusement, for the amusement of huge audiences, and it I succeed in almost making

By Max Mallini

them believe that the impossible is accomplished, this is merely due to my mastery of the art of illusion.

I started doing magic tricks with no other purpose in view than my own amusement. Life was hard for me in my youthful days. I was taken to America when I was but a child. My days at school were punctuated by a constant fight against persecution by my comrades who seemed to regard the fact that I was Swedish as sufficient excuse for making me the butt of all their practical jokes.

I soon learned that the most magical way of making life worth living in this respect was to punch hard and often. At the age of 12 I left school to make my way in the world selling newspapers and

working at odd jobs to earn a living. In this way I progressed until I got a job in a Y.M.C.A. institution.

I had seen several magicians at work on the stage, and, like all small boys, I was impressed by their skill. I have a mechanical mind, and I still cannot rest, when I see anything unusual, until I find out "how to work."

As far as I could, I found out how these magicians I had seen performed their tricks. Then I began to evolve small tricks of my own and try them on the other fellows in the Y.M.C.A. Pretty soon I had my own act put together and was giving performances at church concerts and such like.

One day the secretary of the Y.M.C.A. saw me doing my stuff. "Kid," he said, "You're good. I will put you on our next big performance."

Sure enough I was "on" and did half an hour's show. It so happened that one of the big theatrical agents was in the audience and the next day I got a letter inviting me to go round and see him. At this time, by working day and night, I was making about 15 dollars a week. He offered me a three-years' contract as the Boy Magician to tour America at a salary beginning at 75 dollars weekly.

For a while I held out, chiefly because everybody told me there was no money in magic; that this flare of mine was only a passing fancy, and that it would lead me nowhere.

To cut a long story short, by the time I was 16 I had toured the whole of America and had opened my own factory for the manufacture of scores of tricks of all descriptions which were sold to would-be magicians throughout the world.

I promised myself I would retire when I was 32, but Fate and the War stepped in, with the result that my business was closed down and I found myself starting all over again.

At one time I was obliged to live for one week on 2s. That made me think. I immediately formed a one-week plan. This provided for me eating only one bowl of soup and a roll every day at six o'clock. I got along fine. From this I evolved the two years plan, and although money was beginning to come in again I kept it up. Since then, although I live in good hotels and food is plentiful, I manage nicely on one meal a day.

I developed a sense of humour at that time and went up and down Broadway meeting my friends of more luxurious days and exchanging funny stories, and to-day that bad period seems to me to have been one of the outstanding experiences that I would not have missed for anything. I could have grieved and worried and pestered everyone with my trouble, but I figured that would not solve my problem. As it was, there was not a soul who knew of my circumstances until long after I was back on Easy-street again.

To return to magic; of course I wear a curious ring. All magicians have something like that, but I can't say it responds to the usual magic formulae, and you can say "Abracadabra" or "Sim Sala Bim" until you are blue in the face, and nothing much will happen if you rub it. But it certainly is a curious ring all the same. It is a gold representation of a human skeleton encircling my finger and the eyes are two small diamonds—quite a grotesque affair. It was presented to me by a Russian magician in a cafe in Moscow one day after I had finished a show.

I was attracted by the ring which he wore. I had never seen one like it before, so he let me try it on, and when he found that it fitted me he said: "You keep it. I was going to give it to you anyway"—when I protested against taking such a quaint and valuable token—"because I want something from you."

"Name it," I said.

"Your levitation illusion, the Vanishing Woman," he said.

Well, he studied me for a few days, and eventually I gladdened his heart by giving him the trick. People who think magicians don't give their tricks away are wrong. I think it helps things along considerably if you tell them something about your business. It puts you on a more human basis with them straight away. But, just the same most people like to be mystified, and I find that there are many who prefer not to be told everything there is about an illusion.



**Christmas Books**

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# Some Queer Xmas Eves

"D'you realise, David," I said, flinging my pack disgustedly to the ground "that it's Christmas Eve?"

David, my partner on the diamond diggings in South Africa, wiped the sweat from his sun-burnt face. "And what if it is," he replied lamely. "Do you expect me to become a sentimental pagan and sing carols beneath a sprig of mistletoe?" And he resumed his digging in that hard, sun-baked earth for the diamonds that never materialised.

It was the reply I might have expected from him. David was a true wanderer. At the same time, I was beginning to realise how much the wanderers on this earth hate Christmas. It is because, at heart, they are all sentimentalists. Christmas does make them think of home.

"Well, have to go a long way from here to our mistletoe," I said to David, "but at least we can get a Christmas dinner of sort at old George's shack. There are rumors about a dance to-night."

David pulled back his doublet, felt hot and stared at me.

"Why this sudden desire for gaiety," he asked.

"Just because it's Christmas Eve," I repeated truthfully.

"And how do you suggest we shall pay for these sentimental luxuries—a Christmas dinner and a dance in an old Greek's tin shanty?"

I fingered the pouch of my belt.

"What! The only diamond we've found in this shell-hole," he exclaimed.

"Why not?"

David snorted. Then he grinned.

"Yes, why not?" he mused. "It's such a miserable specimen that I doubt whether we'll even get a fiver for it. Still, old George might buy it or give us a drink and a dance in exchange."

"And a Christmas dinner," I insisted.

Twenty-four hours previously, David and I had joined in a rush for diamond claims over this stretch of South African veld that now looked like a battlefield. Battered motor-cars, Cape carts and ox-wagons added to the general effect of an army in retreat.

A few mounted policemen rode the debris, a hand occasionally straying to pistol holster when any of the diggers became violent. At the same time a naked Zulu stalked about the diggings vigorously ringing a bell. He carried an ink-crawled poster in one hand. The invitation was sensational:

—Come and dance at George's—

Women, Music and Champagne.

George, after much twisting of his black moustaches, gave us exactly five pounds for the rough little pebble that we called a diamond. David and I began recklessly to spend that five pounds.

Three sausages apiece, a lump of mashed potatoes, and, as a special afterthought, a tin of green peas—such was our Christmas dinner.

David called loudly for champagne. With a smirk that would have done credit to the head waiter of the Cafe de Paris, in Monte Carlo, George, the Greek, produced the first bottle with the alacrity of a conjurer. He charged us two pounds for the bottle.

Queer Christmas Eve. I can well remember the dance that followed. When the dancing began, diggers kicked off their heavy veldt-schoen and began lumbering about the floor in their shoes.

And the women? George, the Greek, had kept his word. They were there. Strapping Boer girls wearing white kappies beneath which bunched their flaxen hair. There were also the strange women who haunt every diamond camp—girls, heavily lip-sticked, who had been in the chorus of some Johannesburg revue or else been barmaids in Rhodesia or the East Coast.

A different, and much more luxurious atmosphere, two years later, St. Moritz in the snow season. A dining-room filled with a healthy, snow-toned crowd, pa-

per caps, coloured streamers and a lavish array of foods and wines.

I was wearing a false nose—a wise thing to do on the Continent where noses are apt to be pulled—and dancing with an ash-blond girl from Prague who defeated all my efforts to speak to her in French and German.

Seated at an adjoining table was a young Irishman who wrote satiric verse, with an English girl. They had become engaged during the course of their sojourn at St. Moritz.

There they both were, on Christmas Eve, looking dimly, unhappy. The news of their betrothal had been a twenty-four hours' affair. Now, even the waiters knew it, and treated them with excessive deference. The Irishman occasionally blew a paper whistle with a sort of defiant enjoyment. Neither of them danced.

It was when the orchestra began playing a dangerously sentimental waltz that the English girl looked up to find a young mono-

clad Austrian bowing before her.

"Gnadiges fraulein," he said suavely. "I would be charmed if you will pull a cracker with me." And, graciously, he held before her one of those paper crackers that decorate most Christmas tables.

A moon-like expression of delight shone in the face of the English girl. "How delightful of you," she said. And stretching out her hand she seized one end of the cracker.

A sharp tug, an absurd "pop" and the ruins of the cracker were in their hands.

"There is a motto inside," she cried childishly. "You must read it."

The Austrian bowed, and fumbled in the paper wreckage. He discovered the slip of paper, smoothed it, and read slowly aloud in English. I can still hear him mouthing the trite words:

"Roses are red, violets are blue, Sugar is sweet, and so are you!"

But by this time the young Irishman was on his feet. His eyes blazed. He had the specially decorated menu folded in his hand. With a melodramatic gesture he struck the Austrian across the face with it, causing the monocle to fall.

The Austrian stooped to recover his monocle. When he fixed it firmly against his eye he was pale. He faced the Irishman.

"I think we shall have something to discuss—after the dance," he said with quiet deliberation. Then superbly, he turned to the English girl. "Our waltz, I think," he murmured.

It was a thoroughly terrified English girl who was eventually led back to the little table. The Austrian bowed her to a seat and then proffered his cigarette-case to the Irishman.

"Perhaps, mein herr," he said, "you would like to smoke a cigarette in the next room, hein?"

They stalked out of the dining-room together.

The next morning they set out early to climb a snow-peak together—complete with ice-axes.

It must have been nearly midnight when I saw the two young men again, standing in the doorway. They were laughing and joking with each other. The best of friends. And the object of their amusement? A wealthy American was presenting the girl with a plateful of caviare sandwiches, while she gazed adoringly into his eyes.

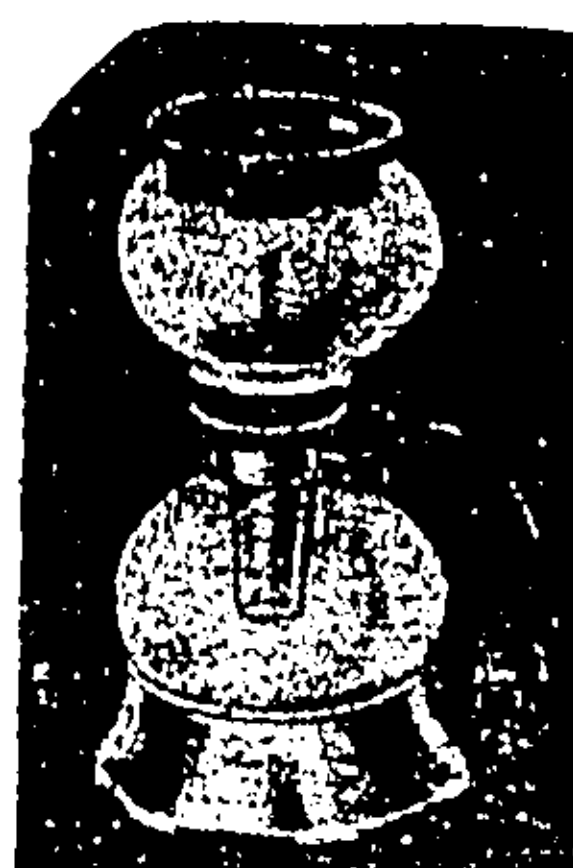
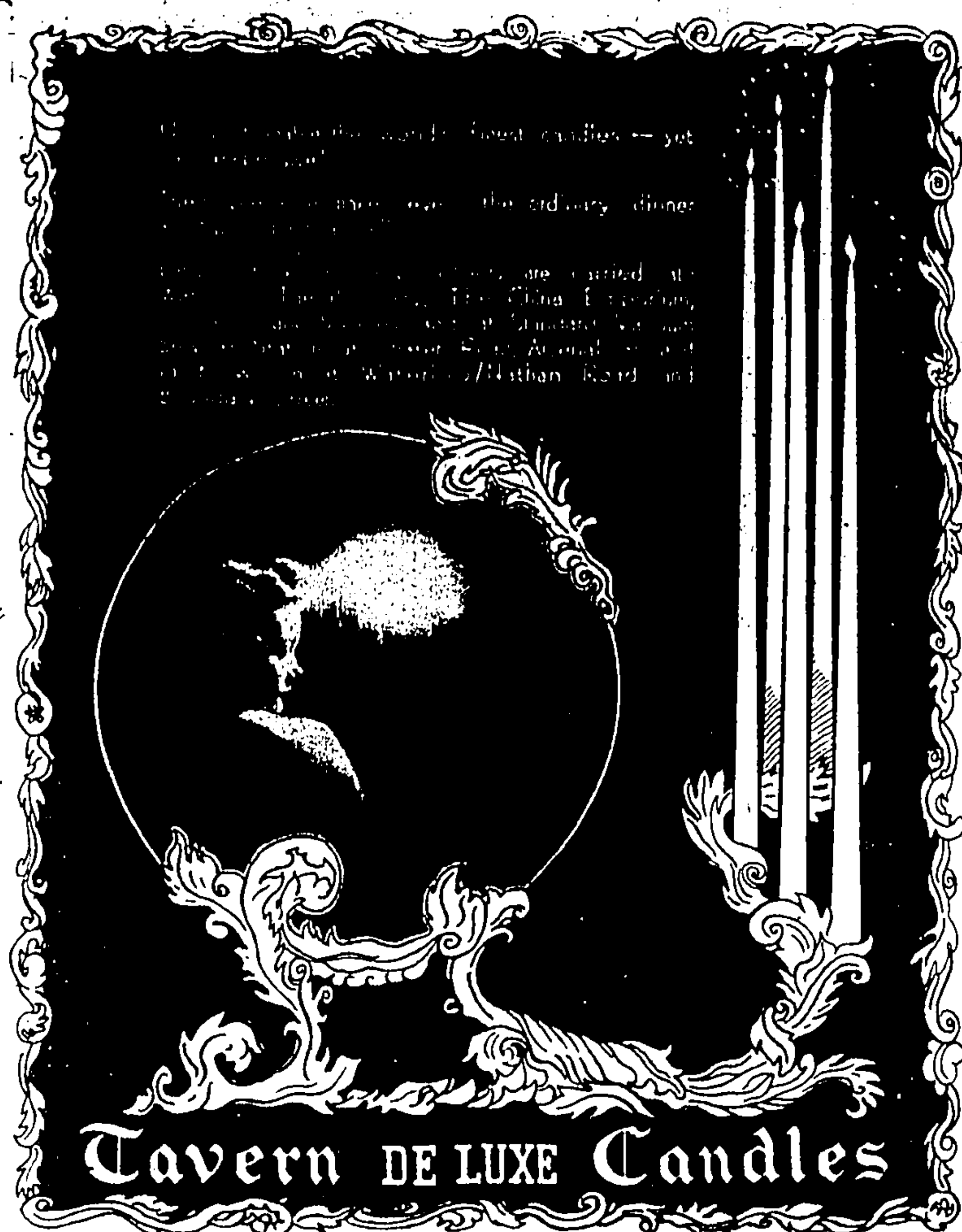
I remember, too, a Christmas Eve among the Zulus. Under a sky stretched like blue silk I watched the Zulu impi; the fighting men with shields and assegais stamp their way forward in battle formation. Across a huge plain they came, enormous, black crescent moons roaring their war songs. Again and again they stamped their bare black feet in the dust so that the ground trembled. The Zulu maidens, in all their naked beauty, shrilled in chorus and urged the fighters to even greater deeds.

Slowly and remorselessly, the black crescent moons came onwards. The chanting was solemn and deliberate. Then, with one huge roar, the black flood charged, one crescent moon after another.

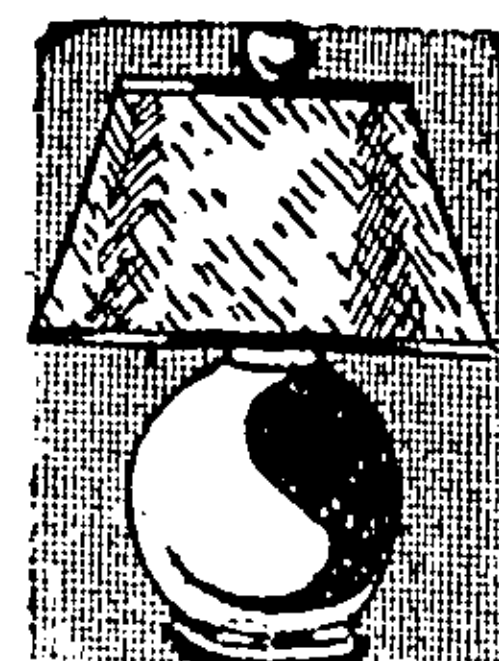
And, by a miracle of discipline, it stopped dead, within a yard of the group of whites watching.

Queer Christmas Eves.

By  
W.J. Makin



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# The Haunted House In B-Square

when he fell and he lying somewhere under the snow. Though it was very old and dirty, he had an affection for it. He would come again, when it was light, and look for it.

All the way home he pondered over his strange experience. He could not get that scene in the bedroom, the awful looking woman with the sharp, murderous knife, out of his head. She haunted him.

Midday saw him back in B-Square, standing in front of Number 13. There was a notice board with TO LET on it attached to the area railings, and bare floors and walls met his astonished gaze when he peered in at the windows. The weather had changed. It was much warmer, consequently the snow had nearly gone, and he had no difficulty in finding his cap. It was in the area.

A tradesman's cart was in front of Number 12 when he came up the area steps.

"Who lives in Number 13?" the man driving it said, in answer to his query. "Why, no one. It's been unoccupied for more than a year. No one ever stays in it for long. Round here they call it 'The Unlucky House', and says it's haunted. Not that I believe in such things as ghosts myself, I think it's all imagination, but there's no doubt there is something queer about the house. I don't think I should care to live in it."

Bill thanked him and moved away. Yes, there was something queer about Number 13, something devilishly queer, otherwise

he would never have fallen down, knocked his head, and imagined himself inside it, if it was only imagination. Those diamonds, and his mouth watered again at the thought of them—how they had glittered and sparkled.

Then came a vision of that gloating woman with the knife, and cruel, wicked smile. He could see her as plainly in his mind now as he had seen her in the night, could see even the shining black buttons on her dress and the gap in her leering mouth where one of her yellow teeth was missing. The house was reputed to be haunted; had he, in some utterly inexplicable manner, got into it and encountered the ghosts? Or was it some queer delirium, a kind of concussion nightmare, caused by his fall?

The next two or three months saw him at his old vocation whenever he got the opportunity, but never with quite his former zeal. What he had gone through that Christmas Eve had made a deep impression on him. He had hitherto scoffed at the idea of ghosts and a Hereafter, but he no longer scoffed now. He had a feeling that that experience of his was nothing accidental but was ordained by some Power behind the Scenes, ordained for a special purpose. It made him think.

Once again it was Christmas Eve, and as the day wore on his desire to revisit B-Square grew stronger and stronger.

In the end he went. This time there was no snow. Rain in the morning was succeeded by a severe frost at night, with the re-

sult that the pavements and roadways were very slippery. Bill got to B-Square just about the time he had arrived there the preceding year, and at the same window of Number 13 was the same blonde lady dangling the diamond necklace in her glistening, carmine tipped fingers. He rubbed his eyes to make sure he was not dreaming, but when he looked again she was still there.

Everything then happened just as it had happened before. The same burning desire to get the diamonds came over him, and he left the Square resolved to visit it again when the coast was quite clear.

He returned shortly before midnight. Just as he had done that Christmas Eve twelve months ago, he tiptoed down the area steps, trod on a slippery spot, fell and bumped his head against something hard. Conscious that all he did was merely a repetition, in detail, of all he had previously done, he entered the house by the little ladder window, and passing through the kitchen, where the nearly spent fire glowed a dull red in the large range, he ascended the basement staircase into the hall, halted in breathless fear when he heard the policeman, and then went on up the other staircase on to the first floor landing, and hence into the bedroom of the blonde.

The silence in the house seemed even deeper and more unnatural than the last time he was there, and the shadows on the wall and ceiling more alarmingly fantastic. In the semi-gloom the face of the sleeping man looked startlingly white and weird. Bill was horribly afraid, afraid of the sleeper, the shadows, the silence, everything. The dread of what he knew was about to hap-

pen gripped him to such an extent that he would have got out of the house as fast as he could, had he been able, but a Power he could not resist compelled him to stay and go through everything again. Then, just as before, he was examining the contents of the dressing table drawers when he heard the tap of dainty high heels on the polished floor of the landing, and he had hardly hidden behind the curtains, when the blonde lady entered the room, looking so he thought, lovelier than ever. This time, however, as she stood by the bedside gazing down at the sleeper, Bill became aware of a ghostly unreality about her and about the man. They seemed no longer to belong to a world he knew, but to hail from the same strange unearthly world as the frighteningly bizarre shadows on the floor and walls.

He breathed easier when she left the bedside and finally slipped into her night attire. As she stood warming by the electric fire, the dainty pearl buttons on her pyjamas and her red lacquered finger and toe nails shone and flashed like jewels.

Then, after she was at last in bed, came the long, harrowing wait till she slept, the emerging from the curtains to snatch the necklace, the horribly cautious trying of the door handle and that ugly sinister face in the aperture, the lurid glow from the heater throwing into startling prominence its every evil feature.

In the crept with feline stealth, her glittering eyes full of cruelty. And once more Bill became a helpless spectator of the fiendish murder. Then came the culminating horror, when a strange noise close to Bill attracting the attention of the murderess, she made a cat-like spring at the curtains and pulling them aside, saw him. The glee with which she beheld his terror and suspense was even more hellish than before, her grin when brandishing the dagger-shaped knife in mid-air more diabolical, and the pain of the stab, if possible, even more agonising, and as, on the previous Christmas Eve, he recovered from unconsciousness to find himself lying in the area, on the very spot where he had fallen and bumped his head.

When he opened his eyes he was quite alone, and the stars were shining down on him from a bright, cloudless sky. Rising with some difficulty, for he had lain there a considerable time, he clambered up the area steps, saw what, curiously enough, he had not noticed before on his arrival, namely, a board with "To Let Unfurnished" on it, and wandered thoughtfully home.

Another year passed, and once again it was Christmas Eve, a mild, muggy Christmas Eve, with an occasional drizzle and a gentle South West wind.

All day the impulse to go again to the Square obsessed Bill. He fought hard against it but in the end he had to go; and on reaching Number 13, he saw, standing in front of the mirror in the room on the first floor, the same blonde lady, doing precisely the same thing. And, as on those two previous occasions, the sight of that sparkling diamond necklace tempted him sorely.

This time, however, he managed, after a desperate struggle with himself, to tear himself away from the spot and go straight home. Back in his little parlour he chuckled to think he had not been fool enough this time to go down into the area of that empty house. Had he done so he might again have fallen and undergone another harrowing experience. Whether ghosts or things of a delirium, and he still could not decide which, he had outwitted them.

In the morning he went to the Free Library across the way and almost the first thing he saw in large headlines, in a Lunch Edition paper, was

"SHOCKING MURDER IN B-SQUARE"

A man of seventy had been found horribly murdered in bed and his young and beautiful wife had been arrested on suspicion. The number of the house where the crime had been committed was 13. Bill could hardly believe he read aright. Thirteen; why, that was the house! Yet it could not be, because the house of his experiences was empty and unfurnished.

Full of excitement and curiosity he tore off to B-Square, to find several policemen and a small crowd of people standing in front of 13. It was the house—the house of his weird experiences—but now there was no "To Let" board on the railings. It was furnished and tenanted. Supposing he had gone there the preceding night, what might have happened?

More than ever wondering and perplexed he went away, not daring to remain because of the Police, being an ex-con they might suspect he was up to something if they saw him hanging around.

He had, however, to go to the trial of the accused lady before the Magistrates. He knew it was a risky and foolhardy thing to do, but he could not resist the Power outside himself; that strange, uncanny influence that had been haunting and compelling him ever since that first experience in the Square. Directly he set eyes on the woman in the dock, he recognised her as the beautiful blonde with the necklace.

The case against her was briefly this.

Her married life was known to be unhappy. She had lovers and had been heard to quarrel with her husband over them and money matters. Her declaration that a burglar had got into the house, murdered her husband and stolen her diamond necklace while she was sleeping, was unsupported by any evidence. The necklace certainly could not be found, but the Police had not been able to discover any indication of anyone breaking into the house, and were of the opinion that the crime had been perpetrated by a member of the household. And who could it have been but the accused? She alone had the opportunity and the motive, and it was absurd to believe she had been sleeping too soundly to hear her husband killed.

If Bill got a shock on seeing the accused, he got a much bigger one on seeing the principal witness for the Prosecution. She was the housekeeper at Number 13, B-Square, and there was no mistaking that long narrow face, hawk-like nose and those dark, sinister eyes. She was the woman with the knife, the real murderess.

Bill had a hard struggle. All the while she testified against her mistress he knew she was lying, but what could he do? If he narrated his experiences, who would believe him? No one. They would say he was crazy. The only thing he could do would be to declare he was actually in the house on the night of the murder, and that would mean a stiff sentence for burglary. They might even accuse him of the murder. Bill had never been over-burdened with conscience. At times he persuaded himself he had none; but what he had of conscience now joined partnership with a sense of chivalry and something else; a strange uncanny something quite outside himself and beyond his ken. He could not get away from it, it influenced him all the time and at last proved so all-powerful that he found himself scribbling a note to the Solicitor for the Defence.

"I know something about this 're case,' he wrote, 'for Gawd's sake, governor, let me speak.'"

And speak he did. He swore he had entered the house on the night of the murder, and esconced behind the window curtains had seen the woman with the dark, sinister eyes cut the deceased's throat. He explained it all in detail, and all the while the murderess sat staring at him with ever increasing terror and amazement. More than once she opened her mouth to speak and deny what he said, but words would not come, and before Bill had finished, she fainted. Later, she confessed.

The motive for the murder was the diamond necklace. She belonged to a gang of Continental thieves. Her mistress being on well known bad terms with the murdered man, it seemed an easy thing to frame her for the murder.

She had not, of course, calculated on any interference by a Power of Powers outside the World. It was just too bad for her that the Superphysical, for some peculiar reason—maybe an interest in the Blonde Lady, or in Bill, or in both—had thought fit to intervene.

Since Bill's evidence was of such vital importance, the Magistrates, who believed his confession, had not the heart to punish him, and so he walked out of the Court a free and conscience-untroubled man.

Some days afterwards he received a letter. It was from the blonde lady and contained a cheque for a sum that fairly took his breath away.

Realising he owed his good fortune to his strange experiences on those two successive Christmas Eves, Bill never again scoffed at ghosts, but fully agreed with the sentiments of the immortal playwright that "there are more things in Heaven and on Earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

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# The Escritoire

(Continued from Page 9)

tell the truth?"

"Yes. They get kissed sometimes. By the way you're standing right under that mistletoe."

Stella considered the matter for a moment and the frown relaxed. "Quick, then, before somebody comes out," she whispered.

There was time for only 14 before the handle of the drawing-room door rattled. A moment later Stella was demurely helping him off with his coat.

"It's in the kitchen," Stella remarked in a blandly matter-of-fact tone.

"What is? Oh, that?"

"We haven't had time to carry it upstairs yet, and it's rather heavy."

"I'll take one end. Get Tommy Cowper to take the other. He'll love helping me to carry upstairs a present I got for you."

Tommy Cowper, who fancied himself a rival of Norman's, hated him accordingly.

"All right," said Stella with a little laugh. "My room's on the left at the end. You can go right in. Everything's tidy. Shove it just inside the door where I can fall over it when I walk in."

"Right. And how are you going to manage them?"

"There's linoleum on the floor."

"How awful for the poor little toes!"

"But there are mats, stupid, and once it's inside I can take the mats up and shove it where I want it. It'll slide about on linoleum."

"Right-o. Produce the bears. Oh rather, the bear. Young Tommy."

They went into the small and over-crowded drawing-room. On the whole Norman's reception was about as chilly as an arctic explorer might expect from an assembly of polar bears. He was not popular with the young women, not only because he was plain, but also because he was regarded as Stella's private property. The young men who were interested in Stella had reasons of their own for regarding him with disfavour. Stella's parents have already been mentioned. They were extremely polite. You know what that means. Tommy was pressed into service. He went with a great show of grace and adroitness and he was outside the door when his mother's door came in a little buzz.

They got the heavy piece of furniture through the hall passage without difficulty, and, coming to the stairs, Norman had the hind and heavier end. But from this point of apparent disadvantage he was able, by a sudden heave, to push his rival over.

What Mr. Cowper had to say about this he was compelled to say in a whisper. It elicited the polite rejoinder: "I beg your pardon, I didn't quite hear."

They got the clumsy lump of furniture into Stella's room. On the smooth floorcloth it glided quite easily.

"A bit heavy," was Mr. Cowper's gasping comment.

"A bit top-heavy, too. A child could shove it over. Still it'll be standing somewhere against the wall."

He woke late on the morning of Boxing Day. He had had a beautiful dream that he was chasing young Cowper round and round the Albert Memorial with a pickaxe. The trouble was that he couldn't catch him. But so many dreams are disappointing.

It was his landlady who roused him. Having bumped on the door and received no response except heavy breathing from within she opened it and called out:

"A young lady's called to see you."

"Right-oh," said the partially awakened sleeper. "I'll have bacon as usual."

"A young lady's called to see you," a young lady with a black eye.

Norman sat up and stared. "I don't know any young lady with a black eye," he said.

"Well, she says you do!" The landlady grinned. "It's your murky past," she said. "Oh, and she said as her name was Miss Linklater."

Norman's eyes became slightly dilated.

"Miss Linklater?"

"Yes, and she wants to see you at once."

"But Miss Linklater hasn't got a black eye."

"She may not have had one when you saw her last. But she's got one now. A beauty!"

The worried young man waited his landlady away.

"All right. I'll call down the stairs to her."

The landlady departed. Norman left his bed with a plump and called:

"Hallo, Stella, what's the matter?"

"Come down at once!" responded

ed a commanding voice.

"But I can't dear. I haven't washed, shaved or dressed."

"I don't care. Come down in your dressing-gown."

"But, look here—"

"Come down! Or must I come up?"

The thud of his feet on the floor was the answer. The overcoat went on. A towel passed across his eyes. Slippers somehow found their way to his feet. He flip-flopped downstairs. Stella waited around the corner at the end. Then he recoiled.

People who write stories often find themselves in difficulties when it comes to recording a plain fact. One would sometimes like to gloss things over, to handle a fact with delicacy, to leave something to the imagination. But the kind of fact which is called hard fact must be stated bluntly.

Stella had a black eye!

It was not just a slight discoloration which could be hidden and hushed up a bit—so to speak—by cream and powder. It was a beauty. It was such as the pugilistic coterie, who has tried to knock 'em in the Old Kent Road, so often takes home with what is left of his money—on a Saturday night it was an eye which had to be seen to be believed. The adoring swain uttered a little soft sound like the moaning of a dying pigeon.

"You needn't have minded about what you looked like," said Stella.

"But darling, how did—who did—?"

"You did."

"Me!"

"With that blessed bureau thing. Shoving it just inside my room where I was bound to fall over it when I came in in the dark."

I slipped on the floor-cloth and knocked it over."

He groaned.

"Yes, I did, I knocked it over with my eye and part of my forehead. And I'm glad it was so top-heavy. Else I shouldn't have had any head left."

"But, darling, we—I—never thought—I'm so terribly sorry—a bit of raw steak—"

Then her demeanour suddenly changed. She burst out laughing. She flung her arms around him and kissed him. He patted her shoulders.

"Never mind, darling. It won't be black very long. It will turn jade-green, and then quite a pretty blue, and then pink, and after a week or two it will be all right again. I know. I've had them at school."

Stella stood and rocked with laughter.

"You great idiot! Do you think I mind?"

People just roused from bed are often a little dazed. Norman blinked at her. He had heard of ladies in the East End who enjoyed having their eyes blacked by their young men or their husbands, and regarded it as a mark of affection and esteem.

"Let's sit down a moment," she said. "I've got to tell you. Then you can dress and I'll put some more cream and powder on my eye, and we can have a happy day together. When I knocked that bureau over with my eye I seemed to have upset its internal arrangements. I don't know whether it was my eye that did the trick, or the shock of the thing striking the floor. At any rate a spring got touched. You've heard of secret drawers in the old furniture. Well, this was a tiny one. Hidden between two ordinary ones. There was just enough room in it for a paper folded up and pressed down. Well, that was just what was inside it. Here it is."

It was parchment as a fact. She handed it to him, and he read very beautiful handwriting which began with the words, "This is this last Will and Testament of me Oswald Brending (Knight). I formally disinherit my son Anthony Brending, who has all that he needs and requires no more to waste. I leave all in which I stand, possessed to my nephew Arthur Brending, and charge him to see that the grave of my dog Rufus is decked with a bunch of fresh flowers once a week."

Norman read it and gasped. He wanted to exclaim something that you or I might give voice to in unimpaired company. But he only said that he was "blessed"—which indeed he was.

"Don't you understand, darling?" It was Stella, of course, who spoke. "There's a reward of £1,000 for anybody who can find that will. I read it in the 'Tempos' agony column months ago. You see, dear, the nephew knew the property was his, but couldn't get it because the will couldn't be found and proved."

He looked at her with eyes which widened and shone.

"Then you're on a thousand pounds!"

"No, darling. You are, or rather, we are. If I had a thousand pounds my stern parents would be even more ambitious for me. But if you had a thousand pounds all objections to your happy union would be removed. And although I happened to find it—I, said the fly, with my little eye—you bought the jolly old bureau, and gave it me. And now, darling, here's the will, and you will kindly ring up Arthur Brending—barrister-at-law—telephone—"

"Good heavens! You know his number!"

"Just looked it up. Address Middle Temple."

"But he won't be there to-day."

"Well, try him. Anyhow, he's sure to be there sooner or later."

He caught her to him and hugged her.

"Darling! This is wonderful!"

"Yes. Let's keep it wonderful always. I don't suppose I shall always have a black eye—unless you're cruel to me—but I shall get old and ugly, you know—unless I die first."

What he said to her after that is of no particular importance to the tale. Anyhow, put yourself in his place. Then she went.

Muffled in an overcoat, half washed and only partially dressed Norman rushed out to the nearest telephone.

By no particular coincidence Arthur Brending was in his chambers. He had to live in them because he was poor. Also he was kept at work over the holidays through a law case in which he was interested. The six-minutes talk ended in a cordial invitation to "come up at once."

Norman went up. He found a handsome youngish man smoking a pipe in a stuffy room which might have had wallpaper somewhere concealed behind the books. Arthur Brending shook hands. Then they talked. In fact three-quarters of an hour's conversation elapsed before anything of any real importance emerged.

"Well, of course, I'm pretty hard up," said Arthur Brending. "I don't mind 'robbing' my cousin—if you call it that—because he's well off already. There won't be any law case—there can't be—but these things take time. Well, just for the present I will give you a formal acknowledgment, and I can manage a hundred pounds down—without hurting myself—if that's any good."

Was it any good? Ask them!

Why, believe me, within two days Stella was spending half her spare time looking in the windows of furniture shops!

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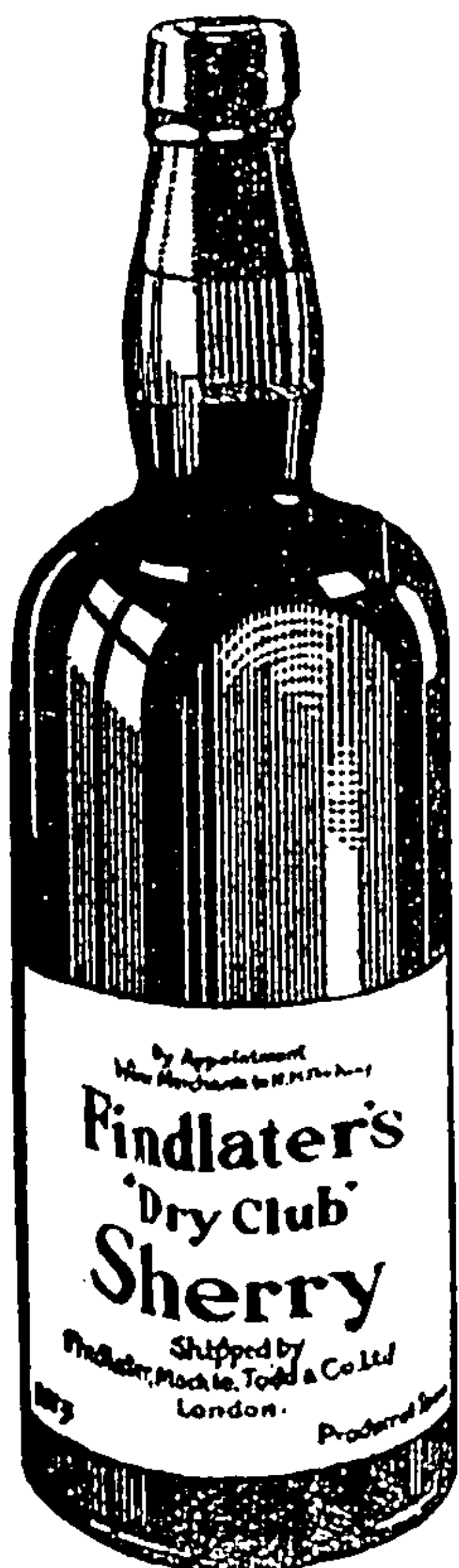
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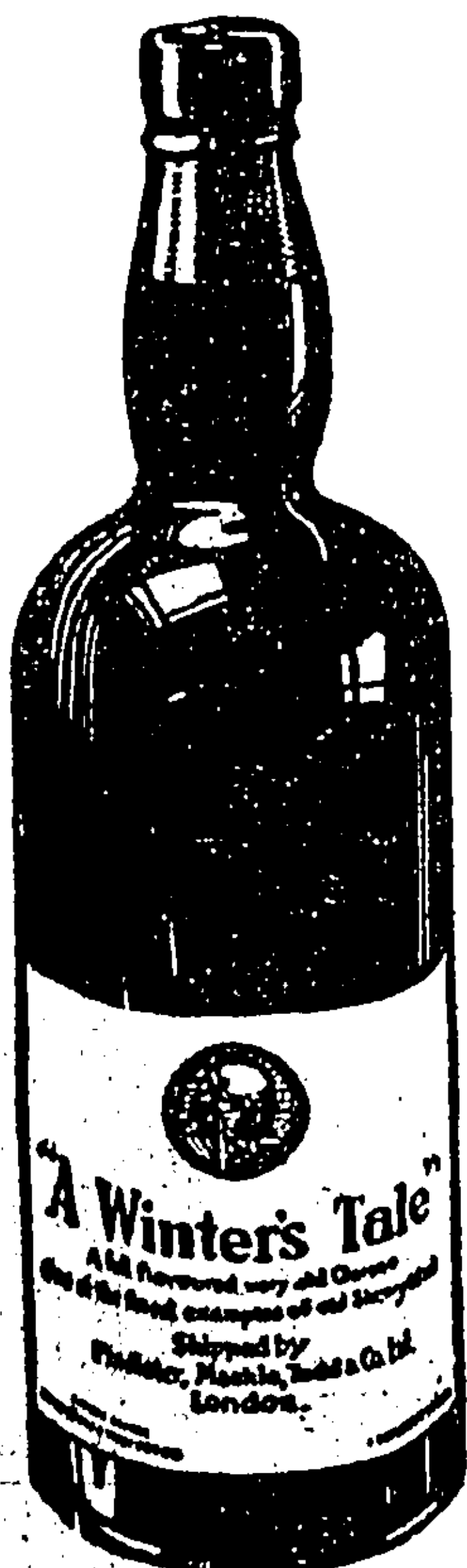
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## ITALIANS ABANDONING BARDIA

Warships And 'Planes Bombarding Heart Of City

### REPLY TO H.K. PETITION

A reply has now been received from Lord Lloyd, Secretary of State for the Colonies, to the petition of Hong Kong husbands seeking permission for the return of wives and families evacuated to Australia.

A public meeting of husbands and all others interested is being called, at the Peninsula Hotel on December 27 at 6 p.m. to discuss the Secretary of State's reply, which constitutes a rejection of the petition.

The reply, which was received by H.E. the Acting Governor on December 15, reads as follows:

#### Wider British Interests

"Please inform Committee that I have received and considered their representations and that I appreciate with all sympathy the disturbance and separation which has been borne by those affected by the evacuation measure. The decision of H.M. Government that a section of women and children in the Colony should be evacuated as a defence measure was taken after most careful consideration of factors concerning defence of Hong Kong in the event of serious deterioration in the political situation in the Far East. They appreciate sacrifices involved, on the part of families concerned, but they had wider and vital British interests than any individual interest to consider. The execution of H.M. Government's decision was necessarily in the hands of the local authorities and even if it were true that some individuals were so minded as to fail to submit themselves to H.M. Government's decision in such critical times as these H.M. Government would fail in their responsibilities if they treated such disservice as to warrant reversal of policy. Evacuation was confined by H.M. Government to narrowest possible limit and they cannot regard allegations of racial discrimination as justified. In the endeavour to relieve the Colony of financial burden of evacuation scheme H.M. Government have accepted cost themselves.

#### Sacrifices

"I realise at their distance from scene of hostilities it is hard for petitioners entirely to realise not only the sacrifices but hourly risks that are being cheerfully accepted day by day by every individual in our cities here to say nothing of our sailors, airmen and soldiers. These are obviously out of all proportion to smaller sacrifices complained of by petitioners and I am confident once these facts are put

(Continued on Page 16)

### "NAPIER STAR" REPORTED TORPEDOED

According to the Mackay Radio in New York yesterday the British liner "Napier Star" (12,000 tons), of the Blue Star Line, was torpedoed last evening.

Position was given as 58 degrees 58 minutes north, 23 degrees 13 minutes west. — Reuter.

## Large-Scale Retreat Under Way

(SPECIAL TO "CHINA MAIL")

**MECHANISED BRITISH TROOPS ARE REPORTED TO HAVE PERFORATED THE POWERFUL FORTIFICATIONS SKIRTING BARDIA FROM WHICH SURVIVING FASCIST FORCES ARE FLEEING WESTWARD TO TOBRUK AND DERNÄ.**

British warships and 'planes are incessantly shelling and bombing the heart of Bardia, which is expected to fall at any moment to the heavily reinforced British armoured columns which circled and then broke the town's defences at several places.

Harried by air and sea bombardment, a large-scale Italian retreat from the Bardia area is understood to be under way.

It is understood the British are battling inside Bardia's semi-circular chain of pill-boxes, machine-gun nests, tank traps and other fortifications in a swift pincer push threatening to trap thousands of Italians unable to escape to the west. — International News Service.

## GREEKS SWEEP INTO KLISURA

(SPECIAL TO "CHINA MAIL")

**IN HARD FIGHTING** Greek warriors yesterday drove still further into Albania, battling frigid temperatures, wind-driven snowdrifts and the greatest Italian counter-attack the conflict has yet produced.

It was reported from Budapest late last night that the Greeks have occupied the important Albanian centre of Klisura, commanding the valley sweeping from the mountains down to the coastal plain to the Adriatic Sea.

## U.S. May Apply Pressure

(SPECIAL TO "CHINA MAIL")

**It was announced in Washington yesterday that the American Ambassadors will be rushed back to Italy and France immediately after the holidays.**

Mr. Phillips will return to Rome, and Admiral Leahy will proceed to Vichy.

It is believed the United States Government may be preparing counsel and aid for the French and Italian rulers and may possibly exert pressure. Both France and Italy desperately desire food and other supplies. — International News Service.

The Greek Legation in Belgrade last evening announced the fall of Klisura, says a Budapest report.

The Fascist counter-drive failed completely to halt the Greek offensive.

Two of Mussolini's crack divisions were smashed while on other sectors the Italian forces retreated precipitately or struggled against impending encirclement.

#### London Sceptical

Budapest and Belgrade reported, both without confirmation, that more than 50,000 German troops have been sent to Italy in the last fortnight, and that some are preparing to embark for Albania and Libya, and others are remaining in Italy, to help the Fascist police to maintain order.

London circles express scepticism of the reports. — International News Service.

**WEATHER FORECAST**—North-east winds, fresh; fine.

### ITALIAN RESOURCES RUN SHORT

(SPECIAL TO "CHINA MAIL")

Eighty-nine trains on Italian main lines and many Rome buses suspended operations last night to save fuel.

Meanwhile the Fascist Minister for Agriculture authorised the requisition of all milk produced in the provinces surrounding Rome, to provide for the needs of Rome's civilian population. — International News Service.

#### WEATHER REPORT

The Royal Observatory reports that the anticyclone retains considerable intensity. It is moving slowly eastward, pressure being highest to the north of Shantung. Pressure remains relatively low to the east of the southern Philippine Islands.



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# SINKING OF "WESTERN PRINCE"

Canadian Minister's Story Of Rescue Drama

## PENSION PLAN FOR BOMB VICTIMS

The Chancellor of the Exchequer yesterday announced a scheme under which everyone in Britain over 15 years of age will be insured free against death or injury by enemy action.

The scheme makes no distinction between the size or nature of the income but covers all without exception and the rate of payment will be the maximum of workmen's compensation.

Thus, a married man in work, and in hospital or at home suffering from injuries, will get 35 shillings a week.

A married man not in employment or with a private income will get half a guinea if in hospital and one guinea if at home. Pensions will be the same for all, whether at work or not.

### Retrospective

Reuter's lobby correspondent says it is claimed that no other government or country has made such ample provisions for such cases in the present war.

Pensions will be payable in the cases of long-term disablement, while the widow of a civilian worker whose death is due to enemy action may receive 50/- a week for the first ten weeks following her husband's death.

Payments will begin on December 24 and will cover injuries already suffered. — Reuter.

## HITLER SPEAKS TO OFFICERS

Hitler yesterday made a speech to 5,000 officer candidates for the army and air force and Storm Troopers who have just been promoted to officer rank.

Text of the speech, which was delivered in the Berlin Sports-palace, has not been published, but the official Nazi news agency says Hitler gave the young soldiers a watchword for the duties "which lie ahead of them as superiors in the National-Socialist army and for the adjustment of their lives."

Field-Marshal von Brauchitsch spoke afterwards and pledged the army's loyalty to Hitler. — Reuter.

### GODOWN RAIDED

Paint to the value of \$649 was stolen from the godown of Messrs. Butterfield and Swire, No. 8, On Lok Lane, between midnight on Friday, and 6 a.m. on Saturday.

## Honeymoon Couple Lost Rescuing Wedding Presents

### DICTATORS' PLANS TO SABOTAGE U.S.

Mr. Harold Ickes, U.S. Secretary of Interior, in a speech at Columbia University yesterday said the Dictators proposed to cripple the United States by sabotage, propaganda and sowing suspicion between the United States and Latin-America. — Reuter.

## M.T.B.'S IN ACTION

AN ADMIRALTY COMMUNIQUE LAST EVENING STATED: "IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THIS MORNING OUR MOTOR TORPEDO-BOATS, CARRYING OUT AN OFFENSIVE PATROL OFF THE BELGIAN COAST, MADE A SUCCESSFUL ATTACK ON A LARGE ARMED ENEMY SUPPLY SHIP OF BETWEEN 6,000 AND 7,000 TONS."

The enemy ship was seen to break up and sink.

Fire was opened with machine-guns from the enemy ship just before she sank but this fire was ineffective.

An enemy escort ship vessel of the trawler type was then engaged by machine-gun fire from our M.T.B.'s and hit. A torpedo was fired at the enemy trawler and the explosion was felt by our M.T.B.'s and the enemy ship ceased firing.

No casualties or damage were sustained by any of our forces. — British Wireless.

### SWITCHBOX STOLEN

Chan Kiu, 39, was charged before Mr. G. T. Lowry this morning for stealing an electric switch-box from the residence of Dr. M. J. Reidy, No. 22, Conduit Road, on Tuesday.

Sentence of eight months' hard labour was passed.

### ANCHOR STOLEN

An anchor, valued at \$150, was stolen from a British ship in harbour yesterday.

THE HON. C. D. HOWE, Canadian Minister of Munitions, whose fate was for some time in doubt after the sinking by a Nazi submarine in the Atlantic of the liner "Western Prince," on which he was a passenger, has landed at a west of England port with 52 other passengers and 99 members of the crew of the vessel.

Other survivors of the Canadian Government Mission to Britain include Mr. E. P. Taylor (Director-General of Munitions Production) and Colonel W. C. Woodburn (Executive Assistant to the Ministry).

The Hon. Gordon W. Scott, Financial Adviser to Mr. Howe's department, lost his life. The captain of the "Western Prince" was also lost.

Mr. Howe, in an interview in England, said: "We heard the captain give three hoots on the siren, in token of farewell."

The captain's steward, named Franks, lost his life when he went back to the liner to collect the Spitfire Fund money, amounting to about £100, collected by the crew.

### Crushed Against Ship

Mr. Howe told the press that Mr. Scott was in the sixth boat. Those who saw him said he was crushed against the ship's side and temporarily relaxed his grip of the rope, after which he disappeared in the darkness.

Mr. Howe described Mr. Scott's death as a great loss to Canada.

Mr. Howe said they had stayed up until after midnight to see Friday the Thirteenth safely out and he was in bed when the ship was hit.

They heard the captain give three hoots on the siren in token of farewell.

### U-Boat Takes Pictures

Before the ship sank the U-boat took flashlight photographs of the liner.

Mr. Howe added it was due to the magnificent seamanship of Capt. Reid in getting the lifeboats away in dangerous seas and to the skill of the captain of the rescue ship that the casualty list was so light.

The crews of both ships behaved marvellously and the passengers were grand. There was not a trace of panic.

Explaining why his party was perhaps more comfortably dressed than the other rescued passengers, Mr. Howe said their womenfolk made them take a small case containing lumbermen's trousers, jersey, overshoes and torch in case they were torpedoed, and these cases were the only things they had time to grab when roused from sleep.

### Went Down With Ship

How Capt. Reid went down with his ship, although he could

easily have saved his life after the liner was torpedoed, was told by the Chief Engineer.

The Chief said that when he got the signal "Abandon ship" he found Capt. Reid by a lifeboat. Urged to get in, the Captain walked away to the bridge and sounded the siren as the ship went down.

Mr. Howe said five lifeboats got away safely but the sixth overturned and it was then that casualties occurred.

The survivors include the Mother Superior of a convent in China and a young novice. The Mother Superior said both had also survived terrific machine-gunning on the Yangtze. Three babies who were hoisted to the deck of the rescue ship, were also among the rescued.

The missing include a honeymoon couple who returned to their cabin to collect their wedding presents.

### Message To Ottawa

The Prime Minister's office in Ottawa yesterday received a message from Mr. C. D. Howe, rescued from the "Western Prince," saying: "Lifeboat overturned while attempting to transfer occupants to rescue ship in heavy sea."

News of the death of Scott and other members of the Canadian Mission has shocked Government officials in Ottawa. — Reuter.

## PLIGHT OF BRITISH WOMEN

In the course of a Commons question yesterday relating to the exchange of British women detained by the German Government, Colonel Evans asked the Foreign Secretary to bear in mind a letter received from one of these persons dated October 1 alleging there had been no change of clothing for five months, that they had not received any parcels or letters of any kind, were fed on potatoes and had no occupation.

In view of these circumstances and the small number of British women involved, Col. Evans asked if Government would take steps to see that representations were made to the proper quarter at the earliest moment.

Replying, Mr. Butler said Government realised the seriousness of the position and were aware of difficulties existing in putting things right. — British Wireless.

### GERMAN AERIAL "GIFTS"

Reports are being received in London of small objects about the size of a Mills bomb or of a 50-cigarettes tin, possibly with wire attached, being dropped by enemy aircraft.

The public are warned not to handle such objects, which may be dangerous. They should be reported to the police or to war-deps.

## ITALIANS HANG ON TO TEPELINI

Italian resistance in Albania still seems to be strongest in the coastal area, and they appear to be still holding on to Porto Palermo, which is under Greek shell-fire.

Communications with Valona along the coastal road have been the object of the latest R.A.F. attacks.

Despite fierce storms on Tuesday, our planes bombed a motor transport column. It was not possible to observe the full effect of the attack, but a number of bombs fell near the column, and the vehicles were subsequently machine-gunned.

All our planes returned safely. Tepelini is under heavy Greek shell-fire but has not yet been taken.

Very wintry weather prevails in the northern sector, with deep snow at 2,000 feet and frequently degrees of frost.

Despite this, the Greeks have taken two small hamlets slightly in front of their previous line, and many more prisoners and war materials have been captured. — Reuter.

## WAVELL ARMY'S GIFT TO RAID FUND

Including £1,611 from the Malaya Patriotic fund and £375 from Janjira State, the Lord Mayor of London's National Air Raid Distress Fund now stands at £1,705,000.

In a telegram to the Lord Mayor of London, General Sir Archibald Wavell and Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore stated: "We have to-day remitted you by cable £17,000. This sum has been contributed by all ranks of the Army, R.A.F. and Allied contingents fighting by our side in Egypt, Palestine, Transjordan, Sudan, East Africa and Aden as an expression of the pride and admiration with which we view the courage and tenacity of the civilian population in Britain. We should like the gift to be used to aid those who have suffered from German air raids throughout Britain. It is hoped this contribution will help to convey to relatives and friends from whom we are separated not only our sympathy towards those who have suffered but also our unshakable determination to share with them in all hardship and endeavour until the common cause has triumphed."

Acknowledging the gift the Lord Mayor said: "Glad of the opportunity to convey to you and the forces engaged under your command the delight with which the citizens of London have heard of the brilliant victories which have been won during the past ten days as a result of the wonderful organisation, courage and endurance of your men." — British Wireless.

### BURGLARY IN CANTON ROAD

Mr. D. L. Lui, of No. 107, Canton Road, has reported that his residence was burgled early yesterday morning. Articles valued at \$80, were stolen.

### FORGERY CHARGE

Three months' hard labour was imposed on Kwan Yat, 22, by Mr. G. T. Lowry this morning for forging a document, from Li Yuen, No. 97, Bonham Strand East, on Tuesday.

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# BRITISH TRIUMPH IN DESERT BLITZKRIEG

## Troops Gain Firm Foothold In Libya

(By Reuter's Special Correspondent With Advanced Headquarters).  
TEN DAYS AFTER THE START OF BRITAIN'S DESERT BLITZKRIEG, BRITISH TROOPS ARE WELL ESTABLISHED INSIDE ITALIAN LIBYA.

I have now been touring a dusty desert outpost where the army's front line administration is carried out in camouflaged tents, flapping in the wind, travel-stained radio lorries or new dug-outs, which until recently were the pride of the Italian army.

Brilliant patrol and other military Intelligence work contributed to the British victory.

For instance, it was owing to the fact that a patrol had previously, at great risk, located mines outside the camp at Nibeiwa that Indian infantry were enabled to assist the tanks in assailing it without a greater loss of life.

The careful planning of the whole campaign was supplemented at the right moment by dash and initiative on the field of action.

After taking Sidi Barrani the commanders on the spot took swift decisions in a manner which would have horrified old-time conventional generals but which obviously had the full blessing of General Wavell.

### Crash Through

Instead of waiting to mop up each point of resistance, our armoured forces crashed right through in great encircling movements on the theory that the demoralised and surprised enemy

force, knowing itself cut off and subjected to continual bombings, could safely be left to surrender.

These tactics were used for Sollum and a number of desert forts.

The Italians seem very short of metals but have showed considerable talent for rapid road-making and organising hospitals and foodstores.

Huge water supplies were efficiently stored at Bug Bug. Their Intelligence is good and their organisation carefully thought out.

### Spirit Of Surrender

It was only when they came to close quarters with the British

troops that they broke, and once the spirit of surrender began among them it spread like a disease.

As one British officer expressed it: "The Italian army would make an excellent supply column for another army doing the actual fighting."

Moreover, the Italian tanks lost all their battles with British tanks, partly owing to the dashing spirit of our tank commanders and crews, partly owing to the fact that in some cases our armament was superior.

### "Achilles Heel"

Many Italian tanks have an Achilles Heel in their rear, where

### ITALIAN BARDIA DIVISION RETREATING

Latest despatches indicate that part of the Italian division stationed at Bardia before the British attack is retreating towards Tobruk.—Reuter.

the armament is weakest, and this was quickly discovered by our tanks which repeatedly outflanked the Italians and shot them up from the back.

But, in the last analysis, the reason for the British victory undoubtedly was the simple fact that the British Empire troops knew what they are fighting for while the Italians do not.—Reuter.

### ABYSSINIA REVOLT

THE REVOLT BY THE ABYSSINIANS AGAINST THEIR FASCIST OVERLORDS SEEMS TO BE MAKING PROGRESS, M. R. BUTLER, UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, TOLD THE HOUSE OF COMMONS YESTERDAY.

We should give all possible aid to Haile Selassie and to all elements willing to fight against the enemy, he said.—Reuter.

### CHINESE GIFT FOR RAID VICTIMS

The British Ambassador, Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, yesterday received from Dr. Wang Shih-chieh, President of the Sino-British Cultural Relations Association in Chungking, a bank draft for £1,842, representing a contribution toward relief of suffering in the United Kingdom caused by German air raids.

The sum was donated by Chinese members and friends of the Association who state they wish to express their great sympathy for the suffering people of England.—Reuter.

## RETREAT OF ITALIANS TO DERNA INDICATED

ROYAL AIR FORCE reconnaissance flights have revealed enemy formations retreating towards Derna, says an R.A.F. communique from Middle East Headquarters. Derna is about 100 miles west of Tobruk, which itself is 60 miles west of Bardia.

It seems, therefore, that the Italians are retiring about 160 miles from Bardia, which is now the scene of the main fighting on land.

The Air Ministry says that heavy rain in the Western Desert restricted air activity on Tuesday, but our planes nevertheless continued to attack Bardia by night and day.

Italian troops retreating to Tobruk were machine-gunned by our fighters.

Two Italian planes were shot down in flames and two others were damaged.

Derna was raided on Tuesday night, all the bombs landing on the aerodrome. Damage done could not be observed owing to the bad weather.

### No Slackening

In London yesterday evening it was emphasised that there is no slackening in the British pressure.

The object of the present operations seems to be to isolate Bardia and then mop it up in the way that was so successful in the cases of Sidi Barrani and Sollum. This would very neatly round off the operations which began at Sidi Barrani.

The road connecting Bardia with Tobruk is threatened, British reinforcements are coming up

and the Italians may find it impossible to strengthen their base.

The town itself is well manned and well fortified and is not likely to fall without a fiercer struggle than our troops have yet encountered.

### Indians Put Up Grand Show

A New Delhi message says that the Indian troops taking part in the operations include men from all parts of the country.

They were among the first to attack and captured three Italian camps besides taking part in other operations.

The spirit and gallantry of the Indian soldiers has been remarked by many observers. Under dive-bombing, they remain cool and determined. Italian prisoners are still streaming across the Western Desert to internment camps.

Correspondents who interviewed some of the Italian prisoners report that their morale has sunk to zero.

The older men, patriots, all are afraid of the increase of German influence in Italy.—Reuter.

# PYE RADIO

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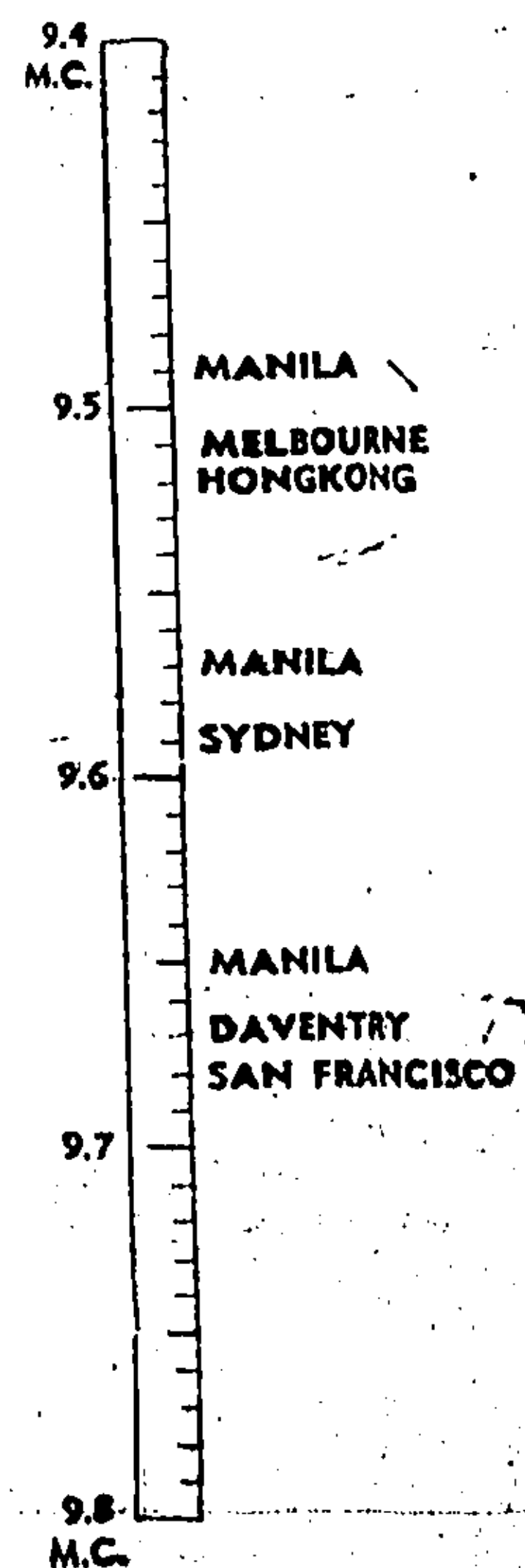
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RKO Radio Picture **ADDED: "SPOILS OF CONQUEST"**

# VICHY CRISIS NOT YET OVER: ABETZ TRIES PERSUASION FIRST

(By Reuter's Chief Diplomatic Correspondent)

THE CRISIS AT VICHY does not appear to be over; under German pressure Laval has been allowed his liberty but not reinstated in office, though there is some suggestion that he may represent the Vichy Government in Paris.

The interview between Marshal Petain and Otto Abetz, the Nazi Ambassador, must have been dramatic. The fact that it lasted three hours permits the inference that Abetz employed persuasive methods rather than brutal compulsion.

He probably endeavoured to convince Marshal Petain that Laval had been maligned and that he had never conspired with Abetz against Marshal Petain's security or the interests of the State.

Laval, brought from his place of confinement, probably pledged his oath that he had been misinterpreted.

Gradually, Petain would appear to have agreed to suspend judgment but not to renew confidence in Laval.

Reports that Laval favoured permitting the passage of German troops to Italy are not confirmed from any indisputable source.

If the Germans wished to send troops hurriedly to Italy they would use the Brenner Pass. A decision to break through unoccupied France is improbable as it would be in opposition to the German policy of the past many weeks.

## Nazi Objective

Object has been to secure the full collaboration of France in place of Italy.

Hitler knows his troops could enter unoccupied France at any moment but it is far more important for him to have the French navy and the French Colonial Empire on his side.

Hence the gentle methods employed in dealing with Marshal Petain and the use of his self-seeking politicians such as Laval and Flandin.

So far, however, Marshal Petain has resisted all German blandishments.—Reuter.

## Rival Quislings

Flandin's position in these developments appears to have been entirely negative.

If Abetz insisted on the admission of Laval to the Cabinet the position would be strained, for two rival "Quislings" in one Cabinet would tend to neutralise the value of both.

Germany therefore is unlikely to impose this ordeal on Vichy.

# ABETZ TO RESCUE OF LAVAL

Reports from Vichy suggest that the strenuous efforts by Otto Abetz, Nazi Ambassador to Occupied France, to rescue Pierre Laval from political disgrace have met with success.

Laval was yesterday received by Marshal Petain to "discuss the general situation," and was also present during part of the talk between Marshal Petain and Abetz.

Presumably Laval has been released from the house of detention to which it had been reported he was confined since his dismissal by the Vichy Government.

The mystery about Laval's whereabouts was cleared up yesterday afternoon when a semi-official announcement stated he had left for Paris "in his private capacity."—Reuter.

## DEVELOPMENT IN COLONIES

An interesting disclosure relating to colonial development was made yesterday in the course of a parliamentary reply when it was revealed that in spite of the most generous contribution of £2,200,000 made for war purposes, the Government of Tanganyika Territory is proposing to increase expenditure on medical, veterinary and agriculture services by £28,000 over actual 1939 expenditure. —British Wireless.

# LAVAL RETURNS TO PARIS

As soon as he was released in Vichy on Tuesday on Hitler's demand, Pierre Laval, deposed Vice-Premier and Foreign Minister, lost no time returning to his German friends in Paris.

He has officially gone in a private capacity.

Another departure is that of Herr Abetz, Nazi Ambassador to Paris, who, in Tuesday's interview with Marshal Petain, probably demanded Laval's reinstatement.

Berlin official circles confirm Abetz has left for Paris and that Laval is also travelling in that direction, but are at pains to deny that they are travelling together.

It is now regarded as almost certain that Abetz threatened Marshal Petain and it is reported he threatened that Germany would occupy the whole of France unless Laval was released.

The Laval case is entering a decisive phase, according to Berlin circles.

It is considered that Italy's defeat and internal condition is causing acute anxiety to Hitler and making it more urgent for him to see the French to carry out a policy of complete collaboration with Germany.—Reuter.

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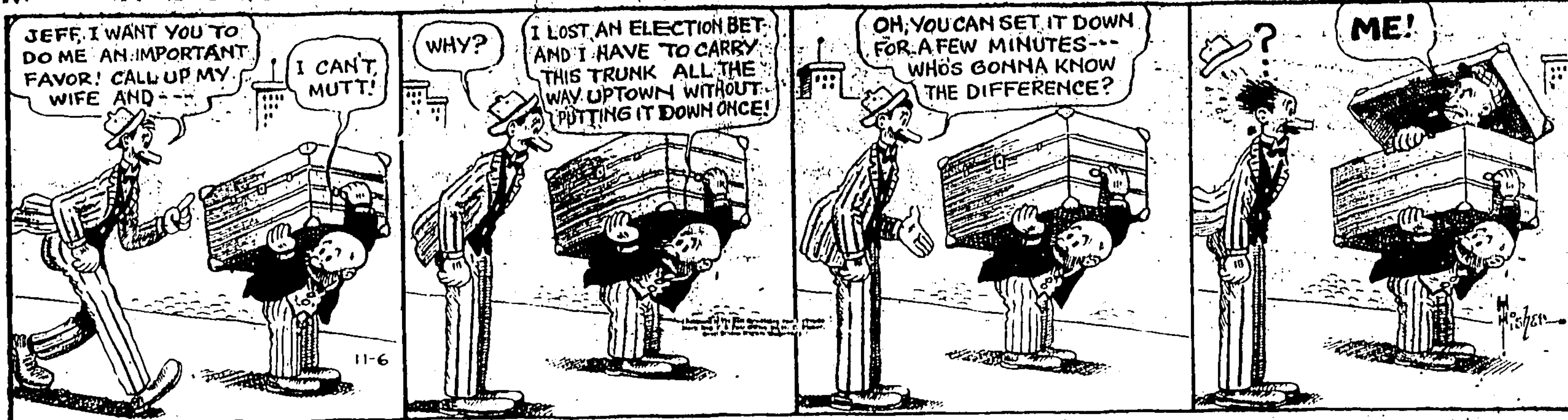
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Directed by VINCENT DOLAN • A WARNER BROS. Production  
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## FRENCH ENVOY TO PARIS!

Comte Fernand de Brinon yesterday formally assumed the post of French Ambassador in Paris, according to a Vichy despatch to the German news agency.

The appointment was made by Marshal Petain in accordance with the decision taken at Tuesday's Cabinet.

Comte de Brinon thus becomes a full-fledged Ambassador six weeks after his appointment as permanent representative of the French Foreign Minister (then Laval).

Comte de Brinon has long been known for his friendly attitude towards Germany. As vice-president of the French-German Committee he was received by Goebbels in February, 1939.

The visit was considerably criticised and he subsequently denied he had been sent to Berlin on a mission for the French Government. — Reuter.

## MUSSOLINI'S EFFORT TO REVIVE MORALE

THE ANXIETY OF Mussolini over the effect of events in Albania and the Western Desert on the morale of the Italian people is shown in Italian propaganda.

One line is to attempt to cheer the people up by recalling reverses in other wars.

### BRAZILIAN ENVOY FOR CANADA

President Vargas of Brazil yesterday signed a decree empowering the establishment of a Brazilian Legation in Canada.

This makes effective the recent Brazilian-Canadian agreement for an interchange of Ministers. — Reuter.

Rome Radio yesterday spoke of "inevitable ordeals," and points out that five years ago things were not going so well in Abyssinia.

On the subject of the war in Albania, Rome Radio said that "time is on the side of the Italians." Italians caught listening to foreign broadcasts are severely punished.

Rome Radio says that "the good Italian gets his news from the communiques."

That may be — but if so he is not very well informed, because even now he will know nothing about the capture of Sollum and Fort Capuzzo by the British.

### Attacked From Fright!

One English broadcaster said that the British attack in the Western Desert must have been made because the British feared the "genius of Marshal Graziani, master of desert warfare."

German comments, while still plugging away for Italy, betray uneasiness.

Thus, the "Voelkische Beobachter" says that "Germany is still closely knit to Italy, even though Italy is not so favoured by the fortunes of war."

The same paper goes on in phrases like "there were bound to be fluctuations in the struggle" and "such reverses only incite the Italians to fresh efforts." — Reuter.

## FURTHER BARODA WAR GIFT

THE MAHARAJAH OF BARODA HAS MADE A FURTHER WAR CONTRIBUTION OF £50,000, ACCORDING TO THE ALL-INDIA RADIO YESTERDAY.

The sum will be used for the purchase of a trawler for the Indian Navy minesweeping and anti-submarine duties. The vessel will be named Baroda.

The Maharajah has already given a similar sum for fighter planes for the R.A.F. — Reuter.

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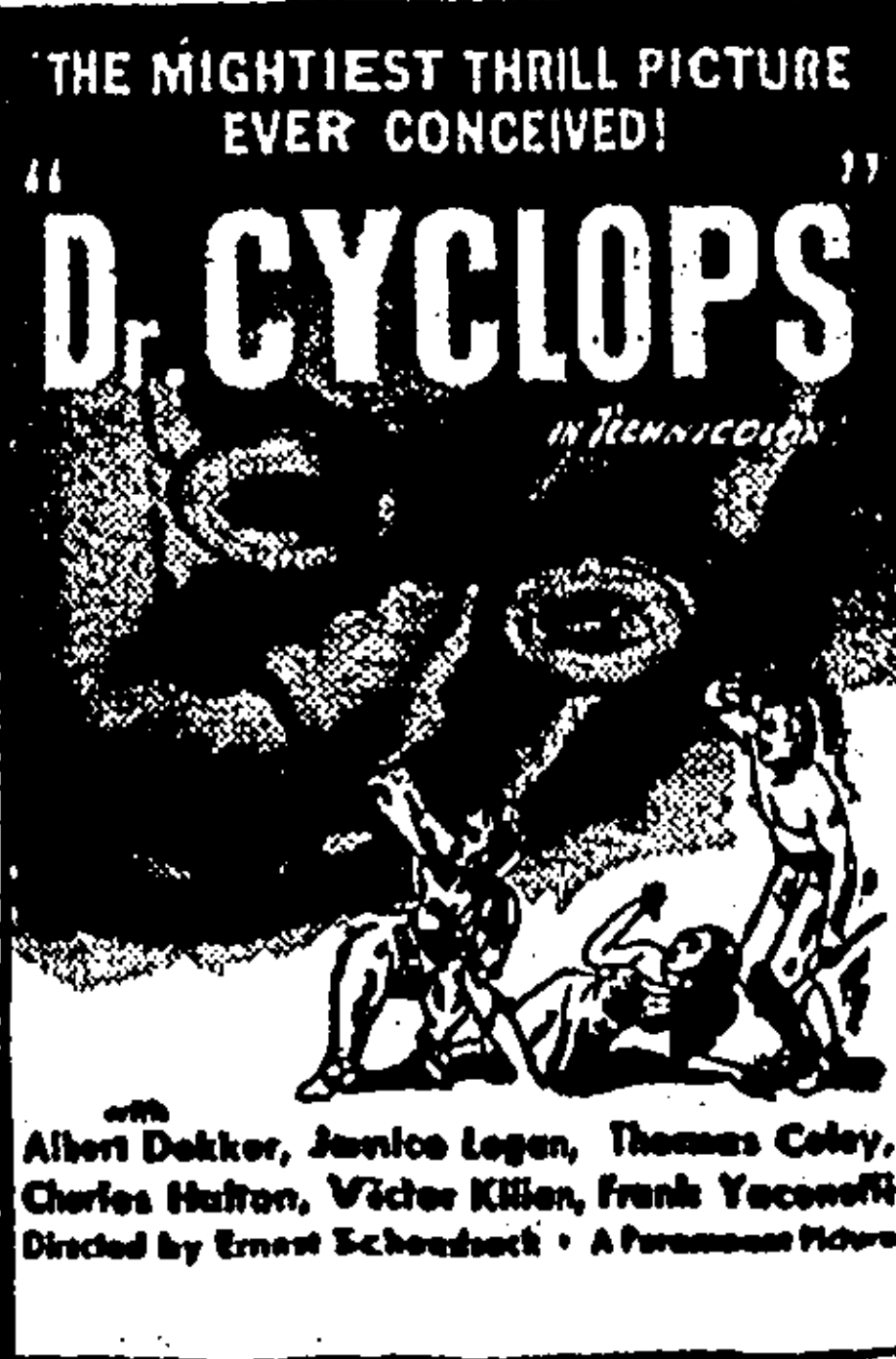
## QUEEN'S THEATRE

HONGKONG DAILY AT 2.30-5.15-7.20-9.30 P.M. TEL. 31453

\* TO-DAY ONLY \*



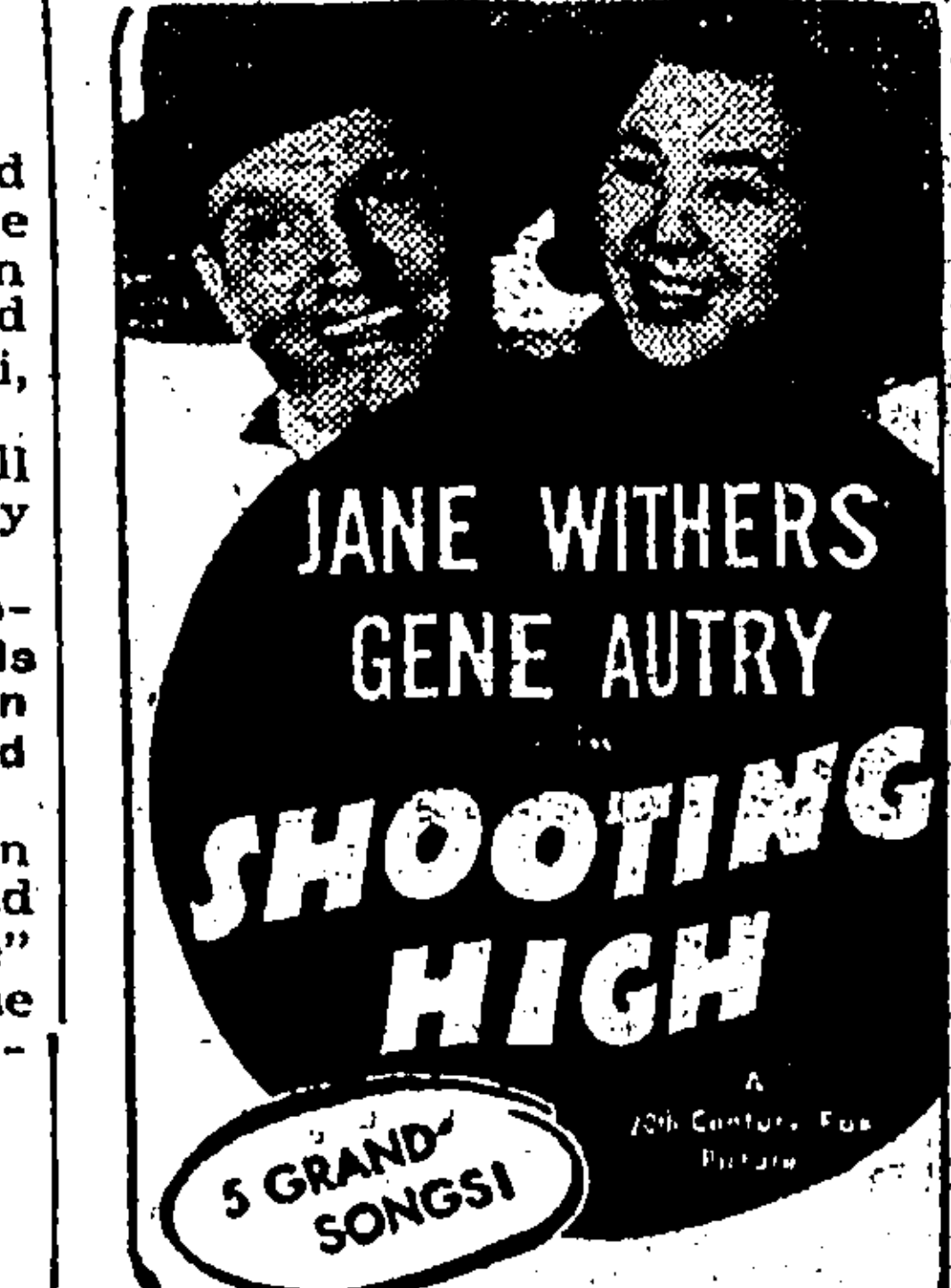
\* Starts To-morrow \*



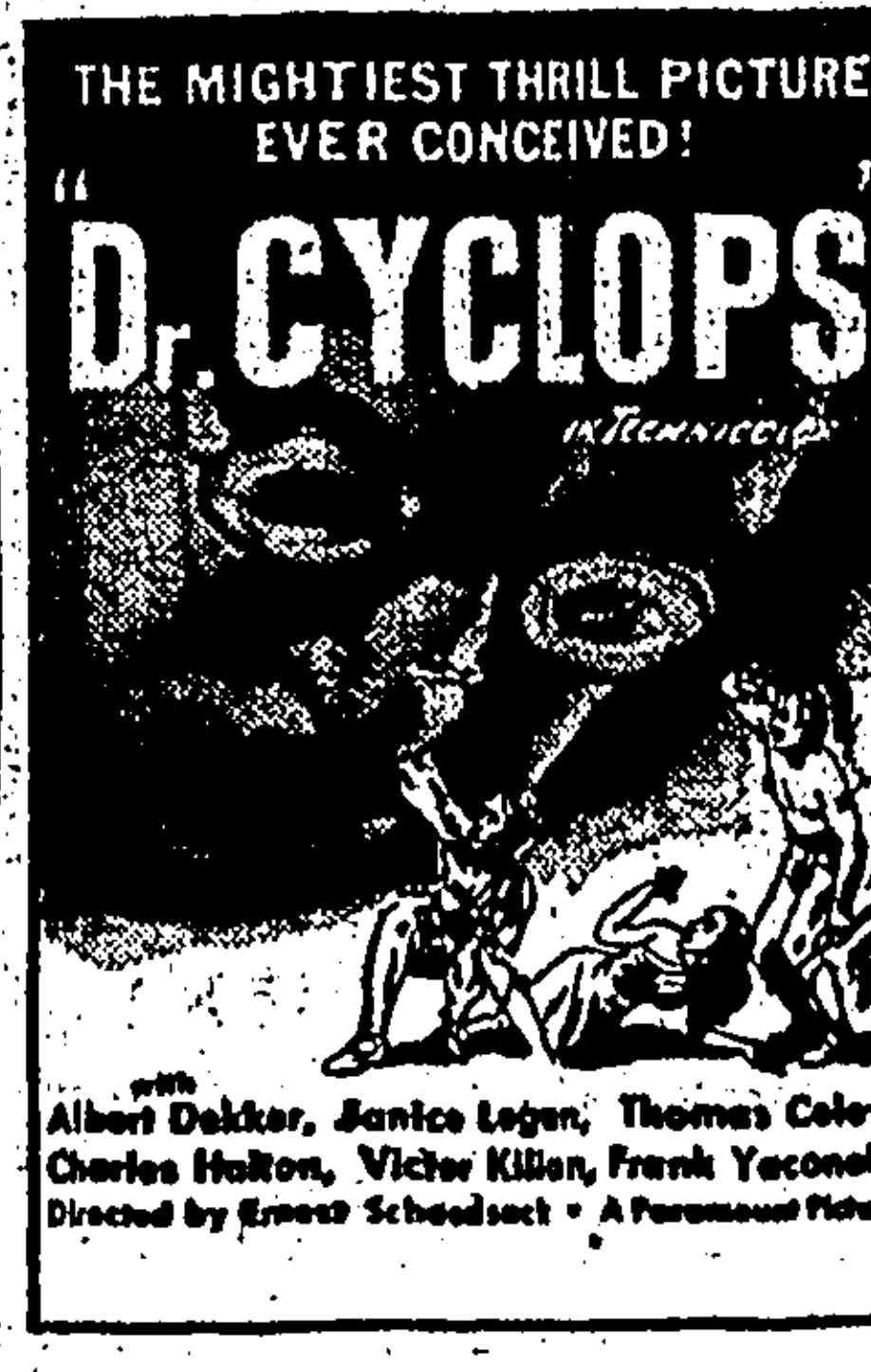
## ALHAMBRA THEATRE

NATHAN RD. KOW LOON DAILY AT 2.30-5.20-7.20-9.30. TEL. 56855

To-day & To-morrow



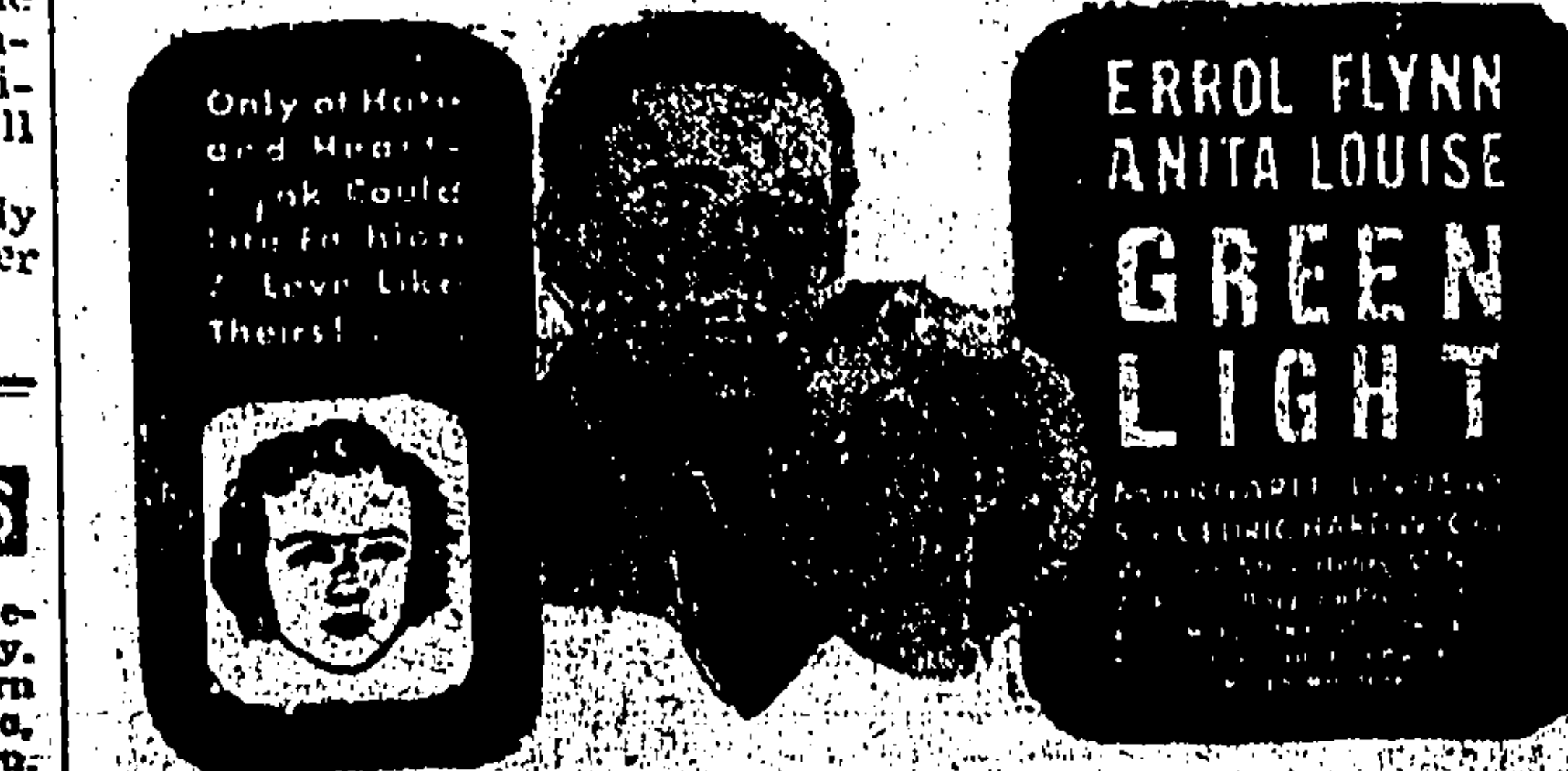
\* SATURDAY \*



## STAR THEATRE

HANKOW RD. KOW LOON DAILY AT 2.30-5.20-7.20-9.20 TEL. 57795

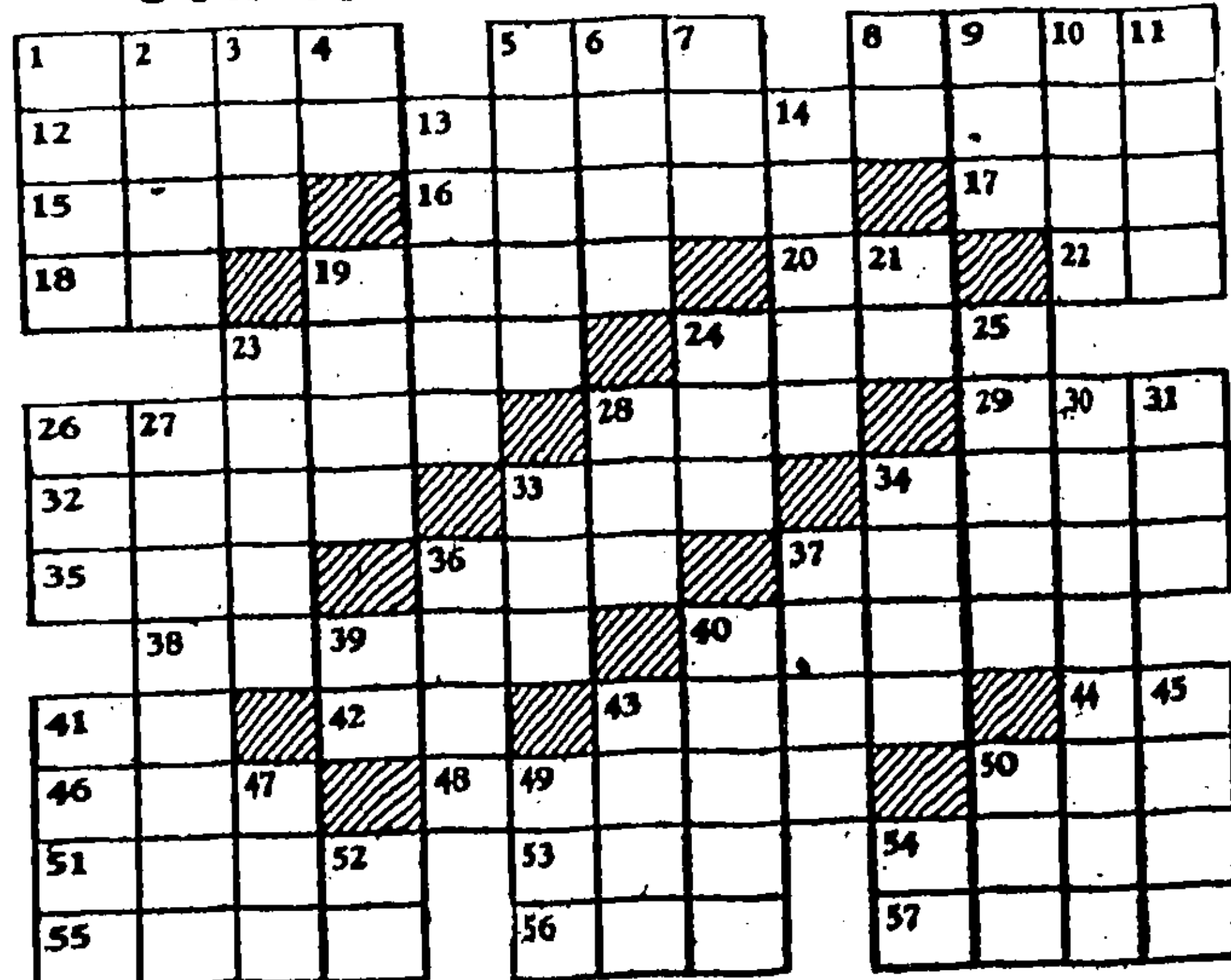
\* TO-DAY ONLY \*



\* TO-MORROW \*

ERROL FLYNN in "ANOTHER DAWN"

### OUR 10-MINUTE CROSS-WORD



#### HORIZONTAL

- 1 Multitude
- 5 Large snake
- 8 Molten rock
- 12 Having a mental peculiarity
- 15 Decay
- 16 Veracity
- 17 Sailor
- 18 Teutonic deity
- 19 God of love
- 20 River in Siberia
- 22 French article
- 23 To cover
- 24 Sign
- 26 To permit
- 28 Globe
- 29 Room in a harem
- 32 Raised platform
- 33 To sever
- 34 Roman poet
- 35 Conjunction
- 36 Bed
- 37 To amount
- 38 Class
- 40 Ecclesiastical garment
- 41 Greek letter
- 42 Either
- 43 Short jacket
- 44 Note of scale

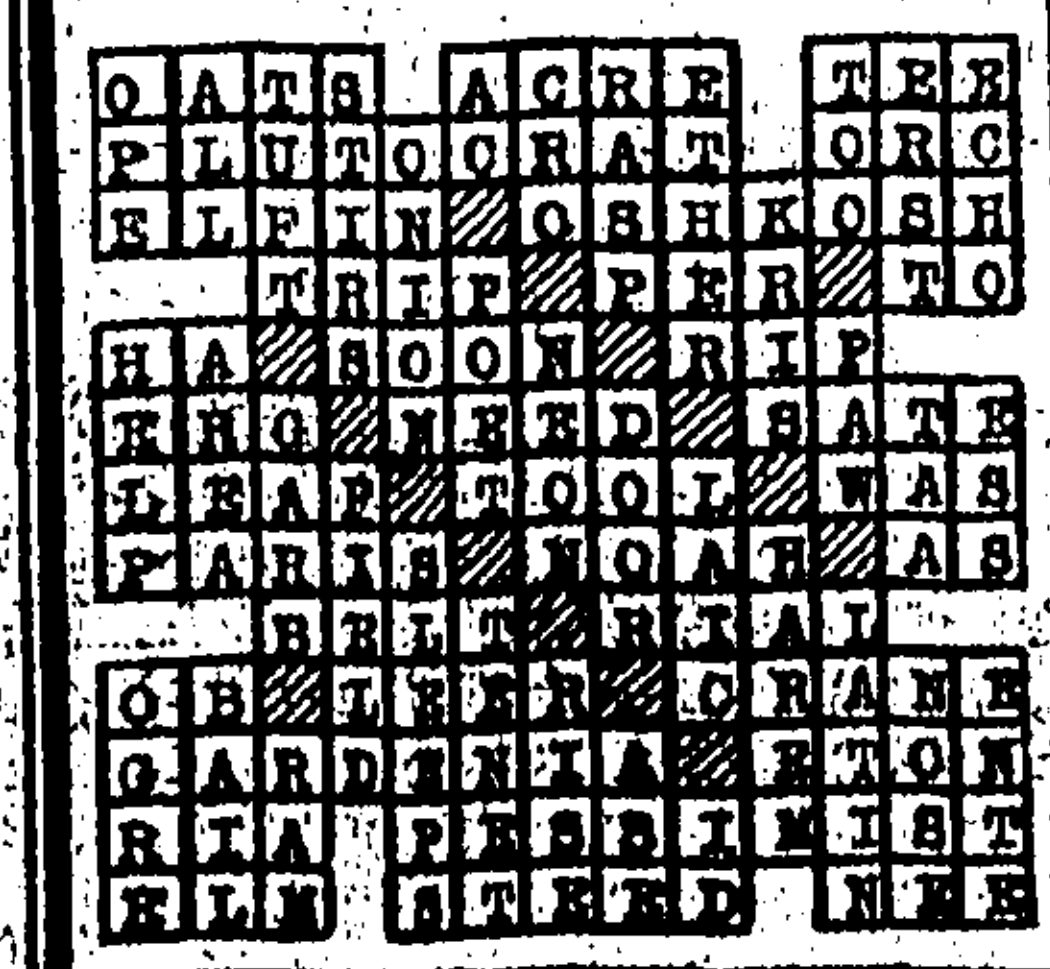
#### VERTICAL

- 1 To enlist the services of
- 2 Scent
- 3 To pose
- 4 Part of infinitive
- 5 English poet
- 6 Burden of
- 7 Division of a play
- 8 Note of scale
- 9 Siamese coin
- 10 Small bottle

#### 11 Land measure

- 13 Dry stalks of grain
- 14 Equilateral parallelogram
- 19 Epic poem
- 21 To exist
- 23 To slip
- 24 Worthless
- 25 Unprecedented
- 26 Girl's name
- 27 Tongue
- 28 Three strikes
- 30 Expansion
- 31 Fruit drink
- 33 Lettuce genus
- 34 Siberian river
- 36 Brusk
- 37 On top of
- 39 Not any
- 40 Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
- 41 To fasten as a ship
- 43 Pertaining to the dawn
- 45 Proposition
- 46 Prefix: three
- 47 Greek letter
- 48 In favour of
- 52 Half an em
- 54 Note of scale

#### YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION





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## SYSTEMATIC CIRCULATION OF FORGERIES ALLEGED

PREYING ON SCHOOLS and principal tenants of houses, two Chinese women and a man were alleged to have carried out the systematic circulation of forged bank-notes in Kowloon by Mr. G. P. Murphy, Assistant Crown Solicitor, at the Criminal Sessions this morning.

Accused, Kwok Fong and Leung Ying (women), and Mak Kung-sing, were represented by Mr. Percy Chen, who pleaded not guilty.

The jury empanelled was composed of Messrs. W. H. Whiteley (foreman), R. A. Gardiner, Man Wai-lee, F. Elliot, Chan Ping, Lai Sheung-shi and S. H. Langston.

According to the prosecution, the two women and a man, (not third accused) who gave his name as Chan Chun-tong, visited the Milton Institute in Jordan Road on October 25. First accused stated that Chan Chun-tong was her nephew who wished to enter the Institute to learn to drive a car. She was told that the fee for the course was \$100, and that a deposit of \$30 was required.

A form was filled in giving Chan's age as 29 years and his

address as No. 33 (second floor), Tainam Street.

### Clerk Suspicious

First accused then tendered a \$100 note of the Chartered Bank. The clerk suspected the note to be a forgery and had it sent for verification to a money-changer's shop.

Shortly afterwards, third accused appeared. Formerly employed in the Institute, he claimed that second accused was his wife and said he was sorry when told later that the \$100 bank-note was a forgery. He asked for the note to be returned but was told that it had been sent to the Police Station.

The principal of the Institute accompanied first accused to the Police Station. After she was cautioned she stated that she received the note from a rice dealer in Taipo. She also made other statements all of which were found to be untrue.

In one of her last statements, she said she received the note from second accused and that she acted under instructions of third accused.

She alleged that third accused said he was well acquainted with the principal and that he would be able to get her out of any trouble.

At the Magistracy she changed her statements while third accused denied knowing the women.

### Previous Alleged Incidents

On September 14, first and third accused, accompanied by a child, visited the Fung Wing School in Fuk Wah Street and told the headmistress that they wished to register the child to study in the school.

They agreed to the fees charged and were asked to deposit \$10, the balance to be paid at the end of the month.

First accused produced a \$50 note of the Mercantile Bank and was given \$40 change. The child was to have entered the school three days later but did not.

The headmistress later found that the note was a forgery. She visited the address given by first accused but found no one by that name living there.

On October 21 at about 1 p.m. first and second accused, accompanied by a child, visited the third floor of No. 182, Nathan Road, and said they wanted to hire a cubicle. They agreed to pay \$48 rent per month. Second accused produced a \$50 banknote of the Mercantile Bank and asked the principal tenant to take \$20 as she needed \$30 to do some shopping. She was given \$30 in exchange for the banknote, but failed to turn up on October 23 to occupy the cubicle. Later the banknote was found to be a forgery.

The case is continuing.

## FAILURE OF ITALIAN MORALE

The difference between what the Italians are called to fight for now and what they fought for in the last war was emphasised by Mr. Hugh Dalton, Minister of Economic Warfare, in a speech yesterday.

The Italian people know in their hearts they are fighting on the wrong side in this war, he said, and that is why they are surrendering by the thousands.

Even the crack Alpini regiments — "my comrades in arms in the last war" — are surrendering to the Greeks in Albania.

In the last war, the Alpini never surrendered. They died like heroes, defending their own country against the barbarian German invader.

This is not Italy's war. It is Mussolini's war, and he knows he faces defeat.

While Allied strength waxed, Mussolini's waned, because he is in the grip of the blockade enforced by the Navy and driven home by hammer-blows by aerial bombardment.

Mr. Dalton said he had recommended to the R.A.F. some of the targets to be bombed to cripple Germany's economic machine.

"We have not enough bombers, but we will soon have more and we will then succeed to an even greater extent than now," he concluded. — Reuter.

## HEAVY RAIN IN DESERT

Heavy rain in the Western Desert restricted air activity on Tuesday, stated an R.A.F. communique issued in Cairo yesterday but the R.A.F. attack on Bardia continued both during the day and previous night.

Three large fires were started in the encampment while outside the town a large quantity of motor transport was damaged.

Reconnaissance flights showed the enemy is retreating towards Derna, which was raided during the night, all bombs falling on the aerodrome.

Damage was not observed owing to the bad weather. — Reuter.

## ARREST AT RAILWAY STATION

Charged with harbouring a small boy, Li Wan-sin, 27, married woman, and Ng Po-ying, 36, widow, were each fined \$20 by Mr. E. Hensworth at Kowloon this morning.

Inspector Moreton, of the S.C.A., said the accused and the boy were detained at Yau-mat Railway Station yesterday morning by the police. Accused said they were taking the boy to the country to first accused's mother, who thought the boy some time ago in Hong Kong and who had since left for the country.

The prosecution had no evidence to show that the information was correct, but it appeared that the boy's mother was dead.

## R.A.F. "PRESENTS" FOR BERLINERS

British airmen who periodically visit Berlin to bomb the city's military objectives, sometimes also drop little private things just to remind Berliners they are overhead.

For example, tail gunners usually take over some special "present" they want to drop.

Sqdn.-Ldr. R. Colford revealed this interesting fact. "The tail gunner's present, he said, often consists of a brick or some private little incendiary bomb of their own and they send it down with their best regards, or with a message such as a recent one, "Love from Harry."

## FACSIMILE OF MAGNA CARTA

Lord Willington, who heads the British mission now visiting Uruguay, last night presented to the Uruguay Congress Library a facsimile copy of Magna Carta.

He recalled a similar ceremony in Washington when the original was delivered to the safe keeping of the United States for the duration of the war and suggested there was a symbolic significance in this deposit of the Charter of British freedom in the safekeeping of the great Democracy of the New World during a time of great peril for the world's liberty.

The presentation to the Congress in Montevideo was but a token of the remarkable act of mutual confidence at Washington a year ago.

Earlier in the day Mr. Robert Brand, a member of the mission, addressing the Uruguayan National Chamber of Commerce, emphasised that although at present war trade must have absolute priority during the first year of war Britain, which was her best customer, bought more than before from Uruguay, which did not need reminding that Britain's alleged inability to deliver was a complete myth.

There was, however, a link between the countries more important than trade.

"Your vital interests as well as ours require that both the North and South Atlantic be dominated by peaceful powers."

And, most important of all, we are united in the conviction that life without freedom would not be life at all. — British Wireless.

## NAZIS SPEED UP EVACUATION

THE GERMAN AUTHORITIES ARE SPEEDING UP THE EVACUATION OF THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN FROM BERLIN AS THE RESULT OF THE DESTRUCTIVE R.A.F. RAIDS.

About 10,000 evacuated children will be sent to the former Polish province of Posen.

The official German news agency asserts that "hardly a hospital is left in Berlin that has not been hit by the British night bombers."

and his father was in the Army. The boy was said to have been brought down by a travelling trader, who apparently picked him up somewhere in the country.



# CHINA MAIL

WINDSOR HOUSE

## SUPPRESSING THE AVALANCHE

A radio report from Stockholm the other day, stated that as a result of avalanches in various areas of Norway, German authorities were rumoured to be considering turning the country into a Nazi protectorate. Though coming from Stockholm, that fertile source of the unfounded fancy, it is anything but implausible. Rumania had an earthquake, and abruptly found herself a full-fledged and obedient partner of the Axis, with fresh thousands of German troops pouring in, no doubt under peremptory orders from the Fuehrer to prevent the Rumanian earth from again behaving in such an irregular and pro-democratic fashion.

If there are avalanches in Norway, what thought would more naturally occur to the Redistributor of the World than to convert the country into a protectorate, with gauleiter, Gestapo agents and a technical staff to enforce the ban on avalanches?

Is a nation afflicted with hurricanes? Give it a protective occupation. Is it wracked by landslides, droughts, volcanic eruptions or a plague of locusts? Bestow upon it an armoured column, concentration camps, ration cards and the inestimable blessings of Herr Goebbels's organisation. It is the standard, indeed it is the only, solution.

It is Herr Hitler's one solution for all the ills the world is heir to; and since he is going to reorganise the world, divide it up, rearrange its populations and bless it with a new order for the next thousand years, he will certainly have to attend to its various natural calamities. Perhaps there will be a ceremony on the subject in the Chancellery, with Ribbentrop and Ciano in full uniform and the cameras clicking as avalanches are formally abolished.

To be sure, in the case of Norway there are ill-natured persons (Oslo dispatches severely reprove them) who hint that perhaps it was not nature but the Norwegians who started the avalanches rolling. Even so, one still wonders whether the barren formula of military "protection" and the concentration camp will ultimately be adequate. There are avalanches of hatred, disgust and embittered rebellion in the souls of men which are as hard for even arm-



"Goebbels, did you see? ... London has been completely wiped out!"  
"I know, I wrote it myself."

By John Groth in "PM"

# Japan's East Indies Threat

Reports that Japan is preparing another move for a stronger hold on French Indo-China, coupled with other developments bearing in a like direction indicate that it may not be possible to keep the European struggle distinct from the Asiatic.

Although a move that may be construed as of an appeasing nature has been reported in the agreement between Anglo-American and Japanese oil interests to increase Japan's imports of oil from the Netherlands East Indies, trends of an opposite nature are only too visible. One may cite the American embargoes on scrap iron and high grade gasoline for Japan, the warning addressed by the State Department to American residents in the Far East to leave, the threatening tripartite pact between Japan, Germany, and Italy, the recurring rumours of an Anglo-American arrangement for the joint use of Singapore and other Far Eastern naval bases.

There has always been an intimate connection between war in the Far East and war—and the threat of war—in Europe. Technically the current war began in September, 1939. But the continent has never really been at peace since Signor Mussolini invaded Ethiopia in September, 1935.

### Scope Of Spain's War

After the Ethiopian campaign came the Spanish Civil War, which assumed an international

character because of the official aid which Germany and Italy sent to Generalissimo Francisco Franco and the Soviet Union to the Republic, while thousands of French, British, American, and refugee anti-Fascist volunteers fought in the Republican armies. After

By William Henry Chamberlin

In The Christian Science Monitor

Spain came Austria, Czechoslovakia, Albania.

Japan has always taken close account of the European situation in framing its plans for expansion on the mainland of Asia. Europe's difficulty has been regarded as Japan's opportunity. It was no coincidence that Japan presented its "21 demands" to China in the spring of 1915, when Europe was absorbed in the first World War.

The "21 demands" led to no enduring results because Japan did not feel strong enough to back up its claims with armed force. Indeed, the chief net result of this Japanese excursion into power politics was that the Island Empire lost a good deal of money

which was paid out in bribes to shifty Chinese politicians, who failed to deliver the political and economic concessions which they had promised.

A period of relative stability in Far Eastern affairs, as regards the relations between foreign powers with interests in China, was inaugurated by the Washington treaties of 1922. But in 1931 the Japanese military leaders made the discovery that they could upset the Washington treaty structure, so far as Manchuria was concerned, without incurring any consequences more serious than moral condemnation.

### Japan's Opportunity

Before Japan entered on its bigger adventure, the attempt to bring all China under Japanese control, in 1937, the world situation was carefully studied on the basis of reports from Japanese embassies in Europe and America. The auguries seemed favourable. America was strongly isolationist. Russia had just shot its most talented generals and seemed unlikely to risk a war. Great Britain and France were so preoccupied with the ever threatening Spanish situation and with the

general threat from the Axis powers that they also seemed to be eliminated, so far as active military opposition to Japan's advance was concerned.

Those who were in Japan at the time could see how each new alarm bell in Europe was a signal to further Japanese advances. When war loomed as imminent on the eve of the Munich Agreement, Japan prepared a picked expeditionary force for the attack on Canton which had hitherto been deferred because of regard for British susceptibilities. It is not improbable that, if the war had actually broken out, this expeditionary force would have tried to "rush" Hong Kong, the great British commercial centre and military and naval base. The conclusion of the Munich pact may have caused the rumoured idea of attacking Hong Kong to be dropped.

### Seizure Of Hainan

The occupation of Hainan, the large island off the south-eastern coast of China, a step equally distasteful to the British in Hong Kong and to the French in Indo-China, took place in February, 1939, when British and French attention was concentrated on the Mediterranean crisis that seemed certain to arise after the ending of the Spanish Civil War. Japan celebrated the new crisis after Adolf Hitler marched into Prague by seizing the Spratly Islands, off the southern coast of Indo-China, a small acquisition territorially, but useful as an advanced submarine base.

Japan reacted to the actual outbreak of the European war more soberly than might have been expected. This was because of the alarm and dismay which the conclusion of the German-Soviet pact caused in Tokyo. The Cabinets of General Abe and Admiral Yonai were relatively moderate in their attitude toward the Western Powers.

But after the fall of France there was a new upsurge of Japanese aggressiveness, based on the theory that Germany would win the war and that Japan was the natural heir of British, French, and Netherlands colonial possessions in the Orient. The present cabinet of Prince Fumimaro Konoye, with American-educated Yosuke Matsuoka as Foreign Minister, is probably more closely identified with the Army than any Cabinet in recent Japanese history.

The interaction between Japanese expansion in the Orient and the European war has two sides. In Japan one was struck by the way in which Japan was inclined to exploit every European crisis for a new forward step. In Paris and London one could see the reverse side of this process: the tendency of French and British statesmen, their attention focussed on the struggle in Europe, to avoid complications with Japan as far as possible.

# The Swiss Conscience

By Henry W. Steiger

Switzerland has many friends in the world, and they are anxiously following the development of this war with the hope that Switzerland can preserve her freedom.

It is of importance to understand why Switzerland is a free country and to know whether she deserves to be free. This question is the more interesting, because about 70 per cent of the population (and the original part) speaks a German dialect and was a part of the Holy Roman Empire until 1499 and theoretically until 1648.

A most astonishing event was the foundation of the Swiss Federation in 1291. In the year Rudolf von Hapsburg passed on. On a small sheet of parchment, which still exists, we find the substance of a constitution in thirteen points.

We may ask how it was possible that in the Middle Ages, when nobody thought about constitutions, those poor, uneducated peasants laid the foundation of a State based on a principle. An explanation can be found in the situation of those valleys at the extremity of German culture in the direction of Italy, where the influence of Greek thought had been more or less preserved. This in-

fluenced cars to control as are the natural variety.

fluence, together with the sound mentality of the free mountaineers, must be considered as the background of the foundation of Switzerland. After successful defence of the new Confederation and further success in other wars, the Swiss State grew strong enough that it no longer required the protection of the German emperor, and a war decided Swiss independence in 1499.

Not long after the separation from a temporal monarchical power, the emperor, there followed the separation of the Swiss from the spiritual monarchical power, the Pope. The reformation of Switzerland by Ulrich Zwingli is more or less independent of Luther. To be sure, Zwingli's first thought had its roots in the writings of Luther, but he translated the German thought into Swiss thinking, which is not first of all abstract, but practical. Zwingli was not only a man of the church. He was also a politician. He knew that a solid, new church must have a background in a solid political State.

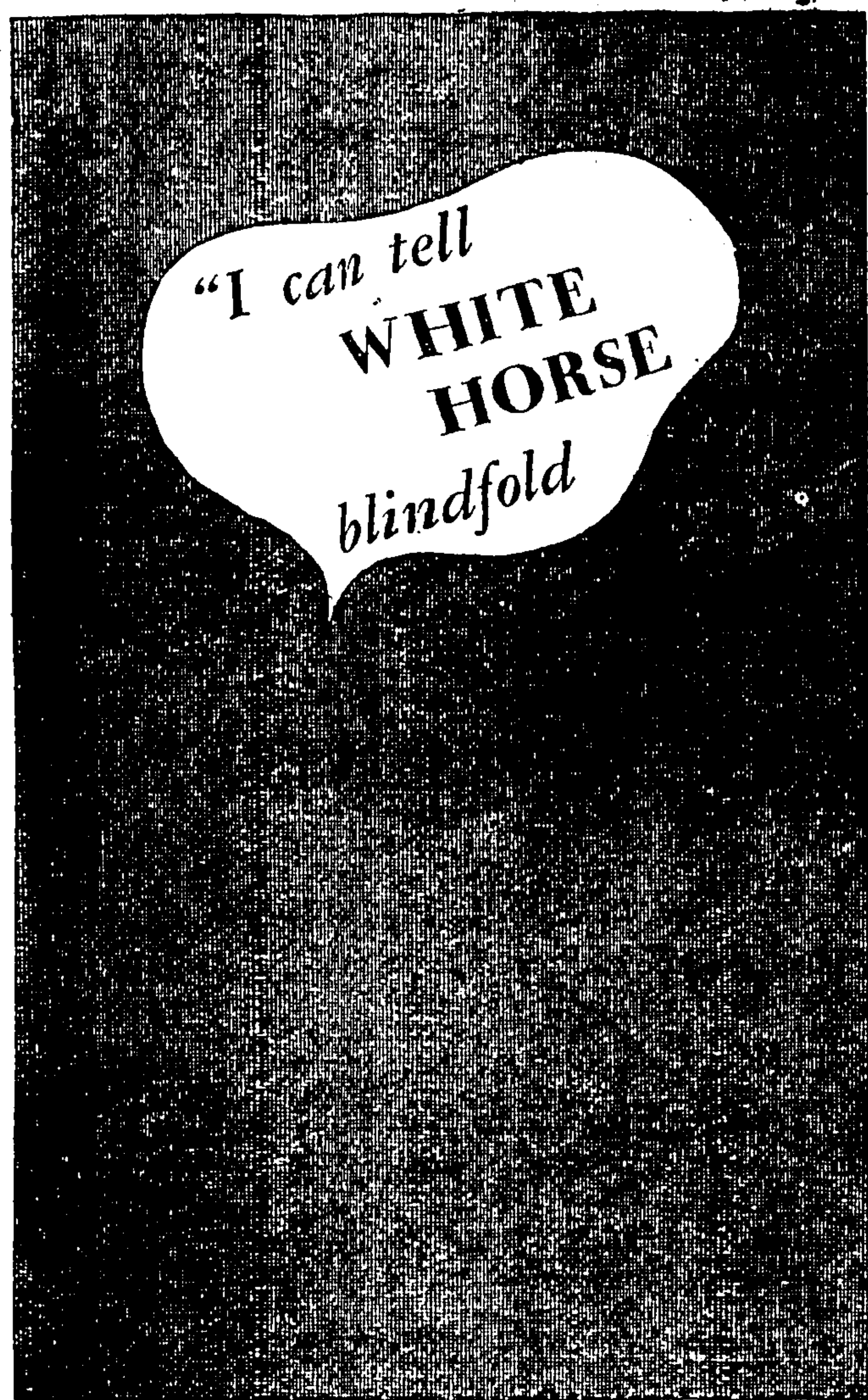
It is interesting to note that the leading thought of Calvin were

already put forward by Zwingli. Calvin was not Swiss, but he lived in Switzerland, and in the Swiss atmosphere gave to the ideas of the Reformation the shape which was accepted by the Puritans in Great Britain, and later in America.

It is quite obvious that Switzerland has had a great influence on the development of western thought. It is therefore important to discover the nucleus of Swiss thinking.

The Swiss wants to act according to his conscience. For him, he, as well as everyone else, has his own conscience and he claims the right to follow its direction. The freedom the Swiss claims is not a revolt against discipline; on the contrary it is the freedom to act according to principle. Such thinking is not satisfied by abstractions, but calls for action. Here is a fundamental difference from German thinking which is primarily theoretical. The good relations between Switzerland and the Anglo-Saxon world can be explained in part by the common spiritual inclinations of the two people. It is therefore not surprising that National Social concepts have not found fertile soil in Switzerland. Class distinctions are not great in Switzerland. There is neither great poverty nor great wealth among the people.





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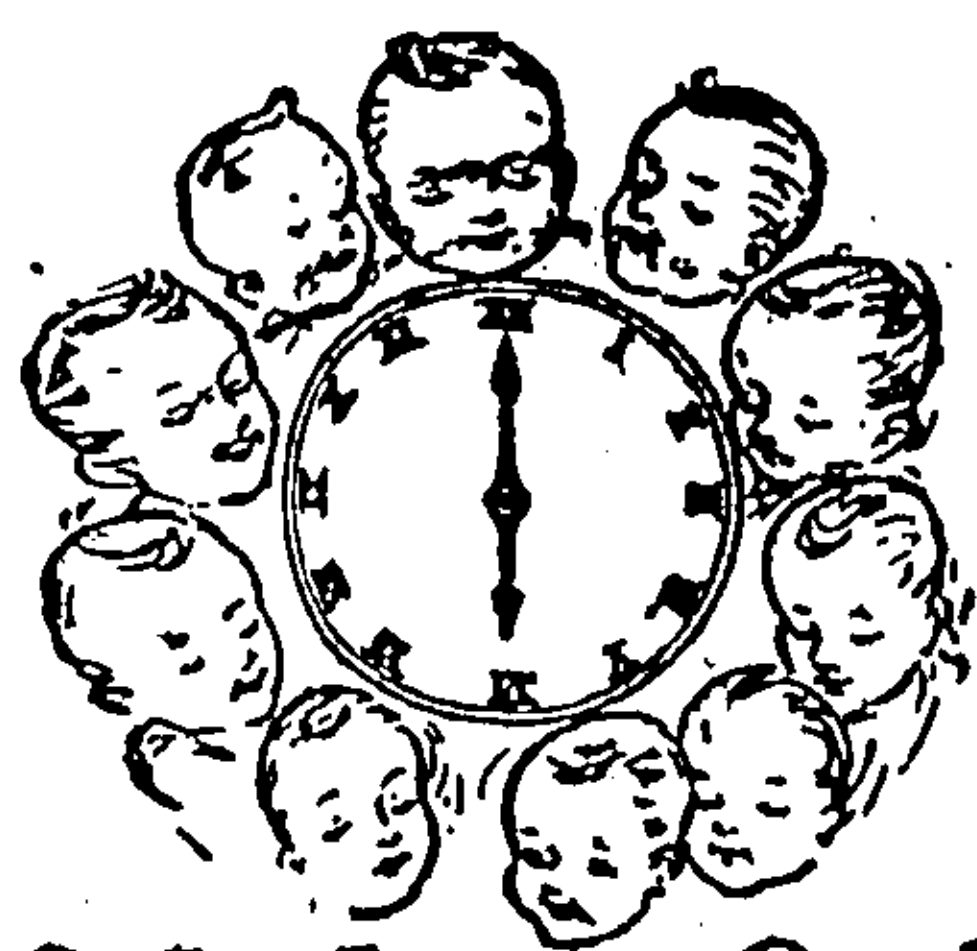
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# GERMAN TROOPS IN ITALY?: RUMOURS CREATE SPECULATION

THE REPORT THAT German forces have arrived at Naples and Bari opens up some important problems, both political and military in character.

If such a move had in fact taken place it would be a serious blow to Mussolini's personal position, as well as to that of the Fascist Party.

Their power would be shaken to its foundations. Either Prince Umberto and the army would take control or German soldiers supporting the Fascist police would temporarily bolster up Mussolini, suppressing Italian discontent with the ruthless hand of Fascism.

If they seize the reins what would be the next move?

Would the Italians be able to get rid of the Nazi visitors?

These questions raise immense possibilities which it is too early as yet to probe.

### No Decisive Effect

The possible effect of the arrival of German forces in Bari on the war in Albania gives further material for consideration.

The presence of Germans in Bari would be unlikely to have a decisive effect on the Albanian war. Their arrival at this late date would mean that a free passage from Italy to Albania is no longer open.

To aid the Italians effectively Germans would have to reach the front in sufficient numbers with all mechanised equipment; that is now scarcely possible for the ports of Valona and Durazzo are no longer in a fit state for the disembarkation of large forces, thanks to the heavy destructive pounding they have received from the R.A.F.

Small bodies of men in small ships might possibly slip across the Adriatic by night but they could not exercise a decisive influence on the war.—Reuter.

## COST OF ROOSEVELT PLAN

President Roosevelt's plan for leasing war supplies to Britain was estimated by experts yesterday as likely to involve about \$2,500,000,000 worth of aircraft, tanks, ships and other war supplies.

The estimate was conveyed in a message from the Washington correspondent of the "New York Post," which also states that this would be additional to the \$2,000,000,000 worth of equipment already on order.—Reuter.

## THAILAND CHARGES

Admitting that fighting between Thailand and Indo-China border troops has continued, the Thailand High Command, in a communique issued yesterday, charged French planes with bombing open towns indiscriminately, according to a semi-official Japanese report from Bangkok.

The communique charged that French planes on Dec. 18 dropped bombs over Sakannakhan, killing eight persons, and also over Udorn, killing one and injuring many others, despite the fact that both towns are known to be open towns and defenceless against aerial attacks.—Reuter.

## TIENTSIN TAXATION INCREASES

Embarking on the new year with overdrafts totalling large sums, and faced with increased staff salaries and higher costs of coal and all imported materials, the British Municipal Council in Tientsin is casting about for ways and means to boost revenue.

Yesterday, at an extraordinary meeting of electors, the Chairman of the Council, Mr. James Turner, tabled five resolutions designed to yield \$917,000.

The first increases existing land taxes and water and electricity rates.

The second introduces an entertainment tax.

The third brings in a police tax of three per cent, assessed on the rental value of all occupied premises.

The fourth revises the method of collecting land and rental assessment taxes.

The fifth provides for the collection of all accounts in local dollars at the highest value when payment is tendered.

All five resolutions were passed.—Reuter.

## DEATH OF GRANVILLE MURRAY

Word has been received by Mr. V. Sorby, manager of the Hong Kong Electric Company, of the death of Mr. Granville Murray, a former resident of the Colony.

Mr. Murray was Assistant Manager of the Hong Kong Electric from 1923 to 1930, when he retired. Since then he has been living in retirement in Brighton.

Aged 56 at the time of his death Mr. Murray held a commission in the Royal Engineers during the last war and was engaged in road-building in Persia.

He was a brother of "Brassey" Murray, also a former Hong Kong man and a golfer with a big local reputation. Mr. Granville Murray was also no mean exponent of the game, being a familiar figure on the golf courses of Hong Kong.

Mr. Murray was a member of the Hong Kong Club, and other local clubs.

### HOSPITAL THEFT

Sister Whitehead, of the Military Hospital, Bowen Road, has reported the theft of a wrist watch, valued at \$70 from her quarters yesterday.

## THAILAND BOMBS TOWNS IN INDO-CHINA

The Thai air force has bombed seven towns in north Indo-China, in retaliation for French attacks, according to a communique issued by the Thai High Command in Bangkok yesterday.

Bangkok radio claims that three important towns in the French Indo-China province of Cambodia have been bombed "out of recognition."—Reuter.

## COMPELLED TO WORK FOR NAZIS

The French Government has no power to control French labour in the German-occupied part of France and there is good reason to believe that factory workers there are being forced to work for German war requirements.

This information was given yesterday by the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. R. A. Butler, in reply to a parliamentary question.

Mr. Butler added that it may well be that some workers have been removed to Germany for that purpose.

As far as the British Government knows there is no conclusive evidence to show that factories in unoccupied France are being used for the repair of German aircraft. This is a matter not covered by the Franco-German armistice.—Reuter.

## BRITISH BROADCASTING

FACTS ABOUT BRITISH BROADCASTING TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES WERE GIVEN IN THE COMMONS YESTERDAY WHEN THE PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE MINISTRY OF INFORMATION, MR. HAROLD NICOLSON, REPLIED TO A MOTION DEALING WITH THE TRANSMISSION OF 'BRITISH NEWS' BY THE B.B.C.

Government, Mr. Nicolson said, were not trying to imitate the propaganda methods of Dr. Goebbels but had a long-term policy of confidence.

Showing the increase in broadcasts in foreign languages, he said that in December, 1939, broadcasts in sixteen foreign languages were given occupying 68½ hours each week. To-day 30 foreign languages were broadcast with 144 hours a week devoted to them.

Mr. Nicolson added it was hoped there would be an even greater increase.—British Wireless.



# Nazis Hiding Up Raid Damage

## THRILLED BY OUR FIGHT—SENT 50 DOLLARS TO HELP

"I guess both sides are getting hell, and enclose fifty dollars as a drop in the bucket."

That is what a distinguished American wrote in a letter recently.

Sir John Dill, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, in acknowledging the gift, wrote saying that while it was enormously appreciated on behalf of the Army, he intended to send the gift to the Spitfire Fund.

## 1,371 DETAINED FOR DEFENCE REASONS

On October 31 the total number of persons detained in Britain under the Defence Regulations was 1,371. This figure was given in a White Paper dealing with the subject which also states that during that month 33 persons were detained, all being British subjects, although 16 of them are of enemy origin. — British Wireless.

## Hitler Highly Embarrassed By R.A.F.

HITLER AND THE NAZI officials who repeatedly boasted that no enemy bomber would ever penetrate German skies are embarrassed by the success of R.A.F. raids, according to information reaching authoritative circles in London yesterday.

Remarkable measures are taken to conceal the extent of the damage, which is cleared with the utmost speed.

If this is impossible before people leave the shelters, then boardings are erected so that the extent of the damage cannot be seen.

It is stated that 350,000 children have been evacuated from Berlin, Hamburg and the Ruhr to southern and eastern Germany.

There is also much unofficial evacuation and consequently reports of serious overcrowding in Vienna, through evacuees.

### Severe A.R.P. Rules

The A.R.P. regulations are stated to be extremely severe. People must take to shelter as soon as the warning sounds and those hurt in their own rooms get no compensation.

Germans must resent getting out of bed and going to shelters which are lacking in heating arrangements.

According to evidence available in London the discomfort and harsh regulations are having a greater effect on German morale than the fear of bombing. — Reuter.

### PRAGUE PAWNSHOPS BUSY

Pawnbrokers in Prague are busy, says the official German News Agency as people are redeeming articles pawned last year.

### MUSEUM GUNS AS SCRAP

Old guns of various types are to be removed from the Rotunda Military Museum at Woolwich and handed over to the Ministry of Supply.



RAIDER CRASHES IN WINDSOR PARK — A Messerschmitt 109 dived at two British Anson aircraft — missed them, tried to do a steep turn and crashed in Windsor Great Park. The pilot was taken prisoner by a Hurricane pilot from New Zealand. Photo shows R.A.F. men hauling up the crashed plane. (Copyright, Fox).



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## Bring Up Father

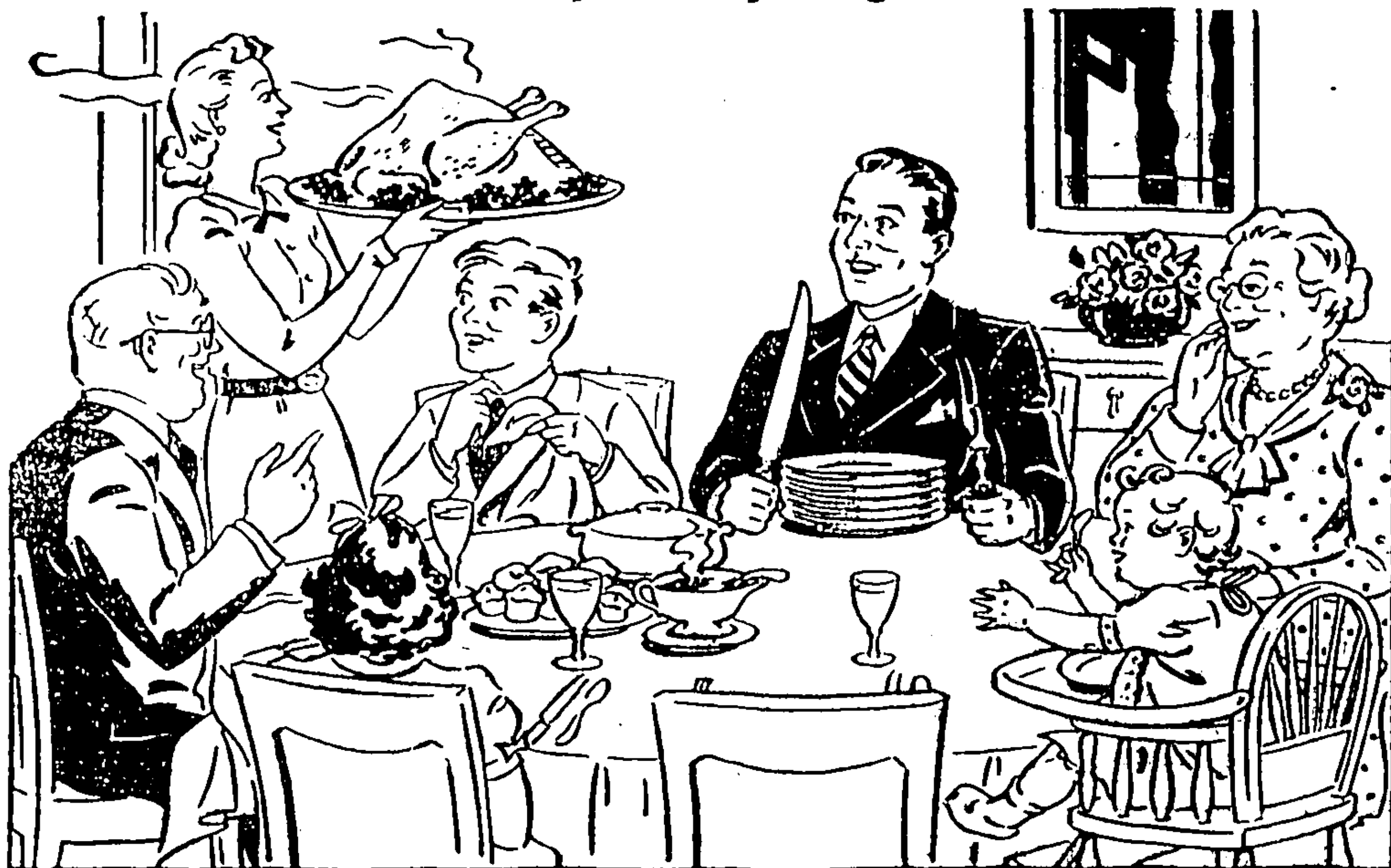
By George MacManus



## A PAGE FOR WOMEN Christmas Dinner

—this one starts with a flare and ends with a flourish

By Dorothy Greig



Important as the turkey is for dinner, it is not the whole story by any means. For that's one meal which starts with a flare and ends with a flourish, and we all serve it with our own individual touches. Here are mine — a delicious soup and a glorious pudding:

## Dinner Menu

\*Cream of Chicken and Corn Soup  
Celery Hearts Stuffed Olives  
Roast Turkey with Stuffing  
Cranberry Jelly  
Creamed Whole Onions  
Buttered Green Peas  
Glazed Sweet Potatoes  
Hot Rolls with Butter  
\*Steamed Fruit and Nut Pudding,  
Ice Cream Sauce  
Coffee

Since an abundant harvest of corn was joyful cause for Thanksgiving on the part of our forefathers, I like to acknowledge that fact by serving a corn soup for my Christmas dinner:

## \*Cream of Chicken and Corn Soup

4 teaspoons butter  
4 teaspoons flour  
2 cups milk  
2 cans condensed chicken soup  
6 tablespoons cooked corn

Melt butter, add flour and cook until frothy. Then add milk and cook until thickened. Add soup and corn and heat, but do not boil. Serves 6-8.

The pudding is the grand climax of the meal. It is dark, rich, fairly bursting with fruits and served with a white froth of a sauce:

## \*Steamed Fruit and Nut Pudding with Ice Cream Sauce

2 tablespoons shortening  
3/4 cup sugar  
1 egg, beaten  
2 cups flour  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg  
1/4 teaspoon cloves  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon baking soda  
2 cups chopped figs  
3/4 cup chopped raisins  
3/4 cup chopped nutmeats

Sift flour, then measure, add spices, baking powder and baking soda and sift again. Combine the chopped fruits and nutmeats and mix with 4 tablespoons of the flour mixture.

Cream the shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream well together. Add beaten egg and mix thoroughly. Then add the flour alternately with the soup. Stir until the mixture is smooth. Then fold in the fruits and nutmeats. Put in a buttered mould and steam for 2-2 1/2 hours.

For Mould: Use Melon Mould, empty coffee or shortening can and fill to within 2 inches of the top. Serves 8-10.

## Ice Cream Sauce

1 egg, separated  
3/4 cup confectioner's sugar  
3/4 cup whipping cream  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat the egg white until stiff, then add the sugar gradually. Stir in the egg yolk. Fold in the whipped cream and add vanilla. Serve over the slices of Steamed Fruit and Nut Pudding.

\*recipes given

## DESSERT SALAD...

refreshing finish  
to a meal

by Dorothy Greig

THIS dessert salad is one of those blessed two-in-ones that make a woman's life cheerier. It doubles as salad and dessert.

It is a sparkling jelly imbedded thick with juicy fruit. Bring it to the table well chilled and add a smooth creamy dressing. If you tell the salad in a fancy mold it is gay to look at as well as being refreshingly tonic to eat:



## Jellied Cherry and Pineapple Salad

1 1/2 cups canned black cherries  
1 1/2 cups pineapple chunks  
1 1/2 cups fruit juice (pineapple and cherry)  
2 1/2 teaspoons gelatine, sprinkled on two tablespoons of water  
3 tablespoons lemon juice

Remove pits from the cherries. Sprinkle the gelatine on water and let stand about five minutes. Heat the pineapple juice and pour on gelatine, stirring until dissolved. Then add cherry and lemon juice. Chill until gelatine begins to set. Add fruits, pour into mold and place in refrigerator until firm. Serve with Cream Cheese Tomato Dressing.

## Cream Cheese Tomato Dressing

1 package of cream cheese  
2 teaspoons of lemon juice  
1/2 teaspoon of salt  
1/4 cup sliced olives or mayonnaise  
1/2 cup condensed tomato soup  
Cream the cheese and in it add the lemon juice and salt. Blend in the sliced olives or mayonnaise and the tomato soup.



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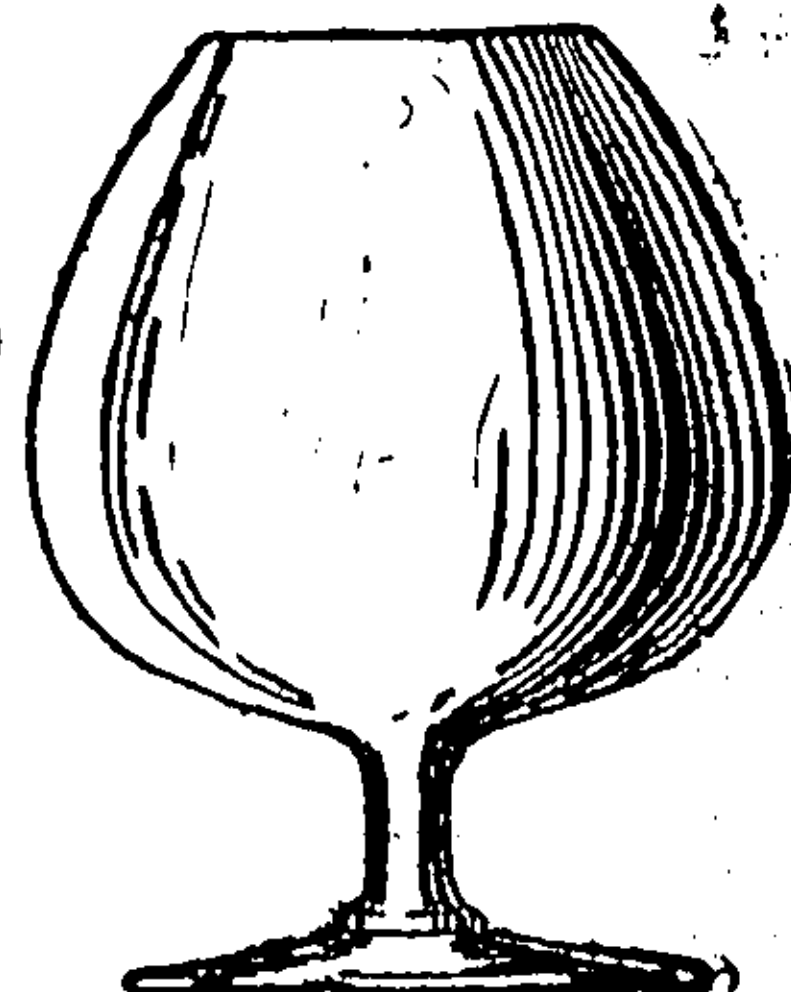
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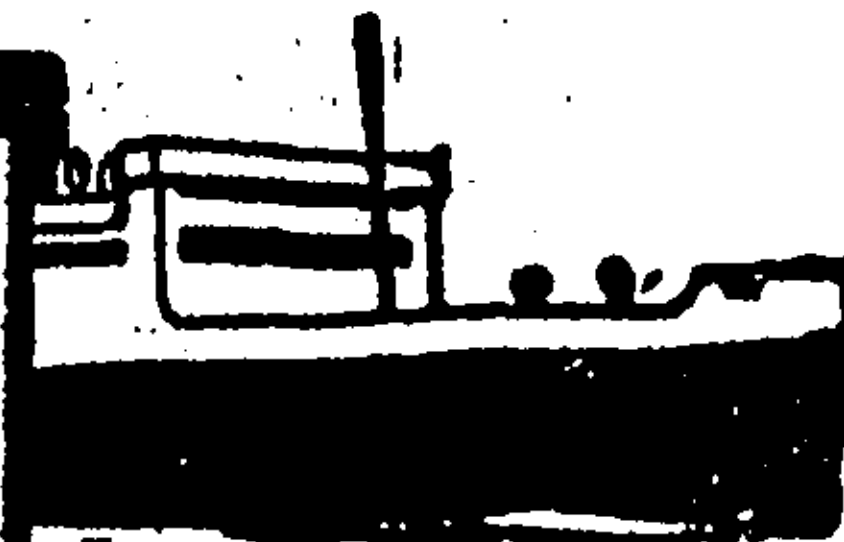
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BOMBAY & KARACHI via Singapore, Penang and Colombo	Hawaii Maru 30th Dec.
CALCUTTA via Saigon, Singapore, P-lawan Deli and Rangoon	Melbourne Maru 24th Dec.
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KEELUNG via Swatow & Amoy	Sirogane Maru 18th Dec.
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Air Mail by Air to Rangoon to connect with the "British Overseas Airways."

#### K.P.O. & G.P.O.

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Ord.	4.30 p.m.

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Parcels	5.00 p.m.
Reg.	5.00 p.m.
Ord.	5.30 p.m.

#### MONDAY

Straits and Calcutta

Parcels	10.30 a.m.
Letters	11.30 a.m.

Air Mail by Sea to Singapore to connect with the "British Overseas Airways."

#### K.P.O. & G.P.O.

Reg.	2.00 p.m.
Ord.	2.30 p.m.

Straits, Ceylon, India, East and South Africa 3.30 p.m.

\* Superscribed Correspondence Only.

## RADIO

12.30 p.m.—Humorous Variety.

1.03 p.m.—Derek Oldham (Tenor) and the New Light Symphony Orchestra.

1.30 p.m.—Reuter and Rugby Press, Weather Forecast and Announcements.

1.45 p.m.—Tangos and Waltzes.

2.15 p.m.—Close down.

6.32 p.m.—Dance Music by Harry Roy and His Orchestra.

7.00 p.m.—London Relay—The News.

7.15 p.m.—London Relay—"Questions of the Hour".

7.30 p.m.—Variety Programme.

8.03 p.m.—Studio—Two Piano Jazz Recital.

8.23 p.m.—Sea Shanties and Choruses.

8.45 p.m.—Studio—Local Newsletter.

9.00 p.m.—London Relay—The News & News Commentary.

9.30 p.m.—An hour of Popular Classics.

10.30 p.m.—Schubert—Rondo in A Major, Henri Remianka (Violin) and the Temianka Chamber Orchestra.

10.45 p.m.—Liszt—Les Preludes—Symphonic Poem, London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Robert Coates.

11.00 p.m.—Close down.



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# MIDDLESEX BEAT ROYALS IN SMALL UNITS FINAL

## O'Mahoney Scores Winning Goal Late In Game

### Auld, Falconer And Fleming Play Well For Losers

A CLEAN AND HARD fought soccer game was witnessed at Sookunpoo yesterday when H.Q. Company, Middlesex, beat "D" Company, Royal Scots, by the only goal scored by O'Mahoney in the last few minutes of the match in the Final of the Army Small Units Football Competition.

Royals may be considered unfortunate in a way. They had most of the game and it was only for a short period of the second half that Middlesex did any real pressing. Callender in Royals' goal, was rarely tested and on the whole had an easy afternoon.

Auld, Royals' leader, was well watched and though he played a hard and forceful game was not given an opportunity for a shot at goal. Had his inside forwards been up with him on occasions Royals might have taken the lead early in the game.

Fleming, at right-half, played a sound game. He was rarely beaten for possession and displayed good ball control and coolness at all times. In the pivotal position Falconer never shirked in his tackling and was prominent with his hard clearances. Gibb, at left-half, did all that was expected of him and held Moggeridge well.

Downing, on the right wing, gave Middlesex defence much trouble and centred well while Gibling, on the opposite wing, came more into the game in the second half.

Park and Penman, the backs, kicked well and seldom gave the Middlesex forwards any opportunities.

Middlesex defence played well and the greatest credit must be given to them for holding out against the continued and determined raids of Royals throughout the game.

#### Minchin Safe

The outstanding players were Minchin, in goal, and Revell, the right-back. The former had a busy afternoon, brought off some really good saves and was always on the alert.

Revell kicked strongly and cleared his lines with well placed

kicks while his partner, Stickley, gave him adequate support.

In the centre-half berth, Bright did not play his usual game. He was content to clear with hard kicking though it must be said that he made use of his wingers, but his clearances were often returned by the opposing defence.

With Pearson playing a fourth half-back game for the greater period and Sheehan following suit in the second half, Middlesex forwards were not a danger on the few occasions that they did any attacking. Both wingers tried hard and were prominent in the closing period of the game. Hynes played well but lacked support from the other inside forwards.

Play was mostly in favour of Royals in the opening stages though Sheehan went near scoring for Middlesex. In the second half Royals attacked strongly. Auld shouldered a lot of hard work and was always a menace. Minchin in Middlesex goal was called upon often.

The winning goal originated from Pearson who was never a factor in Middlesex attacking line. He sent Moggeridge away on the right wing and found himself in possession in a good position. His shot hit the cross bar and from the rebound O'Mahoney netted.

MIDDLESEX—Minchin; Revell and Stickley; Smith, Bright and Jackson; Moggeridge, Hynes, Sheehan, Pearson and O'Mahoney.

ROYAL SCOTS—Callender; Park and Penman; Fleming, Falconer and Gibb; Downing, Forrest, Auld, Pow and Gibling.

### K.C.C. BEAT K. TONG

Something of a surprise was caused in "B" Division of the Badminton League last night when Kowloon Cricket Club, on their own court, beat the highly-fancied Kowloon Tong team by 6-3.

Kowloon Tong were without Richard Lee, who was at Camp, but otherwise were at full strength. Wynter-Blyth and Fisher were in great form for the home team and won all three games, and they were well supported by Anderson and Jones, and Hazell and Guest.

The Chan brothers, of whom much was expected, failed to win a single game for the visitors and this had much to do with their defeat.

In other matches St. John's, the champions, had little difficulty against Police, and King's only lost one game to Jewish Recreation Club.

Following are the results of the Badminton League matches played last night:

#### Section "A"

King's College beat Jewish Recreation Club, 8 games to 1.

S. Ramley and L. Landau (J.R.C.).

lost to S. E. Chau and K. J. Attwell 12-21

lost to K. L. Lui and W. C. Chung 12-21

lost to K. H. Lo and T. Lam 3-21

A. Pollak and M. Tatan (J.R.C.).

lost to Chau and Attwell 5-21

beat Lui and Chung 21-17

lost to Lo and Lam 3-21

B. Godkin and J. Odell (J.R.C.).

lost to Chau and Attwell 12-21

lost to Lui and Chung 15-21

lost to Lo and Lam 10-21

The game between Victoria Recreation Club and Chung Wah was postponed.

#### Section "B"

St. John's beat Police by 8 games to 1.

H. Eardley and D. Kwok (S.J.).

### CRICKET NOTES

Owing to the fact that "Adrem" has been at Camp, there will be no cricket notes this week.

beat A. R. S. Major and C. Y. Sui	21—2
beat W. Gillies and L. Gordon	21—7
beat J. Macdonald and H. Dingsdale	21—6
R. Maynard and G. Ladd (S.J.).	
beat Major and Sui	21—8
beat Gillis and Gordon	21—13
lost to Macdonald and Dingsdale	9—21
N. L. Smith and P. Wilson (S.J.).	
beat Major and Sui	23—20
beat Gillis and Gordon	23—20
beat Macdonald and Dingsdale	21—7

#### K.C.C. Win

Kowloon Cricket Club beat Kowloon Tong 6 games to 3.

V. D. Bright and A. L. Fisher (K.C.C.).

beat F. H. Kwok and J. Chan 24—21

beat A. T. Chan and A. C. Chan 20—0

beat Peter Lo and J. Tsang 21—16

J. L. Anderson and H. S. Johns (K.C.C.).

lost to Kwok and Chan 8—21

beat Chan and Chan 21—6

beat Lo and Tsang 21—16

D. Hazell and A. E. Breat (K.C.C.).

lost to Kwok and Chan 11—21

beat Chan and Chan 21—3

lost to Lo and Tsang 20—23

### K.C.C. BOWLS TEAMS

Following will represent Kowloon Cricket Club in a friendly Lawn Bowls match against United Service Recreation Club on the latter's green on Saturday:

A. H. Martin, P. Wellwood, A. Wright and J. Fraser (skip).

A. C. Tribble, B. Wyle, V. C. Labrum and W. W. Parsons (skip).

A. W. Smith, C. J. Tatchell, G. E. Taylor and R. H. S. Marks (skip).

### BURROWS BATS WELL

In a friendly cricket match at Sookunpoo yesterday a combined team from 35th and 20th Battery, Royal Artillery beat Royal Air Force by 7 wickets.

Best individual performance of the match was Burrows' innings of 40 retired, while Parnell, Goodwin and Richardson also did well.

R.A.F.	
L. Goodwin, c Woolridge, b Guy	28
C. E. Abbas, c Woolridge, b Guy	3
Gillespie, c Guy, b Pelit	1
Clarkson, l.b.w., b Allanson	4
Palmer, run out	10
Stimpson, b Pelit	4
Richardson, not out	21
Barker, by Guy	0
Berry, not out	1
Extras (B13, LB5)	18

Total (for 7 wks. dec.) 60

Hoodless and Austin did not bat.

Bowling Analysis

	O.	M.	R.	W.
--	----	----	----	----

Guy 10 2 30 3

Pelit 9 2 31 2

McNarghty 4 0 9 0

Hall 4 3 1 0

Allanson 2 1 1 1

R.A.

Parnell, b Gillespie 27

Roche, c and b Abbas 5

Woolridge, c Palmer, b Gillespie 15

Burrows, retired 40

Allanson, retired 16

Guy, b Gillespie 0

Marsh, b Barker 16

Chapel, b Richardson 6

Pelit, b Richardson 0

McNarghty, c Palmer, b Barker 5

Hall, not out 1

Extras (B5, LB2) 7

Total 138

Bowling Analysis

	O.	M.	R.	W.
--	----	----	----	----

Gillespie 8 0 36 3

Abbas 2 0 24 1

Stimpson 2 0 16 0

Goodwin 3 0 24 0

Richardson 2 0 11 2

Barker 2 0 20 2

The nett proceeds of the charity football match between Kwong Wah and Club, last Saturday were \$1101.

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## From Here & There

It is understood that hockey is being taken up at St. Stephen's College, Stanley, and some of the boys are so keen they are thinking of getting up a competition confined to Stanley, with teams from the Fort, Prison Officers' Club and the College.

Royal Hong Kong Golf Club hold their annual meeting on Friday, when, amongst other things, the new captain will be elected. On December 29 the newly elected official will play himself in.

F. X. Lobato Faria, of Faria's Gym, has just opened a class for small boys. He has already about 20 on the roll, and the youngsters seem to be enjoying physical culture and body-building.

In order to encourage cricket, Royal Scots have started holding inter-company games on the "friendly" basis. Most of the matches are played on the Army ground at Sookunpoo, but one big drawback is the lack of facilities for nets practice. Formerly nets were used, with matting, on the Murray Parade Ground, but they are not now available due to the fact that there is a bigger demand for the ground for the more serious aspects of soldiering.

Word has been received from Australia that the two sons of Mr. A. W. de Bora, well-known local exchange and bullion brokers, are doing quite well on the cricket field at their new school in Australia. "Eddie" ought to be a welcome player for Club de Recreo, who should benefit considerably when

the youngsters return to the Colony.

Post Office Club (formerly Radio Sports Club) are talking of running a team in the Tennis League next season. They still have most of their playing members, and one of the keenest these days is D. W. Fitches, Police lawn bowler.

Pte Corrigan, Army long distance runner, is considered to be one of the most promising Royal Scot novice boxers. He took part in the recent inter-Company (Novices) boxing tournament and won all his fights.

On Boxing Day a grand treat is promised anybody who makes the trip to the Civil Service Cricket Club. A football match will be played between two teams, to be picked on the ground, and conditions are that tennis shoes must be worn. A small rubber ball will take the place of the usual football.

Civil Service Cricket Club are holding their annual tennis tournament earlier than usual and some of the first round matches have already been decided. In the Handicap Doubles, W. J. Skinner and F. H. Harper beat J. A. Bendall and W. Old. B. Agafuroff and C. Walker beat N. M. Rakusen and J. Hopper, and F. Haynes Jr. and J. Agafuroff beat R. H. Maynard and W. E. Colledge. In the Singles (Handicap) F. Agafuroff has won his first round match against "Guris". Henricks, while F. Haynes Jr. beat R. H. Maynard.



## GRAPHIC GOLF



## TRAPS CAN BE OF AID

By BEST BALL

The average player sighting traps ahead beside the green is anything but thankful for them. He considers them a nuisance but even so they have their nuisance value. It is this factor the experienced golfer capitalises on. Outlined by sand traps the green is more clearly outlined, the position of the flag in relation to the green can be more carefully determined.

Proceeding from this appraisal, the player can gauge his shot so that it will stop in the vicinity of the cup. Naturally a certain number of shots fail of their purpose but not because the target was blurred. Rather the fault lies with the player's mechanical ability rather than his judgment. Spectators around the green afford a similar outline. The golfer who will look upon these features as a help rather than a hindrance will fortify his mental approach to the game.

Next Article:—Notice Missed Putt.

## HOCKEY UMPIRES

The following are the official fixtures of the Hockey Tournament games on Sunday:

Gunboat v A N Other XI (Navy Ground, 11.30 a.m.)  
 Umpires: K. Hussain and T. A. Tyas

5th A.A. v Police "A" (Lyceum, 11.30 a.m.)  
 Umpires: W. Wathen and G. Gorman

Royal Engineers v Recreio (Sookunpoo, 11 a.m.)  
 Umpires: Wellington and E. Vasco

Khalsa v No. 2 M.T.B. (Police Ground, 10 a.m.)  
 Umpires: D. Smith and Capt. Martin

University v Central British Association (Pokfulam, 4 p.m.)  
 Umpires: E. Vasco and J. T. Gilchrist

Punjab Regiment v Destroyers (Marina Ground, 2.30 p.m.)  
 Umpires: Lt. Perrie and L. Coombe

R. Signals v Police "B" (Sookunpoo, 4 p.m.)  
 Umpires: L. Saxby and V. Bridle.

## Friendly Hockey

At Sookunpoo, Royal Engineers shared four goals with 24th Battery, Royal Artillery, in a friendly hockey match, after leading two goals to nil in the first half.

Taylor, centre-forward for the Sappers, scored both for his side and Gaghan tallied the Gunners' two goals.

## HOCKEY REFEREES MEETING

A Hockey Referees' Association meeting will be held to-morrow at 5.30 p.m. in St. Andrew's Church Hall. All Members are requested to attend.

## PONY CLASSIFICATIONS

The following are the alterations and additions to the Hong Kong Jockey Club pony classification lists, dated May 28, 1940:

Australian Ponies:—Conleber, Many Thanks and Sparrow to "B" Class; A Great Time, Australian Prince, Double Finesse, Quick Despatch, Sea Jay and Winfred to "C" Class; and A Green Time and National Victory to "D" Class.

China Ponies:—Rob Roy to "B" Class; Eve of Folly to "C" Class; Dawn Star, Eve of Hunting, Laughing Girl, Lovely Star, Royal Wedding Eve, Scenic View, Soldier of Britain to "D" Class; Fel Yung, Gold Coin, Hurricane, Master, National Success and Palm Tree to "E" Class.

# South China Athletic Meeting

## 10,000 METRES SHOULD BE GOOD RACE

The Eighteenth Annual Athletic Meeting of the South China Athletic Association will be held at Caroline Hill on Sunday, December 29, and apart from 13 events for their Members, there are five events open to the public. These consist of three men's relays and one ladies' relay and a men's 10,000 metres flat race.

The best event on the programme should be men's 10,000 metres (Open Event), which has attracted 24 entries.

Although it is unwise to forecast the outcome of this event, favourites for this race will probably be Private Manson, of Royal Scots, Lee Yuk-foon, of Hong Kong and Kowloon Residents' Union, and Signelman Lewis, of Royal Corps of Signals.

Lee Yuk-foon, who won the last Marathon Race held by the Hong Kong and Kowloon Residents' Union, and which he is now representing, should offer good opposition to Manson, who has twice won this event at previous Meetings of South China.

Signelman Lewis will undoubtedly be another stronger challenger to Pte. Manson in this event.

The 400 metres relay race for men should prove a good race. Close finishes may be assured as the entries include Ling Nam Uni-

versity and Wah Yan College. Both these teams featured in close finishes at the last All-Schools Meet while Service Corps and Police are also expected to offer strong opposition.

The only event for Ladies—400 metres Relay—has only attracted two entries, from South China and French Convent.

Seven track and six field events for members only will be included in the programme.

Chu Fook-sing, who has entered for every event, should do well in the early part of the programme but may be too exhausted for the later events. He will probably choose certain events in which to compete.

Fong Chi-hung, formerly of Wah Yan College, who did well in the inter-school meeting in the field events should be one of the favourites for the Pole Vault and High Jump events.

Following are the entries:

## OPEN EVENTS

10,000 Metres:—L/Cpl. Taylor, Lewis, Malik Lakshya Singh, Myles, J. Corrigan, Wilson, Joginder Singh, Noda Singh, Harbans Singh, Cpl. D. Cole, Lee Yuk-foon, Leung Nai-yik, Young Wah-sing, Lam Kim-fan, Chan Chu-wai, So Wai-man, Choi You-chuen, Chi Rak-wing, To Suyee, So Pak-sing, Lee Kild, Leung You-sum, Hong Kit-sang and Choi Wori-kwong.

## B. GOSANO, PEREIRA FOR KOWLOON

B. Gosano and J. Pereira of Kwong Wah have been transferred to Kowloon and will be playing for their new club this week-end.

Men's 400 Metres Relay (Team of four):—Wah Yan College (H.K.), Ling Nam University, King's College, R.A.S.C. and Police Training School.

Men's 1,500 Metres Relay (Team of four):—Wah Yan College (H.K.), H.K. and Kowloon Residents' Union "A", H.K. and Kowloon Residents' Union "B", King's College and 30th Heavy Battery, R.A.

Men's 400 Metres Relay (Under five feet. Team of four):—Wah Yan College (H.K.) and King's College.

Ladies' 400 Metres Relay (Team of four):—French Convent and South China Athletic Association.

## MEMBERS' EVENTS

100 Metres:—Tam Hoi-chuen, Cheng Kwan-man, Lo Chee-to, Yee Kai-yin, Sin Kwok-ping and Au Se-pang.

200 Metres:—Tam Hoi-chuen, Cheng Kwan-man, Lo Chee-to and Au Se-pang.

400 Metres:—Ho Yik-siu, Tam Hoi-chuen, Long Kai-ming, Wong Siu-chuen, Cheung Kit-pui, Cheung Chow, Tam Kwong-ka, Sin Kwok-ping and Au Se-pang.

800 Metres:—Lai Ping-yuen, Ho Yik-siu, Long Kai-ming, Wong Siu-chuen, Cheung Kit-pui, Chan Chu-wai and Cheung Chow.

1,500 Metres:—Lai Ping-yuen, Ho Yik-siu, Wong Siu-chuen, Lam Kim-fan, Chan Chu-wai and Tam Kwong-ka.

110 Metres High Hurdles:—Chu Fook-sing, Cheung Tung-hoi, Wong Ki-lam and Liu Kwan-cheun.

110 Metres Hurdles:—Chu Fook-sing.

## CLUB "A" RUGBY WIN

Club "A," as the result of a last-minute rally, beat Navy "A" by three tries (9 pts.) to a penalty goal (3 pts.) after a scoreless first half and after being 3-0 down.

Club tries were scored by Alec Pearce, the cricketer, D. Hytes and Bosanquet, all of which Castleton failed to convert. Hughes kicked a penalty goal for Navy.

## YACHTING RESULTS

The sweepstake race held by the Yacht Club over 8.6 miles yesterday resulted.

True Blue 16.35.8½	L. Garner	1
Redbank 16.38.42	H. W. Browne	2
Isobel 16.43.30	R. W. Berridge	3
Zephyr 16.43.58	E. Hitchcott	4
Gull 16.44.02	A. O. G. Mills	5
Alisa 16.46.17½	W. A. Ingram	6
Widgeon 16.48.52½	J. H. Brown	7

Long Kai-ming, Cheung Chow and Cheng Kwan-man.

Throwing Discus:—Chu Fook-sing and Yee Kai-yin.

High Jump:—Chu Fook-sing, Cheng Cho-soon, Lo Chu-to and Fong Chi-hung.

Long Jump:—Chu Fook-sing, Cheng Cho-soon, Cheung Tung-hoi, Cheng Kwan-man and Wong Kai-lam.

Pole Vault:—Chu Fook-sing, Tam Hoi-chuen, Kwan Kam-pui and Fong Chi-hung.

Throwing Javelin:—Chu Fook-sing, Kwan Kam-pui, Cheung Tung-hoi, and Fong Chi-hung.

Step-Hop-Jump:—Chu Fook-sing, Tam Hoi-chuen and Cheung Tung-hoi.

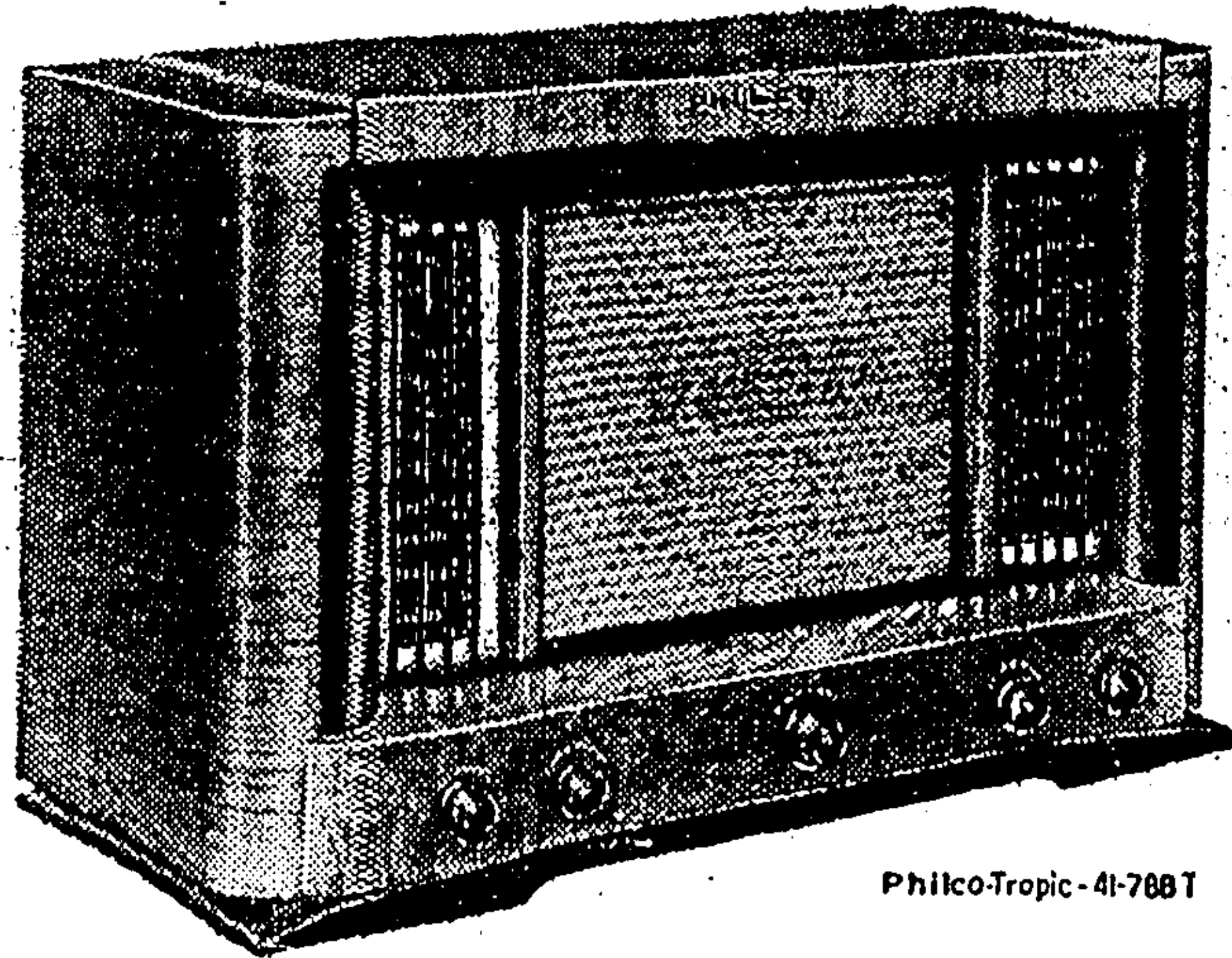
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# FIRM REPRESENTATIONS TO SPAIN ON TANGIER

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## ANOTHER RAIDLESS DAY

Yesterday was another raidless day for Britain.

A German bomber was shot down off Dover in the afternoon by British fighters without loss to themselves, according to an Air Ministry communique, which adds that otherwise there is nothing to report. — Reuter.

## S. AFRICAN FIFTH COLUMN

MEASURES AGAINST FIFTH COLUMN ACTIVITY IN SOUTH AFRICA WERE ANNOUNCED IN PRETORIA YESTERDAY BY THE MINISTER OF NATIVE AFFAIRS.

Government has ordered the removal to other areas of 400 German missionaries who entered South African native reserves after 1935 because some of the missionaries are carrying on subversive propaganda. — Reuter.

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## Grave View Taken In Britain

**THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO SPAIN IS MAKING "FURTHER VIGOROUS REPRESENTATIONS" IN "VERY DEFINITE LANGUAGE" ABOUT THE RECENT SPANISH ASSUMPTION OF SERVICES HITHERTO DEPENDENT ON THE INTERNATIONAL ADMINISTRATION OF TANGIER.**

This categorical statement on the subject was made by the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. R. A. Butler, in reply to a question in the House of Commons yesterday as to the steps being taken to secure the reinstatement of British personnel.

Mr. Butler recalled that following the promulgation of the law on December 1, Britain was assured that the collective and individual rights of British subjects in Tangier would be safeguarded.

The further unilateral action on December 13, with "all the consequences which flow from it," had been vigorously taken up with the Spanish Government.

Mr. Geoffrey Mander (Lib. Wolverhampton) urged Government carefully to reconsider the advisability of continuing to supply food through the British blockade to a government which treats British subjects in this "high-handed and aggressive manner."

### Grave View

Mr. Butler said he used the words "with all consequences flowing from it" to indicate the gravity with which Government view the latter event.

Mr. Philip Noel-Baker (Lab. Derby) asked if the negotiations were not successful would Government bear in mind the fact that all was still being allowed to reach Spain, which might be stopped.

Mr. Butler thought "everything will be borne in mind." — Reuter.

### Fortification Issue

Questioned as to fortifications, Mr. Butler replied that the Spanish Foreign Minister had given our Ambassador in Madrid an assurance that no fortifications of a permanent nature would be created in the International Zone at Tangier. — British Wireless.

## KOWLOON MOTORING INCIDENT

Pleading guilty by letter, Lieut. C. J. Collingwood, residing at No. 100, Waterloo Road, was fined \$8 by Mr. Q. A. A. Macfadyen this morning for failing to stop after a collision, and for failing to report the accident.

At 3.30 a.m. on November 16, accused's car was parked in Pak-hoi Street, opposite the Sun Sun Hotel, about three yards from a taxi, which was facing his car. When accused drove off he collided with the front part of the taxi, breaking the side lamp glass and scraping the mud-guard.

The prosecution alleged that accused, after the collision, later crashed into the 20 m.p.h. sign in front of the Alhambra Theatre.

The damage to the taxi was only \$2 which the Taxi Company was not claiming. The "Sign" had been repaired and the bill sent to accused.

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Printed and Published for the Proprietors, The Newspaper Enterprise Ltd., by Gordon Cane Burnett, Windsor House, Victoria, Hong Kong.

## REPLY TO H.K. PETITION

(Continued from Page 1)

to British in Hong Kong they will not be behind any other part of the Empire in accepting whatever sacrifices they may be called upon to make for supreme end in view."

### Colony's Petition

Following is the main text of the petition cabled on behalf of the Evacuation Representation Committee:

That the Evacuation Representation Committee hereby petition that the compulsory Evacuation Order should be further revised so that evacuees who left the Colony of Hong Kong for Australia and elsewhere owing to such Evacuation Order should be permitted to return to the Colony if they so desire for the following reasons:—

The original Evacuation Order caused grave dissatisfaction, indignation and unrest. There were many contributory causes, some of the Principal being:—

First, that the requisite steps were not taken to prepare for any emergency between the time when the original scheme was worked out on behalf of the Government in 1939 and the date of the Evacuation Order on the 28th June, 1940.

Secondly, such evacuation entailed a blundering and unjust racial discrimination amongst British citizens of Hong Kong.

Thirdly, owing to the manner in which the Government of the Colony operated such Order, exemption was granted to many who had no right to it and many justifiably entitled to such exemption, were unable to obtain it.

This dissatisfaction, indignation and unrest were increased in the minds of the law abiding citizens of this Colony by the Hong Kong Government's subsequent notification appearing in the Press on the 7th and 8th November: for this new order penalised those who were obedient to the original Order and left, and condoned the disobedience of those who ignored the original Order and remained.

Your Petitioners therefore humbly request that the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for the Colonies will give the necessary directions to the local Government by which all those evacuees who desire to return to the Colony may be permitted to do so. Further, that the necessary financial assistance by way of free passage may be provided without delay and that, if the necessary financial arrangements cannot be made forthwith, those who are able in the first place to advance the expense of a return passage may do so without prejudice to their right to recover such financial assistance as and when the necessary scheme can be arranged. Also that permission should be given for the return to the Colony, at their own expense, of any who may have been absent from the Colony on leave or otherwise when the Evacuation Order was made.

### At Own Risk

Further that those who acting on the advice of the Local Government, remain away, may have the same financial arrangements made for them as were made when evacuation was compulsory and be given an undertaking that Government will keep the situation continually under review, to enable such persons to return immediately Government consider that their absence from the Colony is no longer to be recommended and will be granted the same facilities and financial assistance to return.

Your Petitioners and those whom they represent fully recog-

## STOP PRESS

In an editorial of the new East Asia League movement, which was recently sponsored by Japan and which will include Manchukuo and China as its other members, the "Asahi Shimbun" stated today:—

"Japan's leadership in this union should by no means be accompanied by a fear of Japan's coercion or control so long as this is a moral union."

"Japan naturally sits in a position to shoulder due responsibility as the guardian of East Asia, as the rapid development of the East Asia League movement in China would politically give a tremendous shock to Chungking."

The paper expresses the hope that great strides by the movement are to be expected from now, as it was part of the stipulations of the treaty between Japan and the Wang Ching-wei regime, and the Japan-Manchukuo-Nanking joint declaration. — Reuter.

Two Japanese military trains on the Tatum-Puchow Railway were wrecked as the result of an air raid by Chinese planes at dawn on December 16, it was officially announced in Chungking yesterday, says the Shanghai "Sin Wan Pao." Many bombs were dropped, the report adds, saying that incendiaries were also dropped on Japanese bases and fires started in military stores and aerodromes. — Reuter.

nise that if evacuees or other female relatives are allowed to return immediately, they do so at Government's expense. Your Petitioners, as loyal citizens, are fully aware of the gravity of the political situation and the necessity of urging people to evacuate. Nevertheless, they have duly weighed the consequences of the present compulsory Order and are convinced that the confidence of the Colony will only be restored by a scheme which is both equitable and voluntary.



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CHRISTMAS DAY  
—WEDNESDAY—  
DECEMBER 25th, 1940.

BOXING DAY  
—THURSDAY—  
DECEMBER 26th, 1940.

NEW YEAR'S EVE  
—TUESDAY—  
DECEMBER 31st, 1940.

NEW YEAR'S DAY  
—WEDNESDAY—  
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WHEN the hands of the clock crept past twelve Christine again tiptoed into Dicky's bedroom. He must be asleep by now, she thought, but he was not asleep and yet how little awake; just lying so still, so flat, so small under the covers, that only the dull glimmer of his open eyes proclaimed any life.

Even as she bent over him, put her hand on his waxen forehead he did not smile, or stir or speak; just lay in that dreadful apathy that was driving her to desperation. She said:

"Shut your eyes, darling. Try to sleep."

He did not shut his eyes, did not answer. By no sign did he show that he had heard or understood. She thought, "Even if I did hang his stocking and put the toys on the table he would not know—and I'm so dreadfully tired."

Yet she could not bring herself to run even that risk. Those toys were to be part of the shock that they hoped would arouse him. They and Tom, if she could only be certain of Tom.

She turned on legs that seemed as leaden as the rest of her exhausted body, moving across to the dressing room. Only then did she hear a sound from the bed, but so faint that only anxious ears knew it for a whisper.

"Yes, Dicky?" she asked bending eagerly.

A ghost of a word floated up to her: "Bells!"

"Yes, it's past twelve," she told him.

"Christmas Day?"

"Well—not quite. Not until we've done our Christmas Eve sleep," she said desperately, knowing too well what his next word would be; but it came: "Daddy?"

"Give poor Daddy a chance," she tried to make it a natural laugh. "He's got to have his sleep, and he's got such a huge, long way to come, too. But when it's real morning, when you've slept your sleep into day, . . . Try Dicky, it'll really make Daddy quicker—"

"Trying to try," the dry little whisper rattled. "It won't come. If Daddy—"

"Try enormous hard," she urged swiftly, fearing, fearing that promises about Daddy might be more dangerous than not. "Shut eyes, boy. Poor Mummy's got to wait and sleep, too."

He did not shut his eyes—not really. He made the effort, but the thin, bluish lids crept with a terrible labour only as far as the lower rim of the iris, the whites still gleaming through. He hadn't the strength left even to sleep. Not that sleeping or waking made much difference. Still, even that was something, and if she left him he might doze—

She went back to her own bed, lay on it fighting the numb weariness that had settled like a dead weight in every muscle. She knew that she had reached the limit of her own endurance. She had set herself to hold out until Tom arrived, and he had written that it would not be later than Christmas Eve, perhaps before if he could manage it, for he really was due for a long leave. It was his not coming that had broken her. It was as though she had stretched herself taut to bear just the limit of strain and the extra wait had caused her to crack.

She shivered as she thought of Tom's failing. It would be the end of Dicky. That one last spark of life left in the frail little body—his desire to see and romp with his father at Christmas—would be quenched; the dreadful listlessness that had held him since his illness would deepen. He would die.

Dr. Maule had left no doubt about that. "Unless we can rouse him we can do nothing, Mrs. Logan. He's just slipping downhill. Medical science is helpless if there's no will to live. His father might bring that back. The child's wanting him to be here at Christmas shows that there's just enough of the boy left to make a fight."

"Christmas has always been their great time together," Christine had said huskily. "Tom, my husband, is a great boy himself, with the toys and the romping, they're a pair."

"That's it. And with Christmas so near Dicky's just clinging to the memory," Dr. Maule said it gravely, that Christine knew what he meant by that "clinging" boy in Dicky was alive in his

# THE TURNING POINT

By  
Douglas Newton

It was Dicky's last, desperate hold on life. "If Mr. Logan comes that memory might be revived, into activity. It's not much, but it may be the turning point . . . I mean, once the little beggar sits up and takes an interest in anything, youth should do the rest."

"And he is devoted to his father."

"That, too. I'm counting on that. There's nothing so remarkable as the swing back of children. Recoveries can be startling—but they need a focussing point. You're sure your husband will get leave?"

He said it in a way that told her that if Tom didn't then nothing could save Dicky, and she had answered passionately: "Oh, quite sure. Tom never fails us—never!"

That was true. Tom was always so splendid that way. He made it an article of faith to keep all promises—especially to Dicky. He would move heaven and earth to come, as he said he had, especially after she wrote again telling him all that Dr. Maule had said, urging him to come as early as possible—before Christmas Eve if it could be managed. Knowing Tom, she had been sure he would do it. And yet he hadn't come. Hadn't even answered her.

Oh, whatever the reason, why hadn't Tom come, or wired? With closed eyes she drove her clenched hands into her pillows, sending out her spirit in a passionate clamour to her husband, demanding his coming, commanding it with all her will before it was too late.

Exhaustion must have made her sleep. A thunder in her ears, a whirling of a bell, crashed through to her numbed senses; roused her, dazed and startled. The knocking and ringing broke out again. She sprang up, ran through the flat to the door terrified that Dicky might be frightened. It would be the postman, of course—Christmas Day was definitely here.

It wasn't the postman, but a telegraph boy with three messages. Two were in gay "Greetings" envelopes, the third—her heart jumped in fear as she took it and heard the boy's cheery "Happy Christmas, Ma'am," as he went away. . . . A Happy Christmas! . . . Happy! . . . If that third telegram was from Tom—as she dreaded.

Her hands shook as she forced her finger under its flap, and began to tear—and stopped.

Dicky had laughed.

Incredible. She stood rigid, startled, not believing her ears. But it had sounded like a laugh, weak, quavering, pitiful—but a laugh, it must be true. Joy as well as fear so unnerved her that she had to cling to the back of a hall chair, telling herself it just couldn't be. . . . And as she clung Dicky laughed again.

It was true. True!

She flung the telegrams on to the hall table, ran stumbling to the bedroom door, pushed it open with a positive terror of hope weakening her. . . . And, again, Dicky laughed.

She stood gasping, staring. Dicky's frail figure no longer made its terribly neat mound under the bedclothes. They were crumpled because he had managed to turn on his side. And he was looking up, the white, tight skin of his face puckered in a weak smile, and his eyes were no longer heavy and dull as he watched—Tom!

Tom sat beside Dicky's bed as though he had never been away. His very pose had that heartaching familiarity, the memory of which had strengthened her through every day and night of his absence. The frank boyishness that made him so akin to the boy in Dicky was alive in his

every movement and in his every feature, as he did something utterly ridiculous with Dicky's Christmas toys. Dicky gave a ready little chuckle, saw Christine, gasped out.

"Mummy, isn't Daddy a one!" Christine cried from a tight throat: "Tom, Tom, my dear. You got here?"

Her husband looked up, a queer, veiled, warning look, as though to say, "This is not our moment. Dicky alone counts." She heard his voice as in a dream, saying cheerfully:

"Didn't I promise this young feller—me-lad that not even em-battled rhinophants could keep me away from him and Christmas pudding?"

"Or—or crocolators," she heard Dick gurgle with joy at Tom's use of their "secret" language. A frail and thin gurgle, yet already how different from his voice of a few hours ago. It was no longer flat and dead. It was alive.

She could only stand, swaying and staring and absolutely stupid under the flood of relief that filled her to the point of weeping.

"Oh, Tom, how? How?" she began. A silly thing to say. He'd slipped in while she was asleep, of course, using his key. Seeing her lying exhausted, he had let her undisturbed while he tiptoed into Dicky. That was his way—always; so thoughtful, so quick to understand, so practical. She changed her question quickly to "When?"

"Hours and hours and hours ago," Dicky's voice ecstatically answered for him. "An' terrible dis-sipp—he's awful strict, too. Made me sleep first. Toys only after we'd got rid of our Christmas Eve sleep, jus' like you said. Mums, can I have a drink of milk?"

"Milk, my dear. At once!" she gasped. "Tom—that's the first time he's asked for something for weeks."

"When we men get together there's nothing we can't do," Tom chuckled. "Ain't it so, Goliath?"

Tom's face, so wise, so steady, so strong, smiled at her, telling her that everything was all right now, yet warning her to behave as though all this was ordinary. What a difference his mere presence made. Even his way of taking things for granted carried Dicky over difficult moments.

When she brought the milk, eased Dicky up with an arm about his shoulder, he turned his head away from the cup as he had always done in the past trying days. But now, under Tom's eye, he caught him back, muttered, "Daddy." He wanted Tom to give him his drink.

"Oh never," Tom said cheerfully. "Milk's the nurse's job always—that's the way of it son. It's up to a man to drink. . . . Down with it, monster."

Dick grinned in wan feebleness but drank, not much, but willingly instead of the long struggle of coaxing. She let the thin little figure softly back on to the pillows, looking at Tom with unspeakable gratitude.

"And you, my dear," she whispered. "You must be hungry, too."

"Had all I want already," he smiled. "But get something yourself. I and my motor mechanic here have a particularly nutty race game that calls for the deepest attention. . . ."

His glance said: "Leave this to me. I'm the tonic this young man needs. Go and rest and make yourself pretty, and worry no more."



After that he wanted to play with Tom again, and Tom persuaded her to go and rest. It seemed selfish of her, but Dicky was so entirely centred on Tom, was so manifestly improving, while she was still so terribly weary that she gave in. She shut herself in her room to sleep until tea time—and woke at seven.

She could not believe the clock at first, and when she did she hurried into Dicky's bedroom overwhelmed with contrition. It was dark, there was no sound in it except Dicky's breathing. She called "Tom" softly, but there was no answer. She clicked on the screened night lamp and saw he wasn't there.

Sure that he had taken the chance to stretch his legs while Dicky slept, she was not even upset when she found he was not in the flat. She merely busied herself getting dinner ready—when, at least, they would be together. Her ear on the alert for any sound of his coming back or Dicky's awakening, and when she heard the boy move she went into him.

She heard him yawn, a delicious, natural yawn. He said in something of his old voice: "T'm terrific hungry—Can I have something—an' a big drink—?"

"Of course dear—what would you like?"

"Cake, an' chicken and—almost anything. Daddy says I've got to eat like a trooper, so's to be quite well when he comes again."

"Comes again?" she gasped.

"Comes really," he said quite calmly. "This was only a sort of pretend time, you know."

"Pretend," she caught herself up to say as naturally as she could, "Daddy's gone then?"

"Had to be back," Dick said. "But he'll be here again quite soon, an' there's no need about worrying; it'll be for a longer and gorgous time then—and real—"

"Real?" she gulped, yet Dicky didn't seem light-headed, more normal than ever in fact. She switched on the room light. He was more normal. As Dr. Maule had said, Tom's coming had made all the difference—only what did he mean by "real" or by Tom's going back like this?

She glanced wildly round the room, and the first thing she saw was the plate of cold chicken she had cut for Tom's lunch. It was where she had set it on an occasional table—and it hadn't even been touched. She remembered then that she hadn't seen his hat or coat in the hall—no visible sign of him at all, except himself—and she hadn't touched him. And as she grasped the strangeness of it all she remembered the telegram she hadn't opened. With a gigantic effort to master her dread she said to Dicky:

"I'll see what secrets the larder has for you," and went out into the hall, snatching the telegram from the table, bursting it open. It was from a hospital, it read—

Regret to say husband, T. Logan, met with accident; not serious but will prevent taking his leave for some weeks.

Cradley, M.D.

At that same moment Robin Cradley was saying to a nursing sister as he stood by a hospital bed: "Ah, he's coming out of it—he slept all day, I suppose?"

"Like a child, doctor."

"No dreams, you think?"

"None as far as I could tell, and I watched for them, knowing how wrought up he was over that boy of his."

"Yes, I think he would have been in bad case if I hadn't given him that sleeping draught—I only hope his wife got my wire in time to prepare the boy against disappointment. Hallo, Logan, had a good rest?"

"Splendid, been with Dicky all day."

"Eh?" blinked Dr. Cradley. "A dream—"

"Dream, be hanged, it was—"

He caught sight of the nurse's uniform, switched his eyes in surprise over the hospital surroundings. By jove—perhaps it was—and yet so real—

"You look better for it, any how," the doctor hastened to say.

Tom Logan looked at him in a strange way. "Yes," he said. "Yes, I feel better—I feel that the boy will be all right now. I've turned the corner. Quar, but I feel that in my bones—"



# THE BIRD SUPREME ---- FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS DINNER

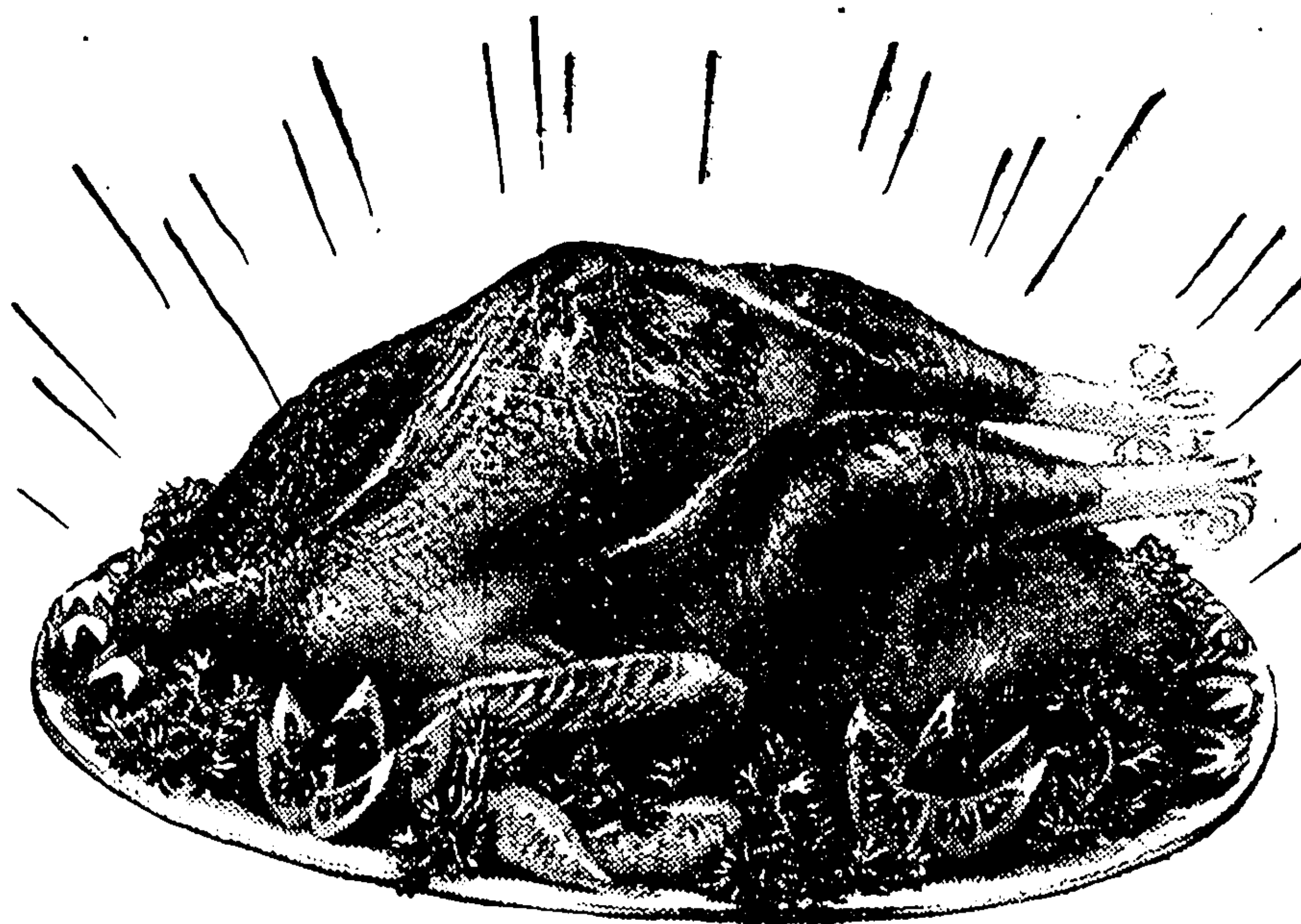
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# FANCY FROCKS FOR PARTY FROLICS



BY DORIS MARY DAVY

THIS is the time to talk of the jolly parties and fancy dress dances we shall all soon be enjoying, or perhaps you have started the gayest of seasons?

It is fun to think out ideas for pretty and ingenious costumes, which, of course, we shall wear with a casual jaunty air. We are sure to feel jolly and light-hearted on these dazzling, festive occasions. The delightful balloons in all their vivid colourings, Japanese lanterns, streamers and crackers, not to mention the table with the marvellous spread of iced cakes in every imaginable size and colour, will help to make the party a superlatively happy time.

The first sight of the Christmas tree with the adorable fairy doll which sits so charmingly on the topmost bough makes you sigh and wish it were yours. So near, yet so far, is the Noah's Ark which would keep one very quiet for hours. When the tiny candles are alight, perhaps done with small coloured electric bulbs, they twinkle like thousands of nodding stars.

## We're Growing Up

What an adorable DUTCH GIRL a big sister will make. She is full and rather plump and will fit into this picture beautifully. Her dress of striped cotton is very full and is gathered to the tight little bodice. A band of white trims the square neck and sleeves. The white cotton apron is trimmed

with strips of vivid colours and patches, and these patches also adorn the skirt. A fetching little



Dutch Girl

cap is worn, and long plaits and shoes should complete this costume.

## Laden With Tinsel

Silver tinsel makes a pretty finish to the tree when it is draped from branch to branch, and a few glass which balls of bright colours are also delightful. Crackers and tiny bags of sweets bring

joy to small girls and boys.

You may have many ideas of what you would like to wear, but here are a few illustrations which will help to bring you up to date. They are all inexpensive and easy to make at home. A few could be evolved from clothes you already have, should you have a last-minute invitation and no fancy costume to hand.

## As A Milkmaid

A dainty little MILKMAID is an attractive character, whether you are dark or fair, so long as you have rosy cheeks. Then you can portray a fresh little maid all ready for work in the dairy with her stool and pail.

A charming sunbonnet and frock of cotton printed with a tiny pink flowers or leaves on a white background will look fresh and pretty with a white apron of cotton or organdie to finish the picture.

A few may not have time to make a fancy dress, but you may remember you had a frock and sunbonnet last summer. That is the very thing. A tiny apron could be borrowed and a small stool and pail can easily be bought at any store.

## Oriental Splendour

THE PERSIAN LADY reminds one of the alluring East. It would be an exciting creation for some little girl. The jacket is of green velvet trimmed with bands of gold, and this is worn over a white blouse. The trousers are of yellow gauze with large coloured sequins sewn on at intervals, and a v.v.d. striped sash swashes the waist. The turban is of the same gauze as the trousers.

The shoes can always be hired at a fancy dress store, and this costume will be found very comfortable and easy to dance and romp in, and it is very simple and inexpensive to make in short notice.

## For Cheeky Sons

The cheeky COOLIE BOY feels comfortable and jolly in his decorative costume which consists of a magyar sateen tunic of white over yellow sateen shorts. The wide sleeves are lined with yellow and the tunic is bound with the scarlet. The yellow sateen plaque on his chest is decorated with Chinese letters in black. Poster paint was used for this, and the attractive little coolie hat is in canvas or straw. Mother or sister could make this costume in a very

short time.

Sweet Seventeen in her dazzling youthfulness should easily find a costume which is charming, sweet and fresh. A bouquet of flowers is as fresh as the morning dew, and what better idea for a fancy costume could anyone conceive. The bodice is a mass of multi-coloured flowers sewn over a cotton foundation. The skirt is made of white Cellophane or net, and round the waist is tied an enormous bow of satin ribbon. On her hair she might wear a long nosegay of flowers, fresh ones would be charming.

## Such Mixed Company

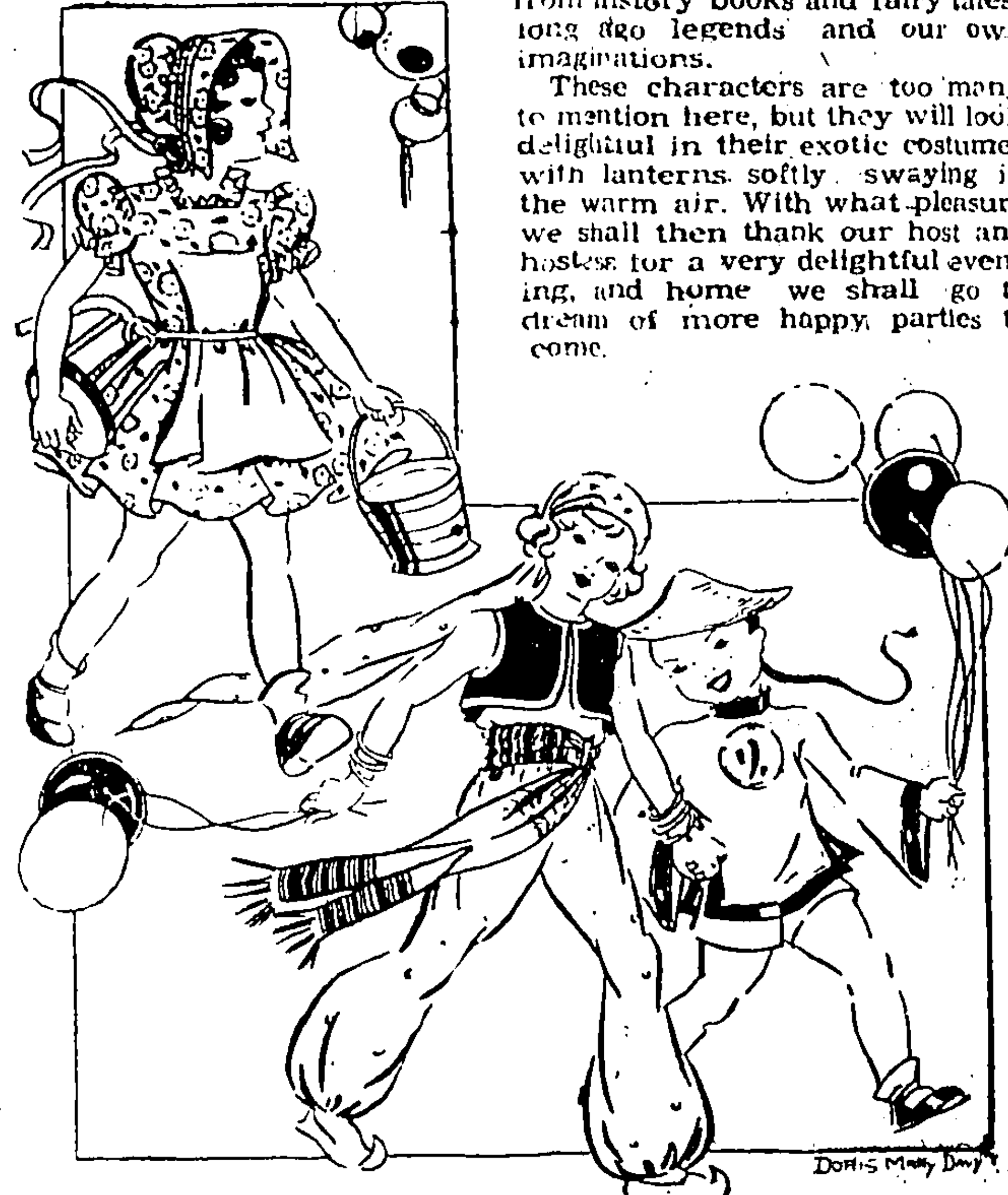
There is sure to be a galaxy of colours at the party. The parade will show Polish peasants, Costers, Persian ladies, Colles, Mexican girls, Argentine dancers, Tyrolean peasants and pirates, Senoritas and Red Indians, Victorian ladies, and Caucasians with hundreds of other characters which have stepped



Bouquet of Flowers

from history books and fairy tales, long ago legends and our own imaginations.

These characters are too many to mention here, but they will look delightful in their exotic costumes with lanterns softly swaying in the warm air. With what pleasure we shall then thank our host and hostess for a very delightful evening, and home we shall go to dream of more happy parties to come.



Milkmaid

Persian Lady

Coolie Boy

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I WENT Christmas shopping this morning, a long list in my hand.

First, something for Jane; she's not quite two. A bit too young for books and dolls; she lives in her own dynamic world where things appear to happen not wisely but too well. She makes patterns on the carpet with the contents of the coal-box; or finding Mother's handbag she tips the

empty; and, of course, investigate till further orders, for how can she otherwise find out all the things in a vastly intriguing world which she wants to know?

So let's get her something that will let her fill and empty, and something that she may make patterns with, avoiding painful retribution.

#### Lessons For Fingers

A bag of large, bright wooden balls with holes drilled through their waistlines, which she can thread upon a stick. They're a good idea; she can fill and empty boxes with them, too. Or a set of wooden nestboxes; she can fill the big one with the smaller ones in their successive sizes, then tip them out and start again. She can build a tower with them, too; and if she knocks it over—well, she'll be just as pleased to make another!

Another good idea is a trolley with wooden cylinders to fit in little holes, and bright cupped balls to fit like heads upon the cylinders. Six little soldiers to pull around with her until she's tired, and then be knocked to pieces!

She enjoys a bit of destruction now and then; it gives her a sense of power in an adult-controlled world. Well, these are things she

can destroy whenever the spirit moves her.

And she won't know that every time she fits the bits together again her fingers are having one



She'll enjoy washing them occasionally.

more lesson in control. But her mother will.

John is three. He likes things to make. His fingers are still quite small, and they won't always do exactly what he wants them to; but still, he likes to try.

#### Give Him A Hammer

He can join parts together; not with real nails or screws, of

course, but wooden pegs are easy. He'd like a box of bricks with holes and pegs to fit them, and a hammer to fix the parts together. The things he'll make won't look like anything we recognise for a bit, but that doesn't matter. It's the fitting and hammering that he'll enjoy, because he needs it.

He won't tire of it easily, either; at his age he always wants to be making something. Every time he fits the parts together his fingers become a shade more skilful, and his brain associates cause and effect more easily.

Jigsaws and picture blocks are good for him, too. If the pictures are good and recognisable, and the parts large enough for his little fingers to control, he'll play with them for hours.

Cynthia is four. She loves dolls, of course. She'd like a set of doll's clothes to put on and take off; she'll enjoy washing them occasionally, too. A time will come when she won't be anxious to do anything so useful, so we'll make the most of it, and teach her while she wants to learn!

She's starting school quite soon. She knows her letters; by the sound, of course, not by name. We can buy for her a box of loose letters with which she can build her own little words.

And Jimmy? Well, he's at school; he started in September. The problem with him is the resting-time after his midday meal. For food subjected to immediate and perpetual motion must inevitably lead to Trouble; but quite certainly he will lie low and say nuffin' only if he's got plenty to do.

He can make patterns by plaiting strips of coloured paper, or fit bright balls on a holed black background into a mosaic design. He can have pictures of ships and castles and all sorts of exciting things on cards, with holes at half-inch intervals along the outline, and, with a blunt raffia needle and rainbow wool, watch his own coloured picture grow.

And when he says: "But what



Swings provide exercise.

can I do?" the answer will be in the cupboard!

#### Those Soldiers

We preach peace and practice war. For Saturdays and holidays there are always forts and armies; and guns and pistols are very dear to a small boy's heart. We may lament the warlike tendencies of our sons. But man has fought and hunted for the preservation of his race since the beginning of Time; and the instinct to prize his weapons is passed on to each generation.

There are toys, too, for physical development. Motors, fairy-cycles, swings—all provide exercise and make the children grow. They keep them warm and out in the fresh air when winter weather prohibits ordinary playing out of doors.

They are of tremendous value, too; the elements of balance are so easily learned in early years, when a tumble here and there is part of the fun, and doesn't really matter. This is a very real job of work these toys can do, if the children may develop a sense of security without the admonition of that black-edged voice: "Take care." Unless of course it's absolutely necessary.

Christmas shopping on these lines is tremendous, you'll find. And not expensive, either.



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"WHAT shall we do?" One often hears this question during a Christmas house party. Christmas, after all, is a time when everybody wants to be enjoying themselves and doing something, and if you have a good fund of tricks and teasers, a few games and some posers up your sleeve, you have every reason to hope for a truly merry time.

It is a good idea to be ready with something to interest and amuse your guests almost from the moment they arrive. For example, if you want a good "warming-up" item, you could not do better than to write the name of each guest expected on a small piece of paper or a slip of card. Put all the cards into a hat or bowl and duly mix them up. As the guests arrive see that they are given one of the names—not their own, of course!—then instruct them to find the person whose name they have on the paper.

Quite soon, they will all be saying, "Are you Mr. Brown?" or more familiarly "Is this charming girl Peggy by any chance?"—and the like. This is an excellent idea when a number of strange people get together and it is surprising how soon everybody will be friends.

It's a good notion to have a simple little teaser at hand to interest people while waiting for the Jones or Smiths (who are always late). Consider this:

### Money Teaser

For this item a handful of pennies is needed, and the idea is to ask people to say how many pennies, placed one on top of the other, would be necessary to make a stack one inch high.

Of course, a ruler must be ruled out, and don't let anyone start experimenting with a halfpenny, as that measures one inch across. All sorts of numbers will be ventured, and most folk will be surprised to know that it takes fifteen

pennies to make that one-inch pile.

While talking of tricks, an ingenious after-dinner one is trying to turn a wineglass, which is full of water, upside down. The object being to keep the water in the glass, of course.



Water Stays Inside.

If you value that clean tablecloth, or maybe the carpet, don't let anyone forestall the effectiveness of your trick by a few experiments. Simply fill the glass right to the brim and then take a

sheet of glazed paper—notepaper will do—and place it on top of the glass. Press the paper firmly with one hand and invert the glass steadily with the other. Your guests—and maybe you as well—will be surprised to see that the paper adheres to the glass when your hand is removed, and lo, you are holding a wineglass of water upside down, as promised.

While on the subject of tricks, another one that earns full marks for the person with a steady hand is—

### Knotting The Cigarette

Invite the company to tie a knot in a cigarette, but without breaking it in any way. This is where you get out that box of smokes that Aunt What-Was-Her-Name sent you the Christmas before last (it's a good way of disposing of them!). It should not come as a surprise to you that unless they know the trick everyone will fail. That is where you step right in and collect that applause.

Beforehand you should have saved several pieces of Cellophane wrapping from cigarette boxes and the like. Select a piece of this Cellophane and wrap it round the cigarette firmly several times, leaving a margin of one inch at either end of the cigarette. Now twist the Cellophane ends slightly, making sure to keep the whole thing quite taut, and you will find that you can gradually turn the whole affair into a knot and duly tie it.

Of course, by means of clever lighting effects and a certain sleight-of-hand, you might be able to persuade the company that the trick was performed without Cellophane even.

It is hardly likely that anyone will receive a Christmas card such as you see here. The circumstances seem to be, however, that in Furitania the Reigning Fury stopped even the sending of Yuletide wishes, so that many of the inhabitants were forced to use cards in code. An example is shown here, and although it didn't deceive the secret-service organisation of the country concerned, it may baffle you for a few minutes.

The code was formed by making one letter of the alphabet stand for another. See if you or your guests can decipher the greeting. It would be a good idea to put up a prize for the first one getting the message right, wouldn't it?



Queer Card.

And talking of prizes, here's an excellent scheme if you want a good party competition. Lay in a stock of ordinary wire pipe-cleaners and give three to each person entering the competition. Competitors are instructed to make the most interesting or amusing object they can by twisting and joining the three pipe-cleaners. They must not be cut in any way, and for the sake of fairness, all three cleaners must be used in each "creation."

### Christmas Charity

Now try this seasonable problem. It concerns a certain charitable gentleman who took 100 children to a pantomime. He obtained seats for some of the children at 1s. 6d. each, and the

others were accommodated at 1s. per head. The total cost was £6 17s. 6d. Can you work out how many children sat in each of the two kinds of seat? If that one beats you for the time being carry on with this picture-puzzle.

To solve it, write down the three words which the pictures illustrate and use them, together with the other two letters in the puzzle, to spell the name of rather a busy person just now. All the letters must be used.

And here is another good party novelty! Have you ever seen

### A Needle That Floats

Believe it or not, such an apparent impossibility can be achieved. Like most other things there is a catch in this one. The "effects" comprise a bowl of



Who Is This?

water, a needle, and a piece of cigarette paper. First of all, you rest the needle on the piece of cigarette paper, and then place that very gently on top of the water in the bowl. Gradually the paper will absorb water and then slowly sink. But, don't be alarmed, the needle is left floating on the surface of the water, and you take your bow as an obvious magician.

Another effective trick is performed with a candle and matches. A half-used candle is preferable, and the whole affair looks much better in a darkened room. Place the candle on a table and light it, introducing some cross-patter while the wick gets well warmed. Ask someone to come and blow out the candle, after which you inform the company that you can relight it without actually touching the wick.

In fact, you say that the feat will be performed by holding the lighted match an inch or so above the candle. The secret is to have the match lit and ready to hold in that position immediately the candle is blown out, because gases will mingle with the smoke as soon as the candle is out, and these rise up to the match which ignites them. The flame runs down the column of smoke to the wick. Be careful not to risk spoiling this trick by a draughty room.

### A Games Drive

Have you ever thought what good fun can be had from a few simple guessing competitions and the like, worked in the form of a progressive test? It is really good fun and interesting for your guests, especially if there is a prize to be won at the end.

This item needs a little preparation beforehand. About a dozen different items will be wanted, although these can be varied according to the number of your party and the time you wish the "turn" to last. Arm each guest with a pencil and paper and tell them that there are, say, twelve tasks for them to do, and they must write the result of each one on their answer papers as they complete it.

No doubt you will have all sorts of clever ideas of your own as to what tests to impose, but here are a few to show you the sort of things that prove effective.

See how many grains of rice can be extracted from a deep bowl, in half a minute, by means of two knitting needles.

Give twelve (or more) letters on cards, all mixed up, and ask competitors to make the longest word they can from these. Award points according to the number of letters used.

Fill up a glass jar with peas and invite the "victims" to guess how many there are in the jar.

Measure up a yard or so of string, roll it up into a bit of a tangle, and ask its length.

Make up a sort of mystery parcel, in which some object is wrapped in cloth and tissue paper and tied with string. Competitors have to feel the parcel only and try to guess the object it contains.

See who can make the highest score with three darts.

and so on! No doubt you will all have much more clever ideas, but remember that very often the simpler the idea the more it appeals. If you make them too complicated it will take longer for the games to warm up. In deciding upon the winner, you should give points for each item, and then award the prize (or prizes) to the highest totals.

And, by the way, do you happen to know the difference between a wife and an income-tax collector? In case you don't the answer is fifty—you see, an income-tax collector only takes your money twice a year, whereas a wife "collects" fifty-two times per annum.

Now for another puzzle. It is quite an easy one really, and the idea is simply to replace each row of asterisks below with a seasonable word. If the right words are selected you will be able to read off eight four-letter words in each of the down columns thus formed.

A O E H A A I T

S T S W S L Y W

And now, if by any chance you want to win some money, or at least be on the right side of things, here is

### A CERTAIN WINNER

For this item you require 24 match-sticks and a willing victim.

You invite your opponent to enjoy a little game of matchstick grabbing, and before the game starts even, you can tell him he is going to lose.

The rules of the game are simply these: each player takes it in turn to remove from the pile of 24 matches either one or two sticks at each turn. More than one or two sticks at each go must not be removed, but whether it is one or two is entirely at the player's option. The winner is the person who removes the last match or matches from the table.

Supposing your opponent goes first and takes one match you must then take two; should he have taken two matches, however, you must take one only. Knowing this trick you will realise that the matches are removed in threes and therefore you must win the game. If you should go first, take only one match, and if your opponent takes one, you take one again, and then follow on in the ordinary way, making sure that each pair of moves adds up to three.

You will find that whatever moves your friend makes, keeping these simple rules in mind, you will always win the game by taking the last match or matches on the table.

And now finally, Each letter in the following sum stands for a figure and the first stage of the sum is multiplication and the second addition. Curiously enough, as you can see, the final answer is the reverse of the number you start with.

G Y C B R A L N T

T N L A R B C G Y

T N L A R B C Y G

Now then, can you puzzle out which figures the letters stand for? The Mystic Greeting: "Hire's wishing you a truly merry Christmas."

Christmas Charity: 75 at 1/6 and 25 at 1/-.

Picture Puzzle: Father Christmas.

Word Puzzle: Presents and Yuletide.

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WE all like to have our fortune told at Christmas time. Although we may look upon it just as party fun, it is always interesting to hear what the future has in store for us, and the guest who can tell fortunes is likely to be the most popular person at the party.

But although it is thrilling to have your fortune told in detail, waiting your turn is apt to become tedious, especially where there are a large number of guests. A much better plan for the party hostess who wants to keep everyone happy at once is to have some fortune-telling games in which everyone can "have a go."

Here are some ideas for fortune-telling which are sure to go down well at your next party. You can play them all with things you are sure to have about the house, and the methods are so simple that you can pick them up in five minutes.

### Keeping Company

Would you like to know what friends you are going to make in 1941? Then take from a pack of playing cards all the court cards—that is, the ace, king, queen and knave of each suit, 16 cards in all. The rest of the pack is not required.

Remove from the pack of 16 the card representing yourself or the "subject" whose fortune you are telling, choosing it as follows:

King of Hearts represents a young, fair man, King of Diamonds an older, fair (or grey-haired) man, King of Clubs a young, dark man, King of Spades an older, dark man, Queen of Hearts represents a young, fair woman, Queen of Diamonds an older, fair (or grey-haired) woman, Queen of Clubs a young, dark woman, Queen of Spades an older, dark woman.

Draw three cards, face downwards from the remaining ones, add the "subject" to these, shuffle, and turn up. By noting the details

below, you can foretell the company you will keep in the coming year.

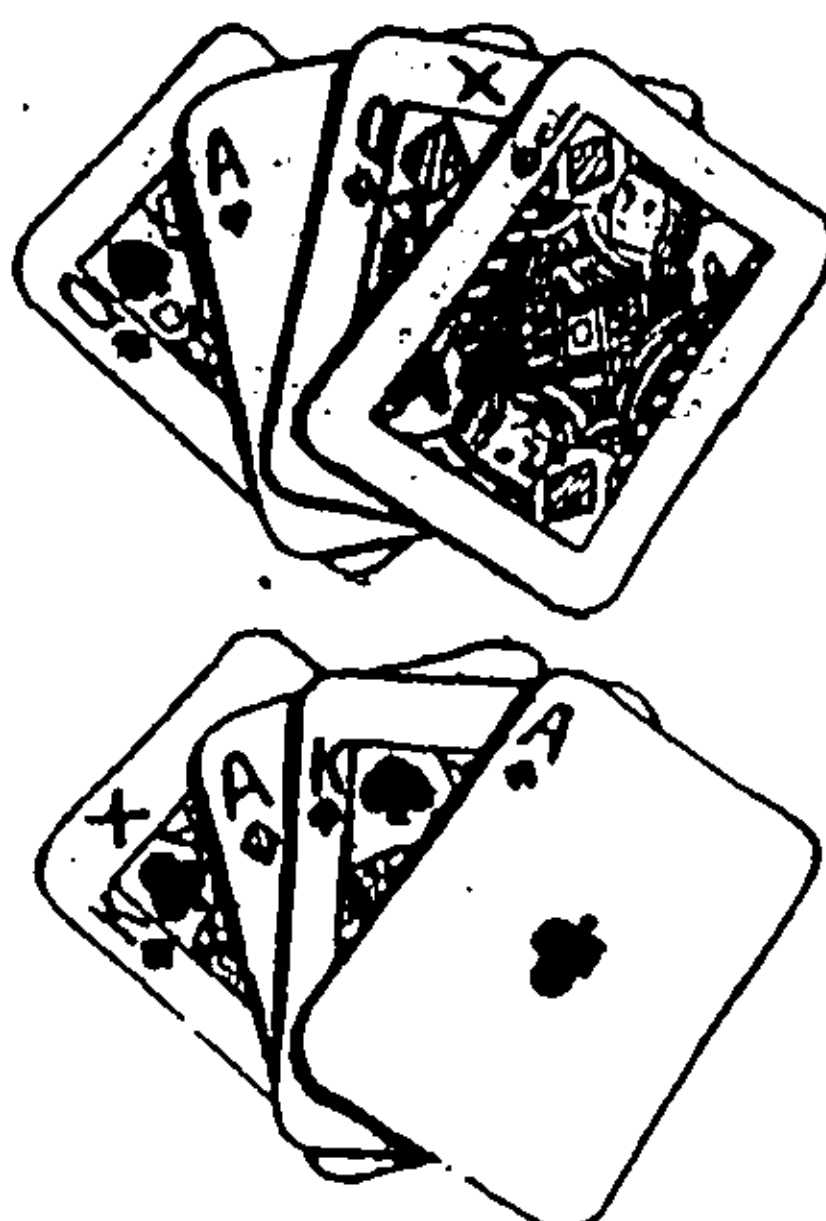


FIG. 1

Kings and Queens have the meaning already given. In addition, King's frequently suggest people of authority or superior social standing. All Knaves indicate a slight "spot of bother." Black Knaves (and also black Queens) suggest gossip or slander; red Knaves show flirtations, or people in uniform (perhaps a policeman stopping your car, or a postman bringing your income-tax form!).

Ace of Diamonds means money, Ace of Hearts love and affection, Ace of Clubs work and progress, Ace of Spades slight obstacles or else a change of circumstances.

Two examples are shown in Fig. 1, from which you will soon learn to forecast an interesting fortune. In each case a cross indicates the "subject." Miss Blonde, for instance, is likely to have a flirtation, or perhaps a dark woman causing gossip about her, but the Ace of Hearts shows that she will find the right man before long. Her dark-haired brother or boy friend, however, as shown in the second example, is all set for a good year in the world of business. Money and promotion is promised by the two aces, while the King of Spades suggests an influential friend who will help to create this happy state of affairs.

### Dart Board Fortune

Every home has a dart-board nowadays, and when you grow tired of the ordinary way of playing try fortune-telling instead. For this, take no notice of the numbers, but let the four main divisions on the board indicate four aspects of life, as shown in Fig. 2, respectively money, home, work and travel. If you cannot remember these four, write them on slips of paper, and fix to the board with drawing-pins.

Each person throws three darts, either aiming definitely at a particular spot, or letting each dart take its chance. If a dart goes off the board, you may have another throw. When all three have been placed, you can determine the



FIG. 2

"subject's" fortune from the following meanings.

# FORTUNE-TELLING GAMES

## for the CHRISTMAS PARTY

Marianne Marsh

A dart in any of the named spaces, good progress, happiness and success in that particular aspect of life. Either side of a space—changes and new schemes in that part of your life, but ultimately for the good. "Next door but one" to a space—difficulties and hindrances, which will make or mar your future according to the way you deal with them.

A dart in the centre is specially lucky, promising a good year all round. To score a "double" means a "double dose" of whatever the rest of the space indicates, whether good or bad, and similarly with a "treble." A dart in the outer rim of the board shows a rather "neither nor" year to come, with few changes and slow but steady progress. The position of the three darts shown in Fig. 2 may be translated in the following terms. This will be an exceptionally good year financially, with a promise of either a new home or an enjoyable holiday which opens new prospects. Your work and friends remain much the same, bringing happiness and quiet contentment.

### Spin A Coin

You need a chess or draughts board for this game, and a number of similar coins—one for each person. The coin will depend on the size of your squares. It should be fairly large in proportion to the squares, similar to the proportions shown in Fig. 3.

Everyone spins a coin, choosing different parts of the board. When

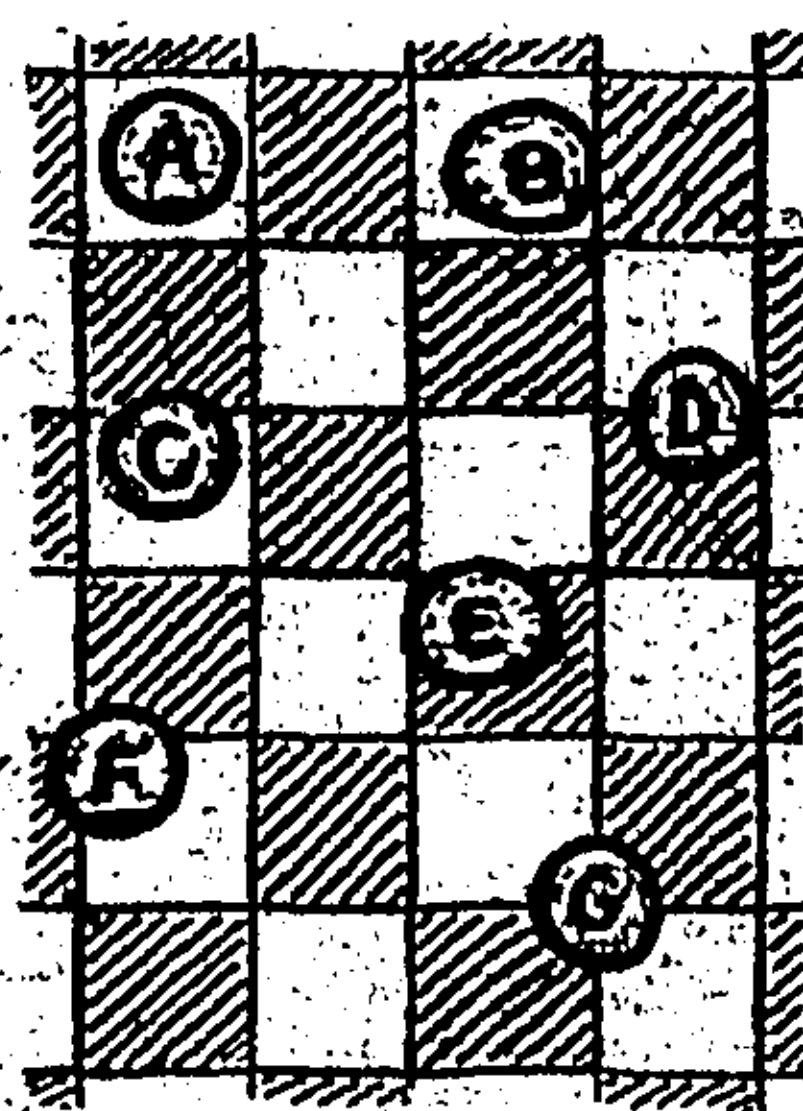


FIG. 3

all the coins are at rest on the board, your luck is forecast according to the positions explained below, and also shown in Fig. 3.

A.—In centre of square—home life and love affairs go smoothly. Make few changes this year.

B.—Irregularly placed within square—a new home or an addition to the family. Look for happiness this year within your home circle.

C.—Touching one line—unexpected happenings—slight promotion if in business—small financial improvement if at home.

D.—Centrally across one line—new friends or interests—new hobby or job—Be ready to seize any opportunity which comes along.

E.—Touching two lines—you have to make decisions in the coming year—friends or events are pulling you in two different ways.

F.—Touching two lines and a corner—you will go places, and do things this year—travel—and excitement is in store for you.

G.—Centrally at junction of four squares—this is your lucky year—everything will go right for you. Providing you look before you leap, you are sure to leap in the right direction!

### Spills for Luck

Have a bundle of coloured spills about the house, those that men use to light their pipes. If you haven't you can buy a bundle for a copper or so, and they are just the things for fortune-telling.

They are usually in four colours—green, yellow, pink and purple. To each colour allot one of the aspects of your life, as for the dart-board method. The best arrangement is—green for travel, yellow for money, pink for home and friends, purple for work.

If your spills have a different assortment of colours from those stated here, you can substitute others to suite your purpose, providing that you always keep to the same ones.

Give each person twenty spills—five in each of the four colours. If you have sufficient spills, it is good fun to let everyone "spill their spills" together, giving each person a clear space on the floor. Mix your twenty spills well

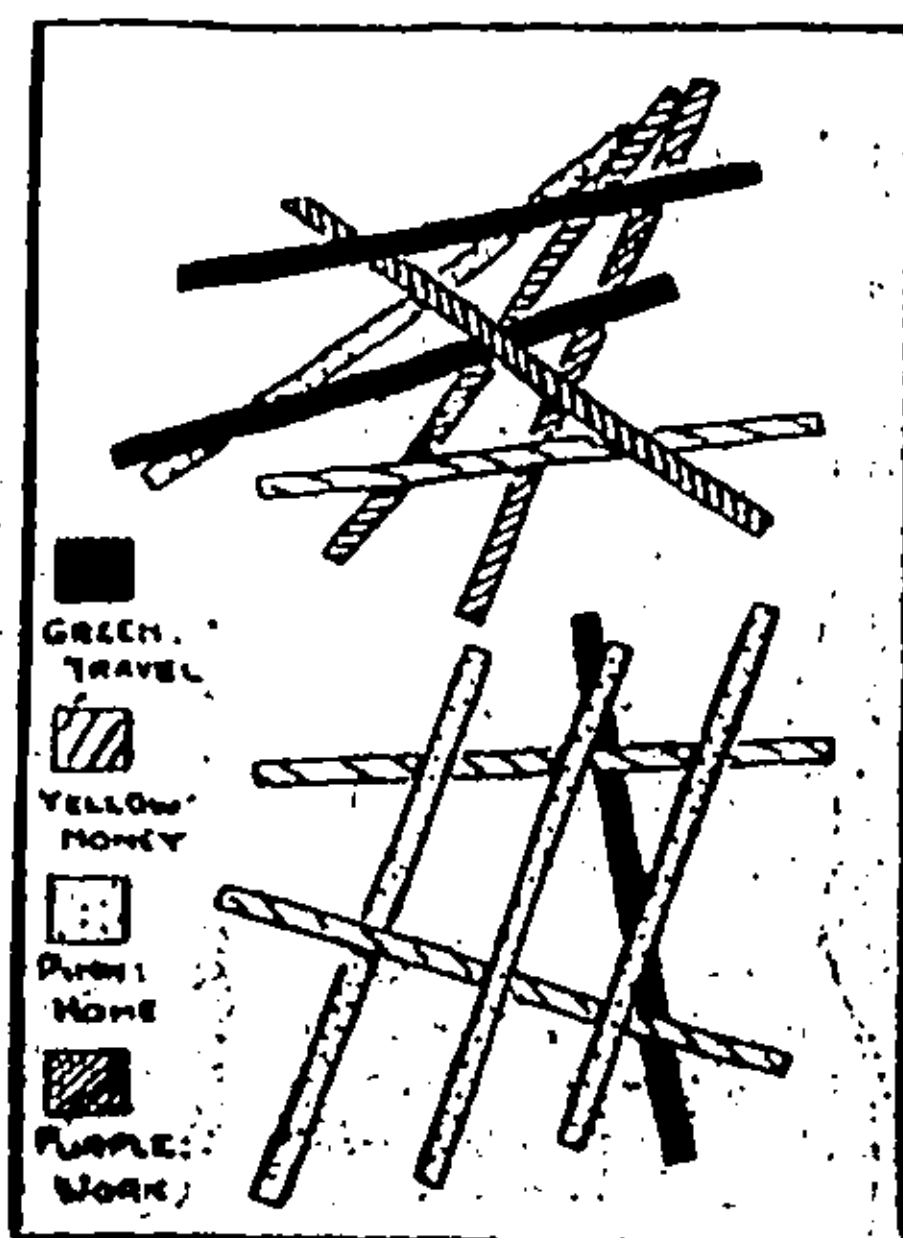


FIG. 4

together, hold them between your two hands at shoulder height, and let the spills drop gently to the floor. You will probably find that they have fallen in one or more small groups, with a few isolated spills lying apart.

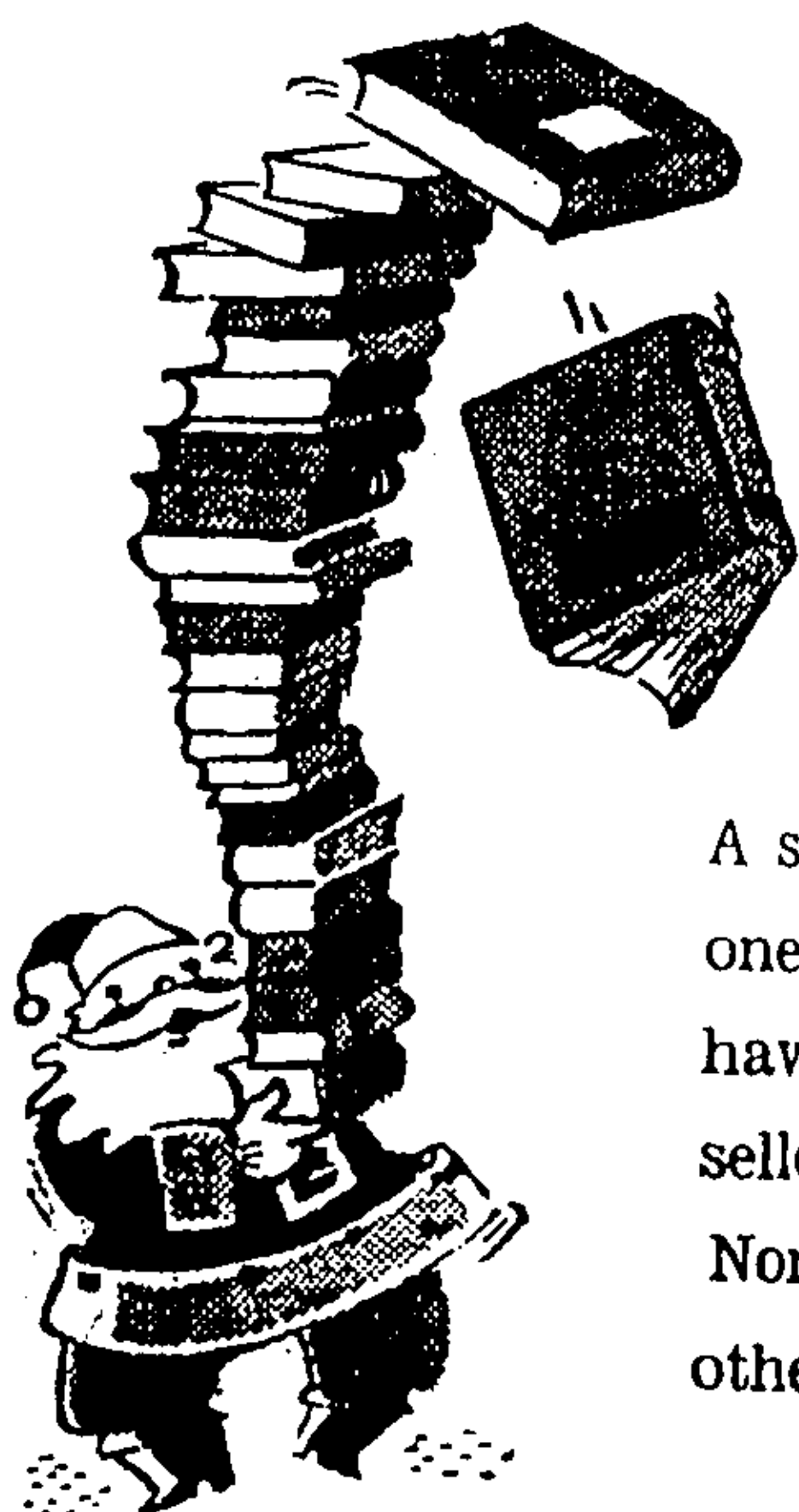
Remove all the isolated ones, and if there is more than one group, remove all but the largest. This leaves one group of spills, containing only two or three, perhaps a dozen or so. The size of the group is unimportant.

As you will readily see, many interesting facts can be forecast from the colours and position of the "spills" in the group. A large proportion of yellow ones suggests good financial prospects, several green ones suggest that you are "going places," and so on.

A very irregular group suggests a year full of unexpected happenings; where some kind of pattern is formed, your life will go according to plan.

Two examples are given in Fig. 4. The first shows good business prospects, with some fullness connected with your work, possibly unexpected ones. Take care not to let this work and travel upset your home life too much (note the one "home" spill in the north-east corner). The second group indicates a peaceful year, with are pulling you in two different ways.

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"It is a mistake for people to have birthdays within a week—or two of Christmas. Relatives, generally speaking, do not mind giving two presents a year at decent intervals, but when the two occasions are separated only by a few days, one of two things is bound to happen."

The kind uncle or aunt says, "Well, dear, as your birthday and Christmas are so close together I am going to buy you a very nice present to do for both."

And the present costs just about the same as the ordinary Christmas or birthday present would have cost. The only difference is that in the course of the year they weigh out once instead of twice. This is all very well for the uncle and aunt but very unfortunate for the nephew or niece.

I knew somebody—it was a girl of course—who got over the difficulty by declaring to all who were concerned, that, since she was so unfortunate as to be born on a Boxing Day, she intended to keep her birthday on the 26th of June. This gave everybody time to recover from having given one present before being called upon to make the next.

Stella Linklater had not thought of this, for in many ways she was a simple girl. That is to say, fairly simple and at least not grasping. Probably she did not notice her misfortune; at least it was not pointed out to her by those who made one present do for two.

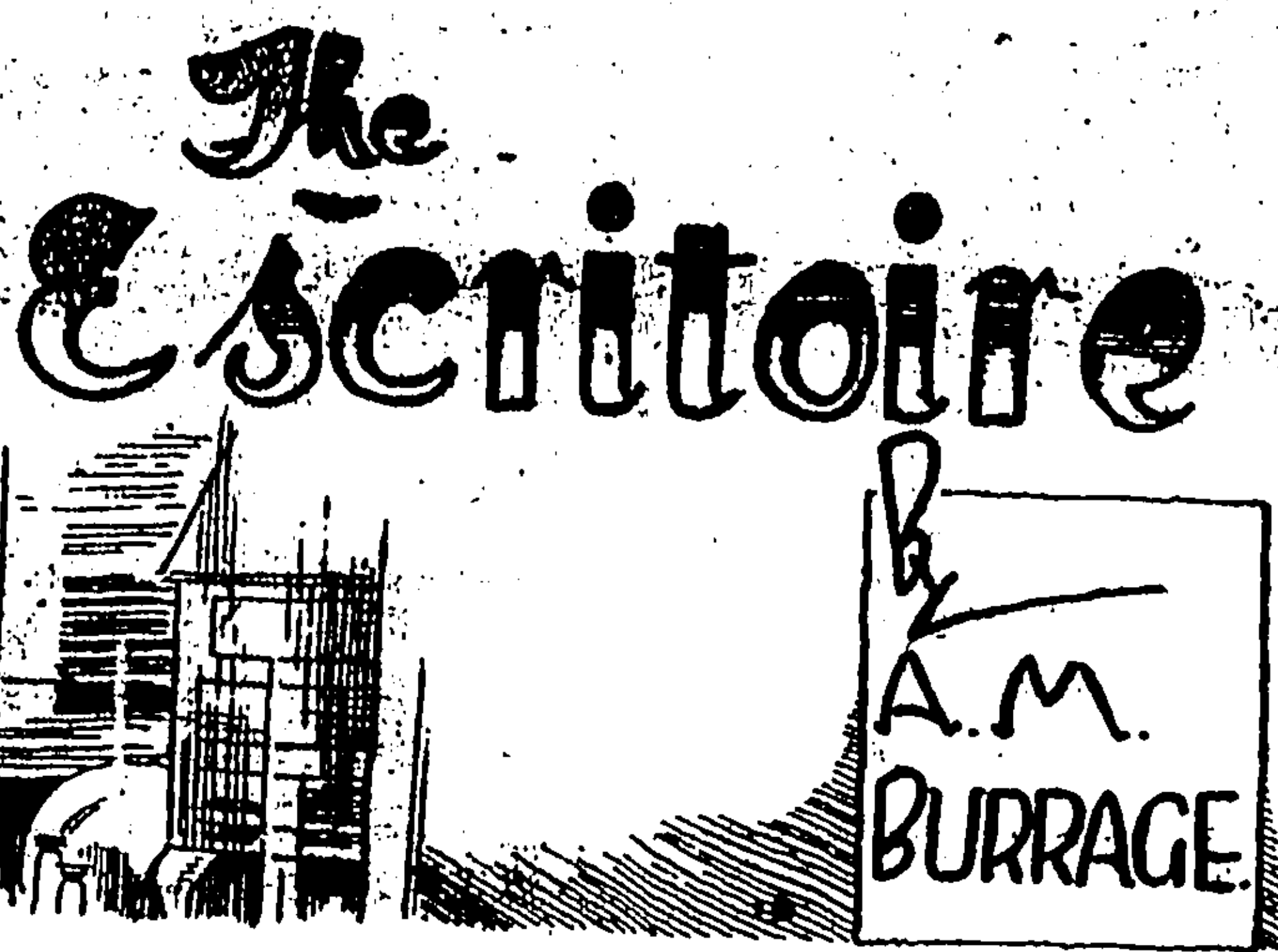
But when she had just turned the corner of twenty and a young man fell seriously in love with her, he noticed the embarrassing circumstances if she didn't.

The young man was Norman Talland, one of those names which goes with a swing, and the owner thereof may be expected to perform all those deeds of chivalry and daring which are to be seen only on the pictures. But a name like that wants a lot of living up to.

When you're an underpaid clerk, with no pretensions to good looks, rather shy and all that, and inclined to freckle, you have a job to live up to a name like Norman Talland.

Our Norman Talland was too young to have served in the war, wretchedly poor at all games except chess, as plain as a home-made pie, of sound but not outstanding intelligence, and at heart as romantic as all your handsome fellows.

His people were dead. He had no living relative but a blind aunt who rather exaggerated when



was not in one of those "safe" jobs in which a man's salary increases every year until he retires on pension. The "safe" job may not appeal to the spirit of adventure, but no man with responsibilities can be happy in the thought that the next month's end may see him adrift on the becalmed sea of unemployment.

For Stella he was a most unsuitable suitor. Her parents liked him well enough as a man, but

Concerning him they had used that last word many times, and always gave it that emphasis which deserves the capital letter.

But, of course, Stella fell in love with him. She was the sort of girl who would—as if she did it for the sheer pleasure of annoying her people.

There was the usual family rumpus. Norman, like the man he was, went straightforwardly to Papa and told him. Papa was stern and non-committal. No engagement, of course, until, as he vaguely expressed it, "matters improved." He was not born yesterday and he knew the folly of forbidding the young man: the house, thereby investing him with the romantic glamour he seemed to lack.

No, he was welcome as a friend, but—he lingered lovingly over this useful little word—no engagement, at least not for the present. The situation as old as the hills, as you see, and as new as the latest edition of an evening paper to each such pathetic pair of lovers. Christmas came, but although

Norman had put himself through a course of semi-starvation he had scraped only sufficient. With this he bought a manicure set, in return for which he intended to extract one half-penny from Stella. For they say that you must never "give" things which cut, in case the gift cuts friendship. That was all right for the Christmas present, but what about the birthday gift?

And then he noticed the escritoire in the window of the second-hand furniture dealers. It was a fine old piece of highly-polished oak, and even on that dull morning little focuses of light gleamed on its surface. What made him stop and look twice at a piece of furniture he could not afford to buy is one of those everyday mysteries of life.

The thought came to him that if he could only buy it Stella would have it in her own room and think of him every time she sat down to write her letters. Utterly beyond his wildest dreams of finance, of course, but the Good Fairy, straight out of one of the old tales, happened to be passing unseen and flicked our young friend with her wand.

Inspired by the magic touch he walked in and inquired the price in the large manner of one who can afford to be careless about money. The long-nosed dealer eyed him superciliously.

"Twenty-five pounds," he said. "That's a very fine piece. Came out of the sale of effects of the late Sir Oswald Brending, the shipping magnate."

Norman just saved himself from laughing aloud. Then the Good Fairy touched him again with the wand which works miracles.

"Look here," he said, "I haven't got £25, but I'd like that escritoire. What about 10s. down and 10s. a week until the payments end? I can give you the usual references."

The dealer scratched his head. He had had that escritoire on his hands for longer that he cared to think. Driven to bargain he would have taken £10 for it and been content with only a small profit.

"All right," he said, "I'll take that. I've seen you about here a lot. I know your address and I know who you are. I'll get you to sign a form and I'll give you a receipt for your first 10s. The man will be back in a few minutes, and I'll send it round at once."

Norman followed the man at a distance, saw him deposit the piece of furniture at its destination, sighed and went back. On his way he took out a cigarette. Then he thought twice, sighed again, and put it back in the packet. Couldn't afford to be rash with cigarettes now. He would smoke another in two hours' time, make it last 20 minutes—he had found that he could do that!—and start another one two hours afterwards.

On the Christmas night he was bidden to a party at the Linklaters. The parents could have done without him and not suffered in consequence, but had to ask him for Stella's sake. It was only for Stella's sake that he went. She came out into the hall while he was taking off his coat, and frowned at him.

"You're a very bad lad!" she said.

"I know," he answered lightly. "That's what makes me so attractive. These very good men are all very well in their way, I suppose, but they're awfully dull. No ginger."

"You know what I'm talking about."

"I don't—as usual."

"That writing-desk thing."

"Oh that? Sorry if you don't."

"Oh, darling, it was too sweet of you. But I'm angry because you couldn't possibly afford it."

"Been in my family for years. George IV gave it to my great-grandfather, who happened to be one of his favourites."

She laughed and then frowned.

"Do you know what happens to wicked men who—don't tell

(Continued on Page 23.)



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# WHY CHRISTMAS GHOSTS?

By MAURICE NOEL HENNESSY



It seems very strange that most writers of ghostly phenomena carefully avoid that all-important question—why do ghosts appear more at Christmas than at any other time of the year?

Ghosts are seldom seen on summer evenings; they always seem to choose the festive season, and even the telling of a ghost story in summer seems to lack the charm that it has when told around a blazing fire, on a wild winter evening.

There appears to be no definite expression of opinion on the subject, but there are a few outstanding features of ghostly apparitions which give us a solution to the problem.

One of the main categories, into which these spirits can be classi-

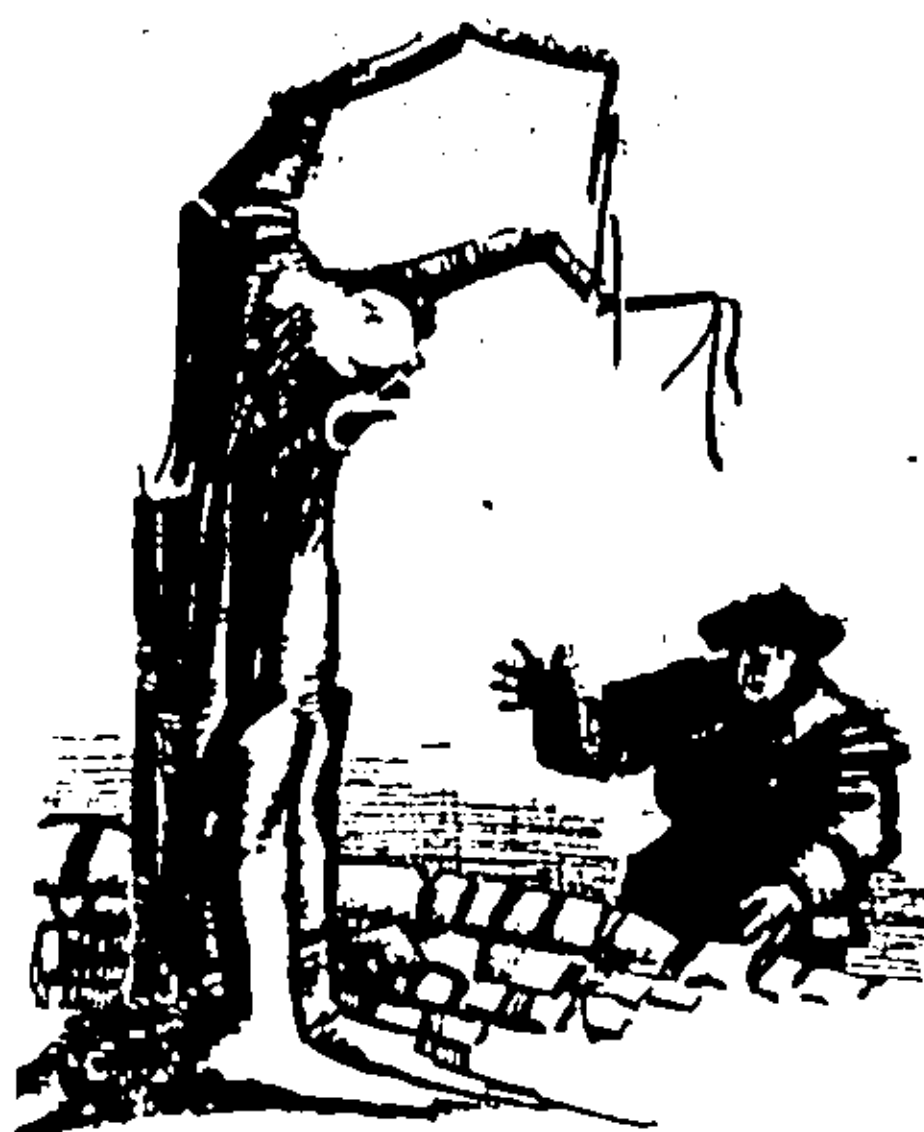
Red is the Family Ghost. Spirits follow certain families; wherever they may be, and the circumstances, and reputed causes of their appearance vary in nearly every instance. In certain families they appear to come as a warning against approaching death or evil in others, they come annually as a kind of anniversary event.

In Scotland and Ireland this type of ghost is most frequent; most of the spirits and spirit stories that enhance the glamour of the Scottish highlands and the Irish valleys are of the family variety. Few of the Scottish families of repute are without their ghosts.

## Isn't It Natural?

On consideration, an excellent case for the appearance of the family ghost at Christmas can be made. Christmas is the great occasion for the gathering together of all the members of a family. From far and near people come to spend the festive season; in the bosom of their families. This fact in itself constitutes a feature of the old Christmas that is fast dying out, but nevertheless presents an interesting point of view.

Isn't it quite natural that in this family re-union, the members who have passed on should come back to the fold in order to be present at the family gathering? Perhaps the force of memory and the re-



The snow on a leafless tree makes very strange figures.

miniscences of the past have such psychological effect that imagination runs riot and ghosts are "seen."

Again, Christmas is the time of feasting and merry making; sometimes the latter is a little more than mere merrymaking. Red wine flows freely and often ghosts appear more often. Readers, draw your own conclusions. Have you ever seen a ghost after a night of Christmas revelry?

A rather interesting idea presents itself in this regard. The

Christmas of the past was also associated with snow on the ground, and like ghosts the snow is white. But, after all, why should ghosts be white, why could they not be blue or yellow or green. But then, there are green ghosts in Scotland, however.

To resume, the trees are bare in winter and the snow on a leafless tree makes very strange figures, indeed many a stout-hearted person has received a scare from a snow-covered limb before now. What then could be seen by someone whose vision is blurred by the good cheer of Christmas? Ghosts, ghosts, and more ghosts.

A more serious cause for Christmas Ghosts is, of course, religion, and here appears to be the most acceptable theory. The fact that the birth of Christianity is the real significance of Christmas and the fact that Christianity is the source of all things spiritual, presents an important viewpoint for the Ghost Lover.

No doubt, much research would present a fine case for this, but at the moment the more obvious facts must be accepted. And these are that Christmas was by the very nature of its beginning associated with supernatural things, and the modern tendency to see things in the same light is nothing more or less than a relic of the ancient forms of the festive season.

Ireland, that land of ghosts, presents a peculiar custom which is really the only one that offers an



Glamis Castle, whose ghost is probably the most famous.

explanation of the Christmas ghost. Away in the west of Connemara, in the poor peasants' cottages, there is a very strong belief that the Holy Family visit the homes of the peasantry. Consequently, they leave their doors wide open; leave a bright fire in the hearth and prepare the table for three. Of their very humble fare, they lay a generous quantity on the table.

Their belief is really amazing and if they do see spirits at Christmas time, they think nothing of it. They expect it rather than look on it as a faint possibility.

## Simple Explanations

Then again, spirits often manifest their presence in a variety of ways, for example the guttering of a candle, the hooting of an owl, peculiar ticking sounds and various other ways.

The fact that Christmas frequently brings stormy winds might easily account for the guttering of candles, despite the fact that many will avow that when this strange thing happens, there is no draught. A little too much food—dogs frequently suffer from this complaint at Christmas—may account for the howling dogs. Many of the other manifestations may be explained in a similar manner, by some psychological or even physiological happening.

Old mansions and castles are usually the "right" places to see ghosts at Christmas. Here again the family element is noticeable, and it would appear that the family ghost is really the Christmas ghost. There is scarcely any family castle in Scotland without its ghosts; probably the ghost of Glamis Castle is the most famous.

Even Sir Walter Scott seems to have been scared by this particular ghost. He wrote: "It contains also a curious monument of the peril of feudal times, being a secret chamber, the entrance of which, by the law or custom of the family, must only be known to three persons at once, viz., the Earl of Strathmore, his heir-apparent, and any third person whom they may take into their confidence."

It would appear from this quotation that this chamber was the family ghost room. The following quotation shows what Scott thought of the Ghost atmosphere of the place. "I must own, that as I heard door after door shut, after my conductor had retired, I began to consider myself too far from the living, and somewhat too near the dead."

## Ask One!

Nuns and Monks seem to be a peculiar and frequent aspect of Christmas Ghosts. Here, maybe, religion is the explanation. They too may be returning to their own homes at Christmas: back to their monasteries where they spent so many peaceful days.

Careful research has provided no stronger case for the Christmas Ghost. Perhaps you may be more fortunate, or unfortunate than I have been, and may have occasion to ask some Christmas ghost why he calls at the festive season. Does he wish to partake of the festive fare or is it just that he is desirous of renewing acquaintance with the old home.

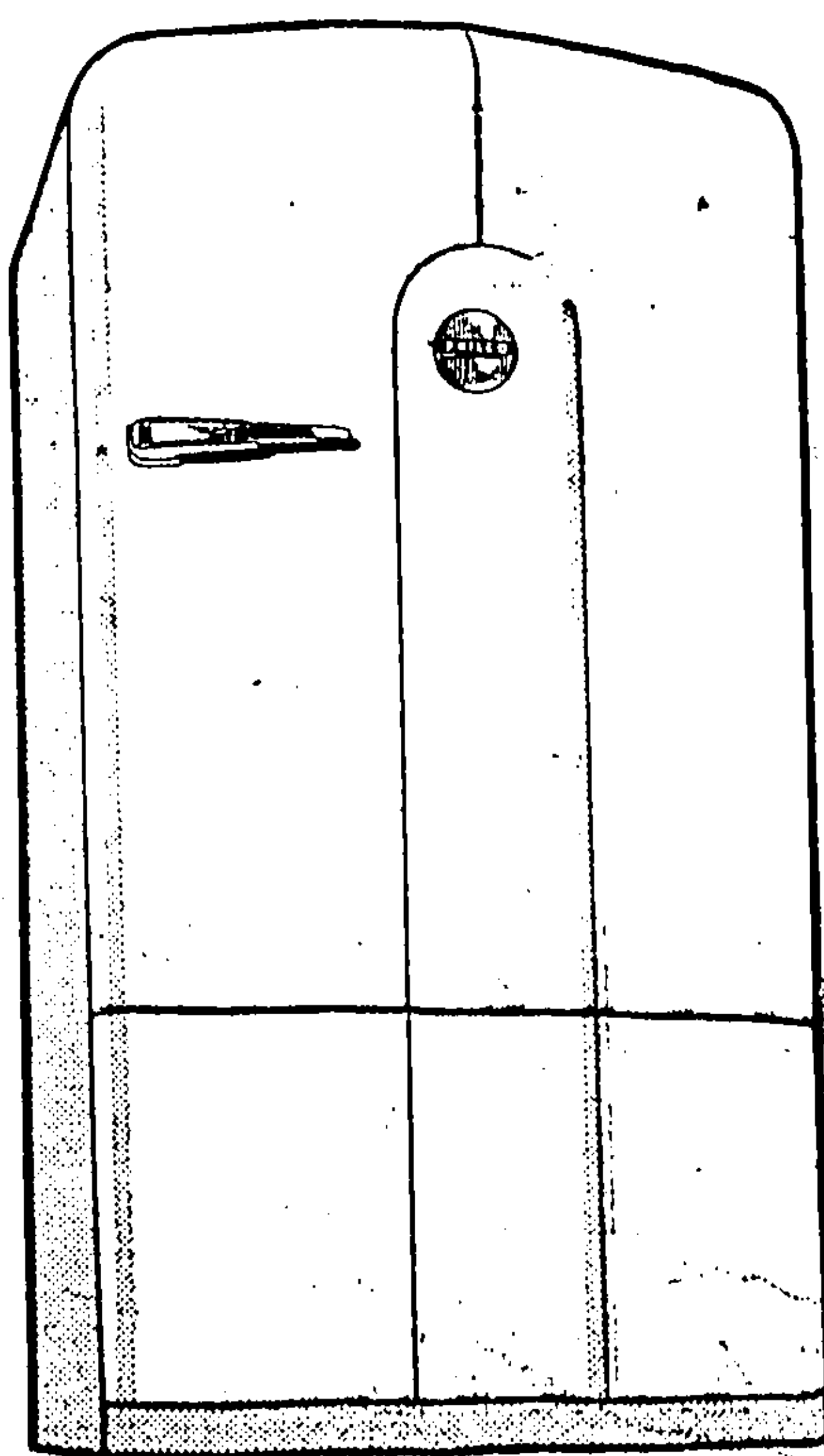
Whatever be the explanation, the Christmas Ghost is an institution. It is an integral part of the old Christmas glamour, and the old ancestral hall would lose much of its ancient charm if the Ghost changed his time to any other time of the year.

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**CHRISTMAS** simply would not be Christmas unless you gave a party, and if you think out beforehand what your guests are to play, you will find that you will enjoy the party as much as they do!

Make out a programme on paper, writing down more games that you will require, then you can make your choice at the time.

It's an excellent idea to sandwich a quiet game between two noisy ones, a sitting down one between moving about ones and so on. Then your guests won't lose their breath or feel they weren't so young as they used to be!

If you're going to have paper and pencil games, then see that you have a supply of both, including a trick pencil that is rubber and won't write. Your friends



Autograph Hunters

will enjoy that, only see that you have a proper one in readiness as a substitute.

Another point to remember is that if you are having competitions, keep the answers in some drawer so that you know exactly where they are. Things have such a habit of disappearing at party time!

Now for some jolly games that your guests will thoroughly enjoy—

**AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS** makes an excellent game to set the ball rolling.

Provide each guest whether young or old with a pencil and a plain postcard. Then ask everyone to go round and get the signature of everyone else. See the idea? Immediately everyone in the room begins to rush round excitedly, asking people whom they've never seen before for their autograph, and the whole place becomes full of bustle and chatter.

Of course you don't allow this autograph hunting to go on indefinitely. At the end of ten minutes or quarter of an hour you cry a halt, and then see who has collected the most names.

The winner may be given a small autograph album as a prize. It would be most appropriate.

**LUCKY CHAIR.**—Arrange the chairs in a circle facing outwards, there should be as many chairs as you have guests, and one should have a cushion on it to show that it is a lucky chair.

Now the fun begins. All the guests line up round the chairs



Stamp Team

and while someone plays the piano as for **MUSICAL CHAIRS**, the line walks round. Each time the music stops everyone sits down on the chair nearest to him. Whoever sits in the lucky chair counts one point.

To prevent your friends from becoming completely dizzy, suggest that they walk round alternately, first time to the right, second time to the left and so on.

And if your guests are young and energetic then get them to run round instead of walking. They'll love it.

As soon as anyone gets three points he cries "My luck's in," and the game stops.

He could be presented with a prize, if you're feeling generous, but it's not at all necessary.

A sitting-down game will make a change now, especially if you have a few great-aunts assembled, so why not play **I HAVE FOUR LEGS**?

This is a very quiet game. Everyone sits down and the player who is chosen to begin thinks of an object that has four legs, such as bed, table, chair, and so on. He then turns to his next door neighbour and says, "I have four legs and I begin with—" giving the first letter of the chosen word.

His next-door neighbour may have three guesses, but must make all before the first player counts ten.

If he fails to think of the right answer in spite of this, he is out of the game. The first player then thinks of another word and asks his next door neighbour but one. Of course, if the second player is successful it is his turn to think of a word.

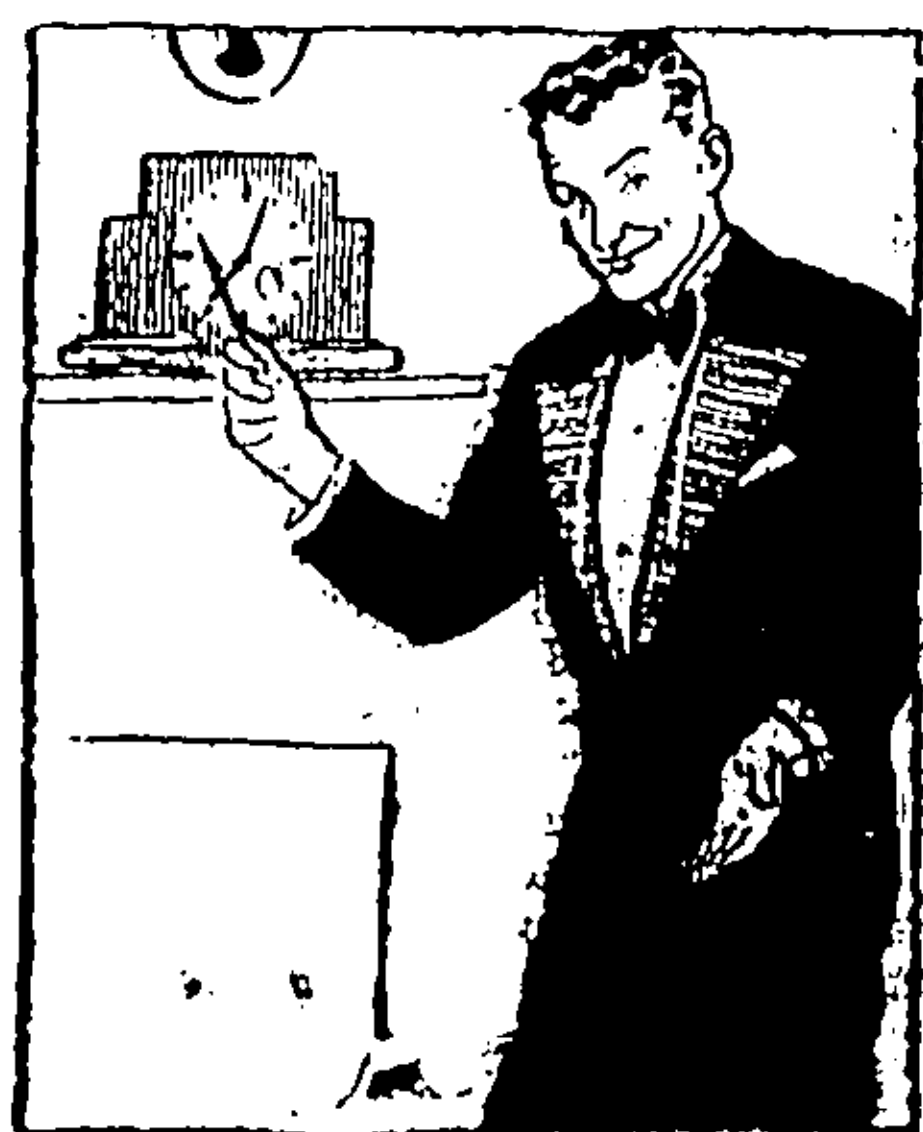
The winners are those left in at the end of the game which should be stopped as soon as anyone begins to look bored.

Everyone will be ready to stretch his legs again now, so there is a chance to play **WHERE'S THE BELL?** One guest is given a bell which he takes to any room in the house, hiding anywhere he likes. After the remaining guests have counted one hundred they set out in pursuit.

In the meantime the hider begins to ring the bell and continues to ring it until a player touches him.

To get the full benefit of the game it should be played in the dark, but it is nearly as enjoyable and less dangerous if played in the light.

The winner then takes his turn at hiding and so the fun goes on. **SPEARING THE RING** makes an excellent game to play next



Time Telling

and will collect all your guests together again.

Hang a curtain ring on a string and let it swing shoulder length in an open doorway.

Give one player a walking stick, invite him to stand six paces away from the ring, and tell him to walk forward quickly and spear the ring on the end of the stick. He may succeed or he may not. If he does he scores one point. If he pauses on the way he is disqualified at once.

Everyone takes a turn and the winner is the first player to score half-a-dozen points.

He should be awarded a prize, the funnier the better. Something like an animal balloon will be appreciated both by him and rest of the party, so don't forget.

Everyone likes a team game, so try **STAMP TEAM**.

Make a collection before the party of all the used stamps you can find, whatever the value.

Ask one player to be umpire, unless you like to take on the job yourself, and invite two other players to pick up slides, beginning by choosing the children first. The two teams go to one end of the room, facing the opposite end.

Place the stamps in one large pile at the opposite end, about a yard away from the wall, and blindfold them, with back to the wall, the umpire should stand

Now the fun begins.

The umpire calls out any value he likes, such as fivepence halfpenny. Immediately the first player in each team runs up to the pile of stamps, and selects as many as will make up the value of fivepence halfpenny.

The first player to hand the correct stamps to the umpire scores one point for his side.

When everyone has had a turn the slides count up their points and the winning one is acclaimed.

There is no need to say, of course, that children should be given very simple amounts, and if possible a child should run against a child in the opposing team. Such little points add greatly to the happiness of the party in general.

**TIME TELLING** will fit very well into the minutes that follow when everyone is recovering his breath.

Ask one of the players to think of a certain hour which you intend to guess. Tell him you will point to the various hours on the clock, and all he has to do to help you is to add the number of times you point to the hour he has chosen. When the total reaches 20 he must tell you. You will then triumphantly tell him that the hour at which you are then pointing is his chosen one—which it is. You then invite other players to try to tell the time in this way, and they will find it very mystifying.

This is how it is done. When you point, take any seven different numbers, asking after each one if the total is yet twenty. The eighth time you must point to twelve, the ninth to eleven, and so on backwards, stopping only when you are told the total is 20, which will be at the required hour. It's quite easy!

Everyone will enjoy a musical



Flower Hunters

game to follow, so what about **MUSICAL STICK**?

All the players stand in a circle, and one is given a stick. While music is played as for **MUSICAL CHAIRS**, the stick is passed round the circle from one to the other. Whoever is holding it when the music stops is out of the game, and has to retire and form part of the audience.

The winner is the player left in until the end.

Now for a competition. One that your friends will appreciate, whatever their age, is **FLOWER HUNTERS**. Cut up a number of pictures of flowers before the party, using those out of old gardening catalogues. Hide these in different parts of the house (or room, if more convenient), and then invite everyone to go flower gathering.

The winner is the one who has "picked" the largest number of flowers at the end of 10 minutes.

By the way, if you haven't a

garden or cannot bear to cut up your catalogue, play the game by writing out the names of flowers and hiding these slips of paper instead. It will be quite good fun.

Or, if you like the picture idea, substitute toys from a Christmas catalogue instead, and play **LOST TOYS**. This will have a particular appeal to the youngsters, anyway.

Now is the time to play **CRACKERS**.

The players divide into two sides, one being Midget crackers and the other Giant crackers. All the players except the two leaders stand in the middle of the room with their eyes shut. The two leaders go to the opposite ends of the room.

At the word "Go" the Midget leader begins calling out "Pop, pop," while the Giant cracker leader calls out "Bang, bang." They continue their cries while their players try to find them with their eyes still shut. The winning crackers are those who have all their crackers together first.

Finally, here is a quiet as well as being a musical game.

**BOX OF BEADS.**—For this game put as many beads (buttons, nuts, or some other small objects) as you can find into a box lid. All the players sit in a circle, and while music is played, the box is passed round, each player taking one of the objects before passing the box on. As soon as the music stops, as in Musical Chairs, the box is still passed on, but no player may take out a bead until the music begins again. This continues until all the beads have gone, when the totals are counted up. The winner is the one with the highest total.

The music should be played for only short periods of time.



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# The Haunted House In B— Square

It was Christmas Eve and Big Ben had just struck eight when Bill Gover, affectionately dubbed "The Nipper" by his pals, burglar and ex-con, turned into B— Square, Mayfair. For some peculiar reason a corner house at once arrested his attention.

It was number 13. Like so many criminals, Bill was superstitious. He believed in numbers. Number 13 in another London Square had once brought him in a good haul. This number 13 might prove equally lucky. So he eyed its exterior with professional interest. All its windows were in darkness except one on the first floor, and the blinds of that particular window not being drawn down, Bill could see into the room. Standing in front of the dressing table was a blonde, he knew that by the top of her head, which shone like burnished gold. He could not see her face, because of the mirror.

What interested him most about her, however, were her hands; the white, bejewelled, scarlet tipped fingers dangled a sparkling necklace.

"D.monds," he said softly to himself. "If they're genuine they would fetch a mint of money, enough to set me up in a pub." To own a cosy public house in White-chapel or Lambeth was the height of his ambition. "They're worth trying for. I'll come again later, when the coast is a bit clearer."

Strolling off he whiled away the next few hours in a coffee house in Soho. He stayed there till close on midnight. It was now snowing, and cold and beastly enough to clear the street of loiterers. All who had homes were only too glad to get back to them. This was all in his favour, for when he reached B—Square, it was deserted, and few of the houses showed lights. Number 13 was in total darkness.

Having assured himself no policeman was in lurking anywhere near, he trod noiselessly down the area steps, and was nearly at the bottom of them when he slipped. His head struck a wall, and he lapsed into unconsciousness. For how long he could not say. When his brain functioned again, he got

up and examined the area windows.

They were all barred, except a very small one. If Bill had not been a very small man—that was why his intimates named him "The Nipper"—he could never have got through it. He certainly had to squeeze a good deal.

He alighted in a larder. The air felt dank and chilly, but it was a very chilly night.

Slipping on a pair of felt slippers, they were part of his stock in trade, and flashing his electric torch cautiously around, he moved slowly forward; out of the larder into a kitchen, where a nearly spent fire glowed dully in the large range, out into a stone flagged passage and up a wooden staircase on the ground floor.

The light from a lamp-post in the Square shone through the fan-light over the front door, and called into evidence dark shadows. There was something strange about the house, what it was he

By ELLIOTT  
O'DONNET

could not say, but he did not like it. It made him creepy.

The sound of footsteps outside made him halt. There was no mistaking that measured tread, even though the snow muffled it. It was one of his enemies, a policeman, and his heart skipped a beat when the footsteps stopped outside the house. Was the copper looking at his imprints on the area steps? Would he ring the bell?

Bill did not breathe freely till the steps moved on, he then tiptoed softly to the staircase leading to the first floor. From afar off came the sound of singing, carols, probably on the wireless, but it sent Bill's memory fleeing back to the time when he was a choir boy. A choir boy then, a hardened burglar now. The irony of fate; and Bill smiled grimly. He wondered what the shepherds who watched their flocks, and Noel, would think of him, going up the stairs to pinch these diamonds, and on Christmas Eve too. Lord blimey! It was funny. Then he jumped, as a dark, shadowy form darted past him. It was a big, black cat.

Arriving on the first floor, the light from his torch revealed a door nearly opposite him.

"That's the room," he told himself.

Tip-toeing noiselessly across the landing, and cursing when the boards creaked, he halted at the door and, with his ear pressed against the panel, listened intently. Not a sound from within and no light showing under the door. A gentle tapping in his rear made him swing round in alarm. It was only a spray of ivy beaten against the staircase window by the wind and snow.

Cautiously, and with bated breath, he tried the door handle. The door was not locked. Opening it noiselessly he stepped into the room. The sound of deep, regular breathing came from the bed. The occupant was an elderly, clean-shaven grey-haired man, and he appeared to be sound asleep. There was no one else.

Bill's gaze, wandering round the handsomely furnished room, rested on the walnut dressing table. The elaborate display of silver backed toilet requisites suggested a woman, the blonde lady with the diamonds, but where was she, and where were they?

He was examining with feverish haste the contents of the dressing table drawers when he caught the tapping of high heeled shoes on the staircase. In a panic he at once hid behind the heavy curtains covering the window recess. Only just in time, for hardly had he concealed himself before someone entered the room.

Bill peeped through a chink in the curtains. It was the blonde! Tall and slender, with neat features, and a scarlet, cupid bow mouth, and heavily lashed blue eyes, she was really beautiful. Even Bill, who had been very much off women since his wife ran off with his best friend, while he was last in prison, had to admit that. He was not, however, so much interested in her looks as he was in her jewels. The diamond necklace was not on the dressing table, or in any of the drawers. Was she wearing it?

The answer came when she took off her opera cloak and he saw the gems he so coveted sparkling round her neck. If only she would make haste and get into bed he would try and grab them. But my lady was in no hurry. For some time she stood by the bedside. There was a half-frightened, half-resolute look in her eyes, and lines of pain about her dainty little mouth as she gazed thoughtfully at the sleeper.

Once there came an expression into her face that Bill did not like. It gave him the creeps, it was cruel, and seemed incongruous in one so young and fair. He was glad when she left the bedside and disrobing, which did not take her a jiffy, slipped into a suit of dainty pearl buttoned silk pyjamas, and switching off the light, got into bed.

Bill waited till he felt assured she and the man were slumbering, and then came quietly from his lair. Everywhere was very still, no sounds but the pattering of snowflakes against the window, not even the rustling or squeaking of a mouse.

The lady had laid the necklace and her other jewels on the dressing table, and their sparkle and glitter when he flashed his torch on them, made his mouth water. He was about to grab it: lot and make a bolt for it, when he heard something that made him start in apprehension.

It was the gentle, surreptitious trying of the door handle. In an instant he was back in his hiding place, and not a second too soon for the door opened noiselessly and a white face peered through the aperture.

It was a woman, a woman with smooth black hair parted down the middle. The glow from the heater illuminating her long, narrow face, and emphasising its whiteness to a quite startling degree, threw the features into strong relief, and they were of a kind not easily forgotten. A hawk-shaped nose, tight, thin lip and dark obliquely set eyes, sinister eyes, that glittered evilly as they wandered furtively round the room.

"Strike me pink!" Bill inwardly ejaculated. "What a nasty looking devil! I wonder what she's up to?" and he shivered.

Moving with cat-like stealth, the woman crossed the floor to the bedside and bending over the man, listened with fendish intent to his breathing. Then, apparently satisfied he was asleep, she gently drew the bedclothes from around his neck, and producing a shining, razor edge, horn handled knife from under her clothes, deliberately cut the wretched man's throat.

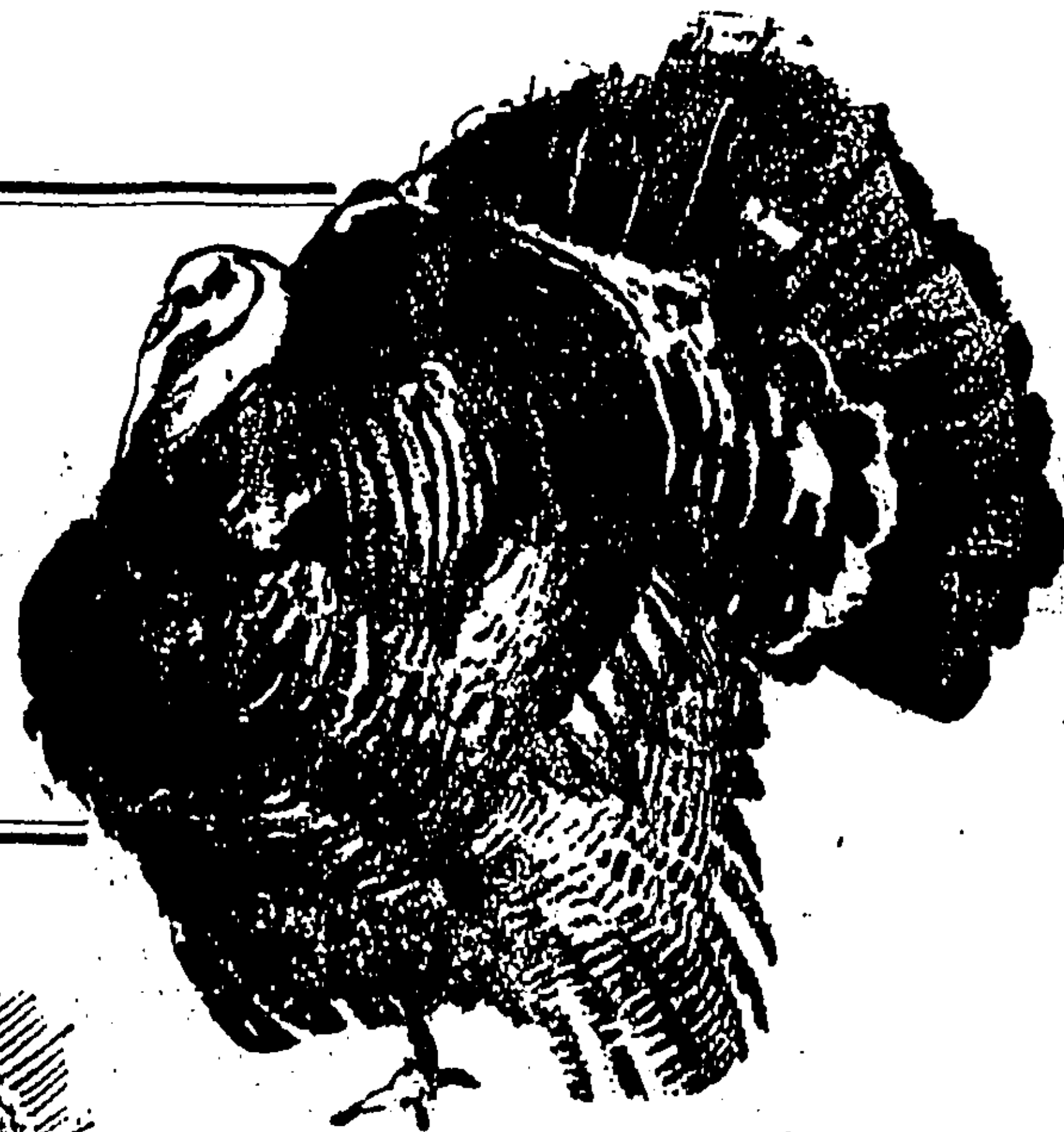
Tiptoing noiselessly round the bedstead and holding the dripping knife ready to strike again if necessary, she peered derisively down into the blonde lady's face. Frozen with horror and unable to move a limb or utter a sound, Bill, in his hiding place, watched. At length, apparently satisfied the blonde was asleep, the murderess made for the dressing table, and picking up the necklace thrust it in her bosom.

At that moment there was a slight noise close beside Bill. What caused it he did not know. It might have been the wind, a mouse—anything. The murderess heard it too.

Darting to the curtains, she pulled them aside. Bill made a frantic effort to break the spell that still held him limp and tongue-tied. He could do nothing. Outside the snow was falling; faster than ever and the wind blew the flakes against the window panes with increasing vigour. Save for the slight noise this made everywhere was deathly still. Bill never forgot that stillness; there was something so weird and unusual about it. The woman stood, with her ugly, sinister face thrust forward, her eyes full of evil mockery mooking at his terror and inability to defend himself. Raising the keen knife, her lips wreathed in a cruel smile, she paused, gloating at his suspense, and then with a swift, sudden action, she stabbed. Bill felt an awful, agonising pain, and then all was a blank. He came back to consciousness, to find himself lying, nearly buried in snow, in the very spot in the area where he had fallen and bumped his head.

Fuzzled beyond words, for it had all seemed too real and vivid to be a dream, he staggered to his feet, and discovered he had no cap. It must have dropped off. The answer came when she

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**NO** Christmas party would really be complete without its par-tour magician. There will always come the moment when his performance will be eagerly welcomed as an aid to the general entertainment.

The guest who has a little repertoire of simple tricks of magic will be the most popular man in the room.

The tricks can be of the simplest kind—indeed, the less elaborate they are the more the bewilderment and the greater the fun. Those I am going to describe here have all been chosen because they require no other articles of apparatus than those found in daily use and require little preparation.

What they do require, of course, is a little practice. Given that, and a little well-thought-out accompanying patter, the tricks I have selected will be found very effective indeed.

Let us start with cards. Here's a first-class trick which is thoroughly mystifying to the audience, and which will be found remarkably easy to perform.

Taking a pack of cards, you give them a thorough shuffle and then hand the pack round to two or three members of the company also to shuffle. That should convince everyone that it is impossible for you to have the slightest idea where any particular card is placed in the pack when the shuffling is completed.

Regaining the cards, you put them, without another glance, in a small box which is fitted with a lid. This you close. Then, with a hearty thump on the top of the box you announce that you know quite well what the top card of the pack is. "It's the seven of spades," you say with assurance, at the same time opening the box and picking out the top card, which you display to your audience. They will see with astonishment that sure enough it is the seven of spades.

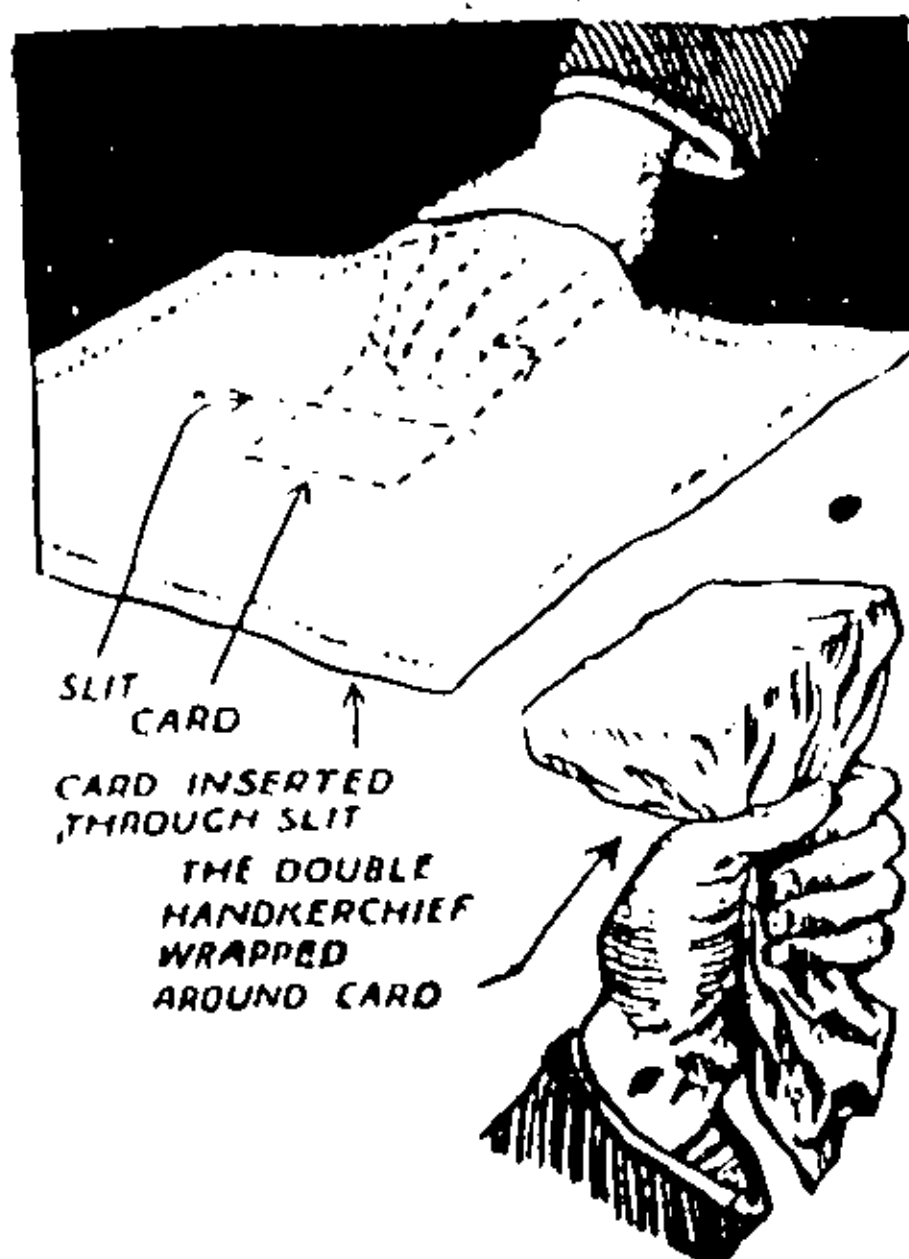
#### Thought-Reading Powers

You pick four or five other cards from the top of the boxed pack, and spread them fanwise on the table, still, of course, face downwards. You name each card without a glance at its face, afterwards showing it to the audience to prove you are right. And you are absolutely.

## CARDS, COINS and CORKS

By Bruce Keane

It's very baffling, and yet all very simple. That box has a false lid. Between it and the real lid you will have concealed beforehand five or six cards, the values and order of which you have memorised. The thump you give



Disappearing Card.

the box will knock down the dummy lid, putting the concealed cards at the top of the pack in the order you have arranged them.

And all you have to do is to pick them from the box one at a time and announce their values—with your eyes shut, if you like.

Here's an excellent card trick—for which the little preparation that is necessary will be found well worth while.

That preparation consists of sewing two ordinary pocket handkerchiefs together round the edges, and then cutting a neat slit, just wide enough to take a playing card, in the centre of one of them.

What you are going to do is to make a card disappear. You accordingly display to your audience a card you have already selected, and then place it under the double handkerchief.

Your audience, of course, does not suspect for an instant that it is any other than an ordinary single handkerchief. Nor, if you do it adroitly enough—as you will with a little practice—will they notice you slip the card through the slit, which is on the underside of the double handkerchief.

Once you have the card through the slit you wrap the double handkerchief completely about it, bunching the ends of the fabric so that the shape of the card can be plainly seen. You can even get some one to hold it, so that they can feel the card is still there.

Then, taking hold of a corner of the fabric, you bid the holder to release the card. As soon as he does so you flourish the handkerchief in the air.

The card will seem to have vanished entirely. Throwing the handkerchief down apparently carelessly—but in a spot where it will escape examination—you then ask someone to look, say, under the hearthrug or in a drawer, or maybe under the clock. And there the card will be found.

Or rather, a duplicate, from an exactly similar pack, which you have quietly "planted" there a good deal earlier in the evening.

A third effective little card trick which I will now describe will, if properly carried out, convince your friends that you really possess thought-reading powers.

All you do is to put three little heaps of cards face downwards on the table. Then you ask a member of the audience to think hard about any one of the heaps he chooses. If, you explain, he concentrates hard enough, you

will be able to tell him just what heap he has in mind.

While he is in the throes of concentration you let your audience see you scribble something on a piece of paper with a pencil. Then you ask the man who has been concentrating just which heap he has had in mind.



Blow Sharply!

When he indicates it you smilingly point to the slip of paper and ask him to read aloud what you have written on it. He does so. "Your choice will be the five heap," he reads.

You then direct him to turn over the heap he has selected. He is startled to find it is a five heap.

The truth is that it was bound to be. One of the three heaps, which you will carefully have arranged beforehand, consists of five cards; the second consists of the four fives—the five of each suit; and the third of an ace and a pair of twos.

Each of the heaps, in short, would answer the description of a five heap. Take care, of course, to shuffle up the cards as soon as the trick is completed.

Now for some tricks with coins.

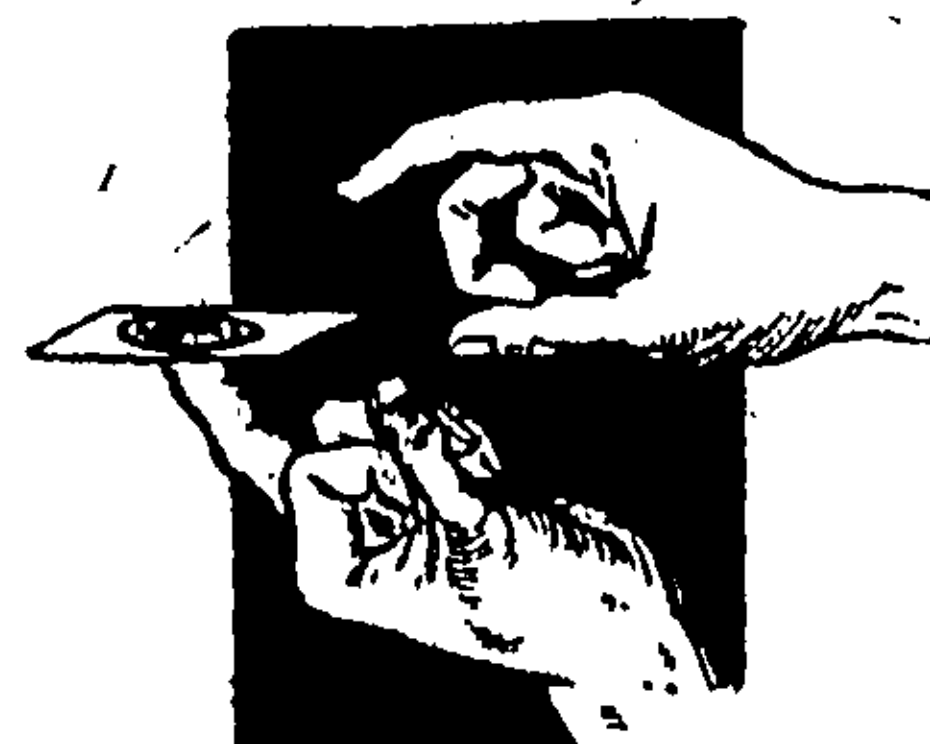
These, too, can be very simple, yet very effective.

#### Jumping Sixpence

Take this one of making a six-penny piece jump out from under a shilling without touching either coin. It's not nearly so difficult as it sounds, once you have the knack, and a little practice will soon give you that.

You take an empty wine-glass, drop the sixpence into it, and the shilling on top. You challenge any of your audience to get the sixpence without touching either of the coins or the glass itself.

It's a challenge that won't be taken up. Then you proceed to do



Just a flick.

it yourself. What you do is to bend down towards the glass and blow as hard as you can, not directly on to the shilling, but a little to one side.

And to the surprise of everyone the shilling will spin over, and as it does so flick the sixpence into the air and out of the glass.

Quite simple, too, after you have practised it, is this little trick with a penny. It is one that will captivate any children in your audience.

Holding up the middle finger of your left hand, you carefully balance on your finger tip a cigarette card. On top of that you place a penny, taking care to ensure that it is resting absolutely centrally over the finger tip.

What you set out to do now is to remove the cigarette card without disturbing the penny. Everyone will declare it just cannot be done.

But it can. This is the way. You just give the card a sharp flick, using the thumb and middle finger of the right hand. And the card will just fly right away, leaving the penny in position on the tip of your finger.

(Continued on Page 15)

## THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT!

### No. 1. HAMPER

- 1 quart Lanson Champagne
- 1 " Gordon's Dry Gin
- 1 " Black & White Whisky

**\$20.00**

### No. 2. HAMPER

- 1 quart Lanson Dry Champagne
- 1 " Black & White Whisky
- 1 " Gordon's Dry Gin
- 1 " Hunt's Manzanilla Sherry

**\$25.00**

### No. 3. HAMPER

- 1 quart Lanson Dry Champagne
- 1 " Black & White Whisky
- 1 " Gordon's Dry Gin
- 1 " Hunt's Vino de Pasto Sherry
- 1 " Sandeman's One Star Port
- 1 pint Gordon's Creme de Menthe

**\$35.00**

### No. 4. HAMPER

- 1 quart Lanson Dry Champagne
- 1 " Black & White Whisky
- 1 " Gordon's Dry Gin
- 1 " Courvoisier Three Star Brandy
- 1 " Hunt's Old Brown Sherry
- 1 " Hunt's Full Rich Port
- 1 " Pommard Burgundy
- 1 " Sauterne White Wine
- 1 " Gordon's Sloe Gin
- 1 pint Gordon's Creme de Menthe

**\$55.00**

### No. 5. HAMPER

- 1 quart V.C.P. Champagne
- 1 " Black & White Whisky
- 1 " Gordon's Dry Gin
- 1 " Courvoisier V.O. Brandy
- 1 " Sandeman Brown Bang Sherry
- 1 " Sandeman Partner Port
- 1 " Sauterne White Wine
- 1 " Pommard Burgundy
- 1 " Laubenheimer Hock
- 1 " Margeaux Claret
- 1 " Gordon's Rum Shrub
- 1 pint Gordon's Creme de Menthe

**\$70.00**

SPECIAL HAMPERS MADE TO CUSTOMERS' REQUIREMENTS

**DODWELL & CO., LTD.**





Hundreds of houses in England are left in the undisturbed possession of ghosts—left because these ghosts had tried beyond endurance the nerves of the people who had once lived there.

The ghost thus is a public menace. You buy an old house and you may find its peace upset by something out of the grisly past. Others may scoff and laugh, but you know that something is brooding under your roof which strikes terror in the hearts of your servants and makes your guests leave post-haste with impossible excuses. What are you going to do about it?

Nothing. You will suffer in silence because you do not wish to expose yourself to public ridicule and because you do not know that ghosts can be laid.

The ghost is in your house probably because he has nowhere else to go. He is anchored there and will not be dispossessed. It is still in his view, his own, and he considers you an intruder.

I agree that all this sounds fantastic nonsense. But there is nothing sensible about ghosts. There is only one practical way to deal with them. It is this:

Assume first that the manifestations are signs of the presence of a tormented soul; that the disturbance is an SOS from the dead. Then find out what is the nightmare from which the dead is suffering. Dissipate it, and with the nightmare the ghost will go.

Take a medium to the house, let him go into a trance and ask his "controls" for help. They will sense the trouble of your ghost, get hold of him and "push him" into the medium. Then you can talk to him direct.

I cannot assure you yet whether this practice is free from snags. I know, however, that it works.

The experimenter must cross-examine the possessing entity, who

must be told, if he does not know it, that he is making himself a nuisance, that the place belongs to him no more, that he is dead. If he does not believe you, let him look into the mirror. The shock of finding himself in a strange body will break the spell. He will stop suspecting or abusing you.

Tell him that he is the victim of a fancy of his own mind, that he should forswear vengeance if he harboured any, that he should pray for guidance. Pray with him if he cannot pray alone. You will find an increasing emotional response, and presently the ghost will slip out of the body of the medium—free. He may never disturb the house again.

Recently I had to deal with two bad cases of haunting.

An old manor house in Surrey was the scene of one. The ghost walked, knocked and appeared in a form so solid that the owners of the house—a man and his wife—took him for an intruding tramp. Independently they challenged him and answered his idiotic leer by hitting him. The man crashed to the floor and fainted. His wife tore her hand on the lintel of the door in front of which the ghost stood, and she then fled in panic.

I waited up for three nights hoping to meet the ghost and finally, through the help of a famous trance medium, I got hold of him and had an interview more poignant with drama than any scene I ever witnessed.

The medium grew cataleptic. Then a dreadful change came over her. Her cheeks sank in, her chin dropped, her face became distorted and hideous. It was the face of a tormented man whom pain had deprived of his reason.

I beckoned to the owners of the house to step forward. The man, visibly shaken, declared that the face was the exact image of the ghost. His wife almost collapsed.

By dint of much persuasion, the

# Do You Believe In Ghosts?

ghost began to articulate. He threw himself on his knees and cried for mercy. He seized my hand in a terrific grip. I cried out in pain. For two days after-

## Asks Dr. NANDOR FODOR

wards my hand was swollen, and it hurt for two weeks. Using strange and mediaeval forms of speech which were hard to follow, the ghost gradually told his story. Betrayed by Buckingham nearly 400 years ago, he was imprisoned, maimed and murdered, and was still seeking vengeance on Buckingham.

He could not believe he was dead. I fought and argued with him, and finally, for the sake of his wife and son, he agreed to forswear his vengeance. Almost immediately he cried: "Hold me! Hold me! I am slipping!" The next moment he was gone and the medium's consciousness returned.

There are many things about the story which have yet to be verified. But I have the assurance of the man in the house that he now enjoys undisturbed possession.

The second recent ghost-laying

adventure took me to Yorkshire. An SOS came from an ancient country house the name of which I am not at liberty to disclose. Old-fashioned wire bells, which require a strong pull and cannot be short-circuited by wires touching or by mice and rats ring intermittently for five days.

Two days after the bells started ringing, an apparition was seen—independently by two servants—bending over an ancient cradle. I found the owners of the house extremely level-headed, intelligent people. There seemed nothing wrong with the bells, and my questioning of the five servants left me satisfied that a genuine mystery confronted me. I was accompanied by a well-known London trance medium. I expected to hear, through her, of one ghost, but found instead that I had to deal with three.

One ghost followed the cradle which belonged to her child. The child was taken from her to be used as a substitute in a Court intrigue and she was imprisoned. She got away, without realising that it was by death, and was still seeking her child.

The second ghost was a woman who lived in or near the house and had poisoned her husband and killed her child.

The third ghost was a deformed boy who was earth-bound because of arrested mental development. It was this boy who rang the bells.

As the ghosts unburdened themselves, a change came about in their mental condition. The pall of darkness which enveloped them

seemed to be lightened.

In a vision, the deformed boy saw his mother and father beckoning for him in a beautiful garden; a nurse came for the mother who lost her child by Court intrigue; and the poisoner was swept out of her state of despair after a passionate prayer.

I cannot yet tell how much of these strange stories might be verified by historic research. Neither can I prove that these ghosts were responsible for disturbing the peace of the house, nor even that they have been laid.

At the best, I could only prove by indirect methods that I was in contact with something beyond our ken.

The ghost of the woman poisoner wrote down her name when I pushed a piece of paper under the medium's hand.

Back in London I handed this paper to a well-known woman, of whose psychic powers I have a high opinion. Without reading the paper, she placed it on her forehead and passed into a state of abstraction. In the course of this, to my surprise, she gave me a number of visual symbols and phrases which were bewildering nonsense to her, but which fully applied to the story as told by the ghost.

It was a strange occurrence, but it made me lean strongly towards the assumption that I was in touch with grimmer realities than the medium's own power of dramatisation.

## CARDS, COINS AND CORKS

(Continued from Page 14.)

It's easy to make a sixpenny piece do what you tell it to do—when you know the secret.

What you require for this trick is a table cloth, a tumbler, and two shilling pieces as well as the sixpence. Then you are equipped for an entertaining little demonstration.

First of all you place the shillings on the cloth, just far enough apart to allow the rim of the tumbler, placed upside down, to stand between them.

Before you place the tumbler you put the sixpence just halfway between the two shillings. Then you ask your audience whether they think it possible to move the sixpence without touching either the glass or the other two coins.

It will indeed seem impossible, but you will proceed to do it. It's really quite simple. All you do is to scratch the cloth with your finger nails. The sixpence will then move either towards or away from you.

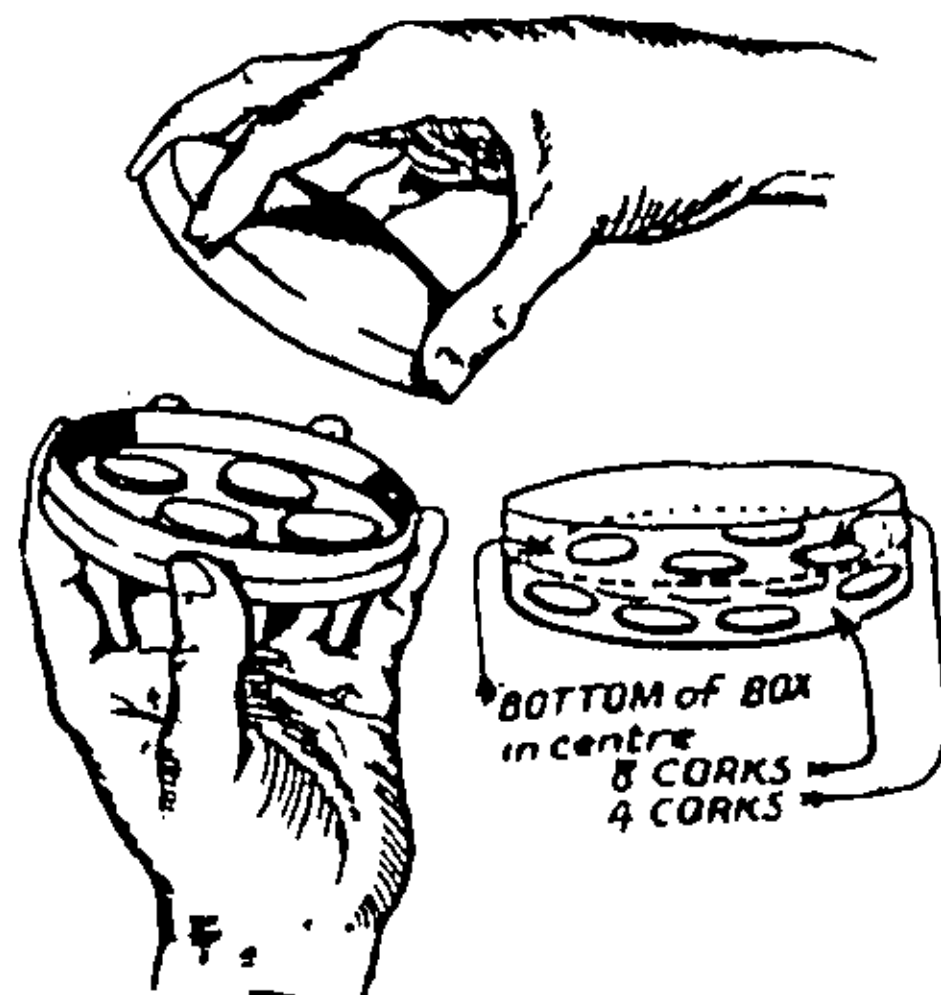
### Can You Multiply?

Quite a baffling trick with corks can be performed if there is a little careful preparation.

In this trick you show a small circular wooden box. Into this you place four pieces of cork and slip on the lid. Then you make a few mysterious passes over the box, remove the lid—and show the interior. To the astonishment of everyone the four corks have become eight.

You then replace the lid, make some more passes, and once more remove the lid. The eight corks have diminished to four once again.

Startling, yet really quite simple. The box really has two lids, and the bottom of the box is really in the middle. The four corks rest in the top half of the box, the eight in the bottom. Which quantity is produced to the gaze of the audience depends on which lid is removed. All you have to do to change the four into eight is adroitly to turn the box upside



With a Double Bottom.

down, turning it back again when you want to turn the eight into four again.

## LAST MINUTE WRINKLES

Crackers give that little "extra" look to your Christmas table.

Holly, if obtainable, is always welcome.

Remove all trussings from Christmas poultry before serving.

icing on the Christmas cake can best be "bored" for candles by doing it with a HOT gimlet.

Serve your Christmas cocktails ICE-COLD.

Tune your Radio beforehand, then there will be no delays.

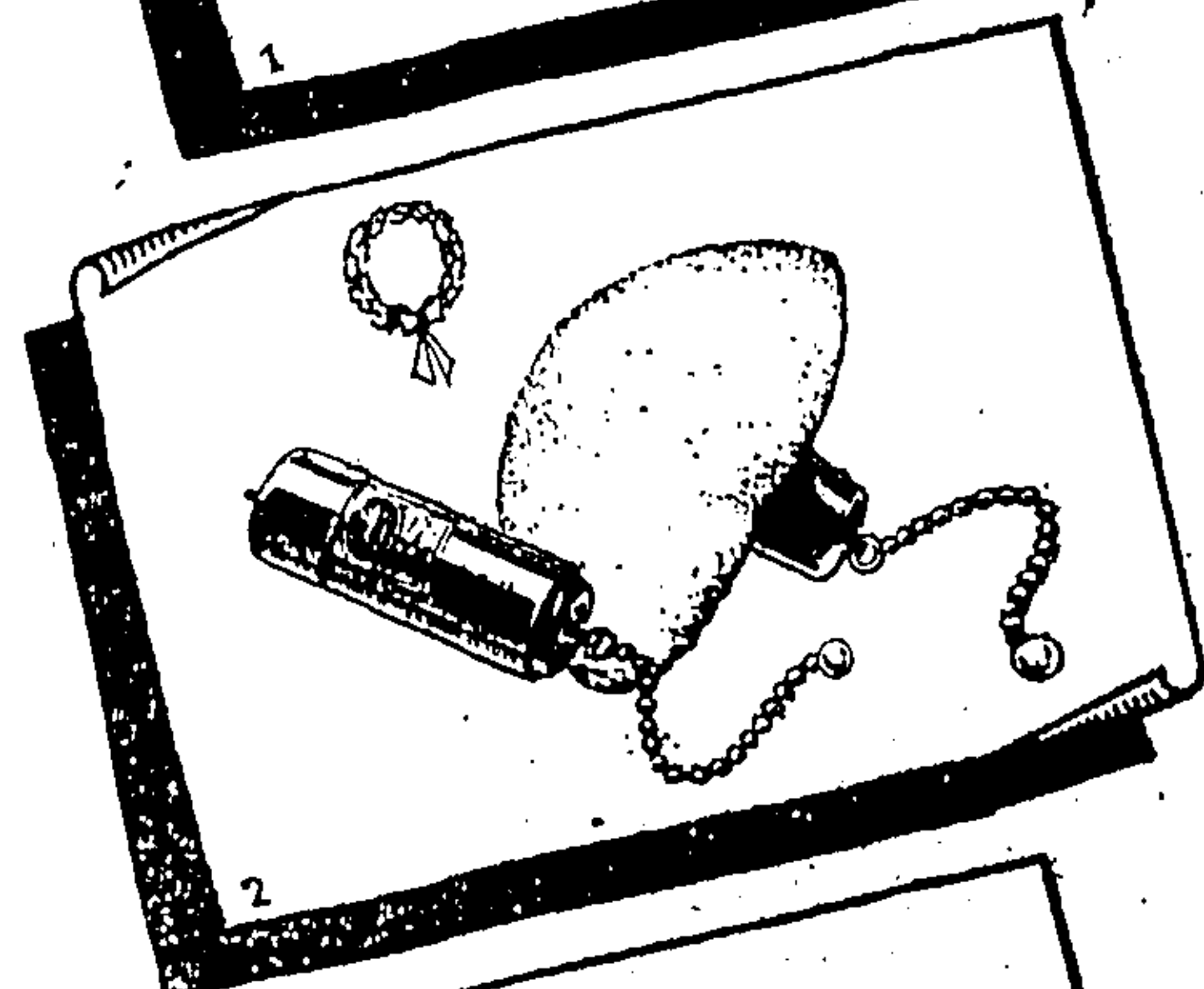
Make sure that all your wine is opened and decanted before it is wanted for use.

Always POLISH your table fruit with a dry glass-cloth—it looks better when this is done.

Soda-water is handy to have by one for the sparkling dilution of "soft" drinks. Some of your guests may not care for alcoholic drinks.

## Gift Suggestions

Choose your gifts where choosing is easy—where the selection is the largest in the city! Come to Wing On's! You'll find the right gift for everyone—here are a few suggestions:



1. You'll find the right writing point to suit every person on your list from Esterbrook—the only fountain pen that provides a choice of 18 Re-New-Point styles for every hand.

Fountain Pen \$5.75 and up.

Pen and Pencil set \$11.50 and up.

2. Give a gift that's practical—the kind of a gift that she would buy for herself. Give a new "Pixie" Powder Puff—a full size puff that can be carried in the smallest evening bag.

3. Give a specially arranged basket of fruit this year—it's a gift that is always sure of a welcome!

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# Stirring Things Up

WHEN Mrs. Stork invited Mr. Monk to a Christmas party, he was rather surprised, for Mrs. Stork was not in the habit of giving parties of any kind. She would go anywhere and join in any fun provided by her friends, but no one had ever heard of Mrs. Stork going to the trouble of throwing a party in her own house.

"Come early, and bring a friend with you," said Mrs. Stork.

"Thanks—I will," agreed Mr. Monk, more and more astonished.

"Bring your toothbrushes and stay the night," added Mrs. Stork. "I shall be having a few friends in on Christmas Eve, Mr. Hippo is coming, and two nice young Spoonbills who sing and dance."

"Fancy me dancing with a Spoonbill!" exclaimed Mr. Monk.

"Well, you'll have to do your bit," said Mrs. Stork. "We're going to make 'whoopie', we're going to stir things up."

"Don't forget to stir up the mincemeat and the Christmas pudding," said Mr. Monk, as an afterthought.

"No, and don't you teach me how to throw a party!" said Mrs. Stork, who seemed rather touchy.

Mr. Monk saw he was treading on sacred ground, so he just waved a paw and told Mrs. Stork she could certainly expect him and his friend early on Christmas Eve. After leaving Mrs. Stork, Mr. Monk hurried to a friend's house to pass on Mrs. Stork's invitation.

The friend Mr. Monk intended to take with him to Mrs. Stork's party was Jumbo the elephant. He knew that Jumbo had been left out of a good many parties on account of his size, and Mr. Monk was determined that his elephant friend should have a

good time for once—in a while. They both set off in good-time to Mrs. Stork's house. Jumbo put some holly in his hat-band to give himself a festive appearance, and Mr. Monk carried a bunch of mistletoe to be put to good use at the party.

Jumbo walked very quickly, it was almost a trot, and Mr. Monk had some difficulty in keeping the pace. "Not so fast!" he said. "There's plenty of time."

"It's those new boots you are wearing," said Jumbo. "I don't know anyone who can walk properly in new boots."

"Maybe you are right," retorted Mr. Monk, "but you don't expect me to go to a party in old boots, surely."

"I don't wear boots myself,"

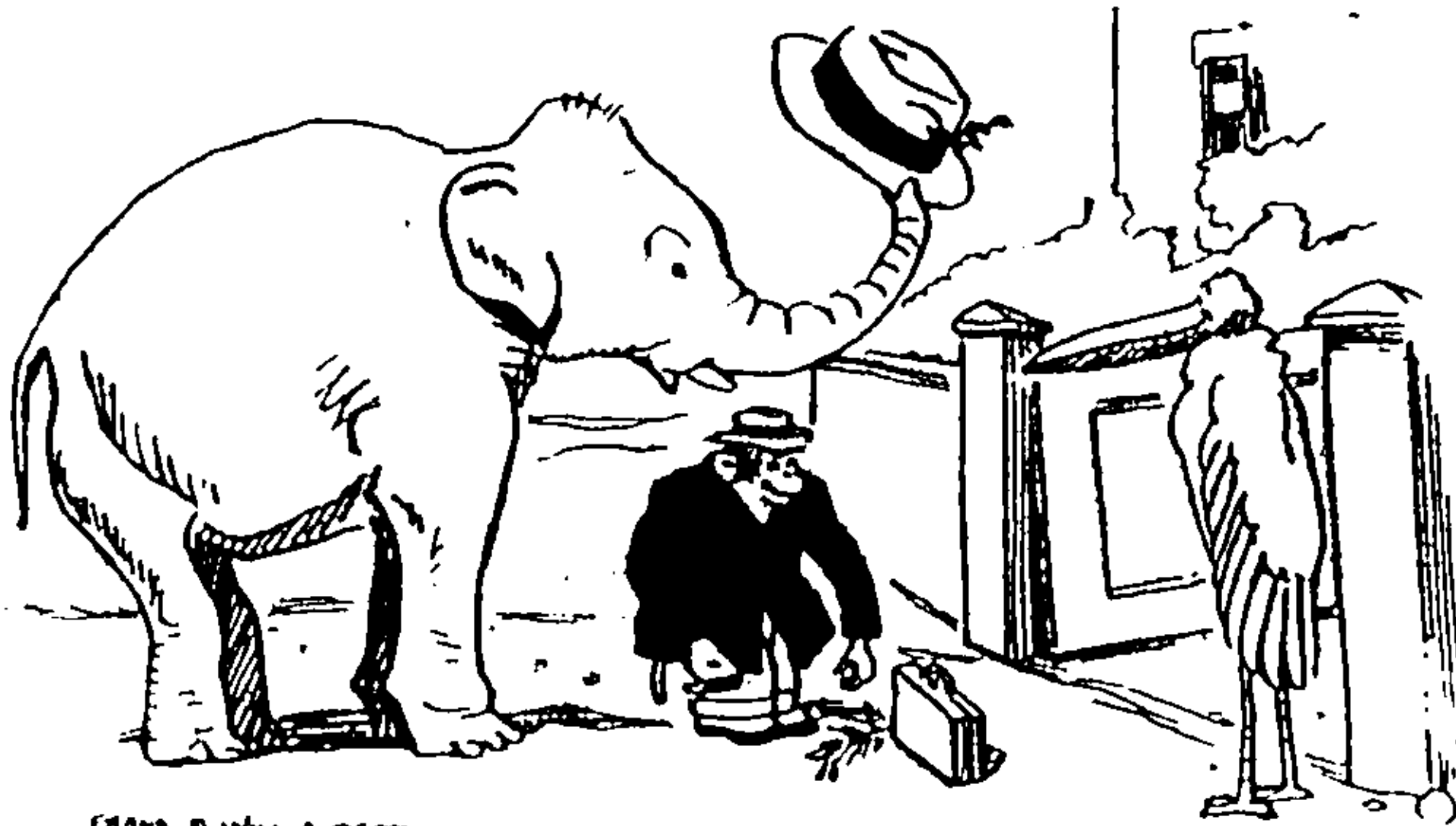
said Jumbo, "so I don't know anything about it."

Mr. Monk thought his friend ought to be wearing a pair of boots on this occasion, but he didn't like to say so. He got Jumbo to carry the week-end case for the rest of the journey, and this arrangement enabled them to move more rapidly.

At last they arrived at Mrs. Stork's little villa. She was standing at her gate waiting for them.

"My friend, Jumbo," said Mr. Monk, introducing the elephant. Jumbo remembered to raise his hat with his trunk.

"I didn't expect you to bring such a big boy friend," she cried. "I'm sure I don't know where I shall put him at bedtime, for I haven't a bed big enough to hold him."



JUMBO RAISED HIS HAT WITH HIS TRUNK.

Jumbo reached over the table with his trunk and picked up the cake, he opened his great mouth and popped the cake inside it.

A gasp of dismay came from everyone at the table, and Mr. Monk was obliged to say something to break the ominous silence which followed this lapse.

"I must apologise for my friend Jumbo," said Mr. Monk. "He is not used to Christmas parties, and is inclined to forget his manners."

The elephant gave a grunt of contempt. He was too tough to excuse himself. After that the supper fell rather flat, and Mrs. Stork was relieved when some of her guests said it was time they were getting ready to go home.

She remembered that Mr. Monk and Jumbo would be staying the night, and during the time her guests were saying goodbye and wishing her a Merry Christmas, she was racking her brain trying to think of somewhere for the elephant to sleep.

After the others had gone, Jumbo settled the question for himself. He picked up a big rug from the entrance hall and made his way through the open window to the garden.

"Where are you going?" shouted his hostess in alarm.

"I'm going to sleep on this rug under the roof of the wood shed," said Jumbo. "I shall be all right there, whether it snows or not." guests seemed to be doing just what they liked, and she was powerless to raise any objections.

"Tiddle off to bed," advised Mr. Monk, giving her a push with his foot. "I'll look after Jumbo."

"I'm so glad," said Mrs. Stork. "Yes, I will go to bed now, for I am tired."

"Don't open your bedroom window," said Mr. Monk.

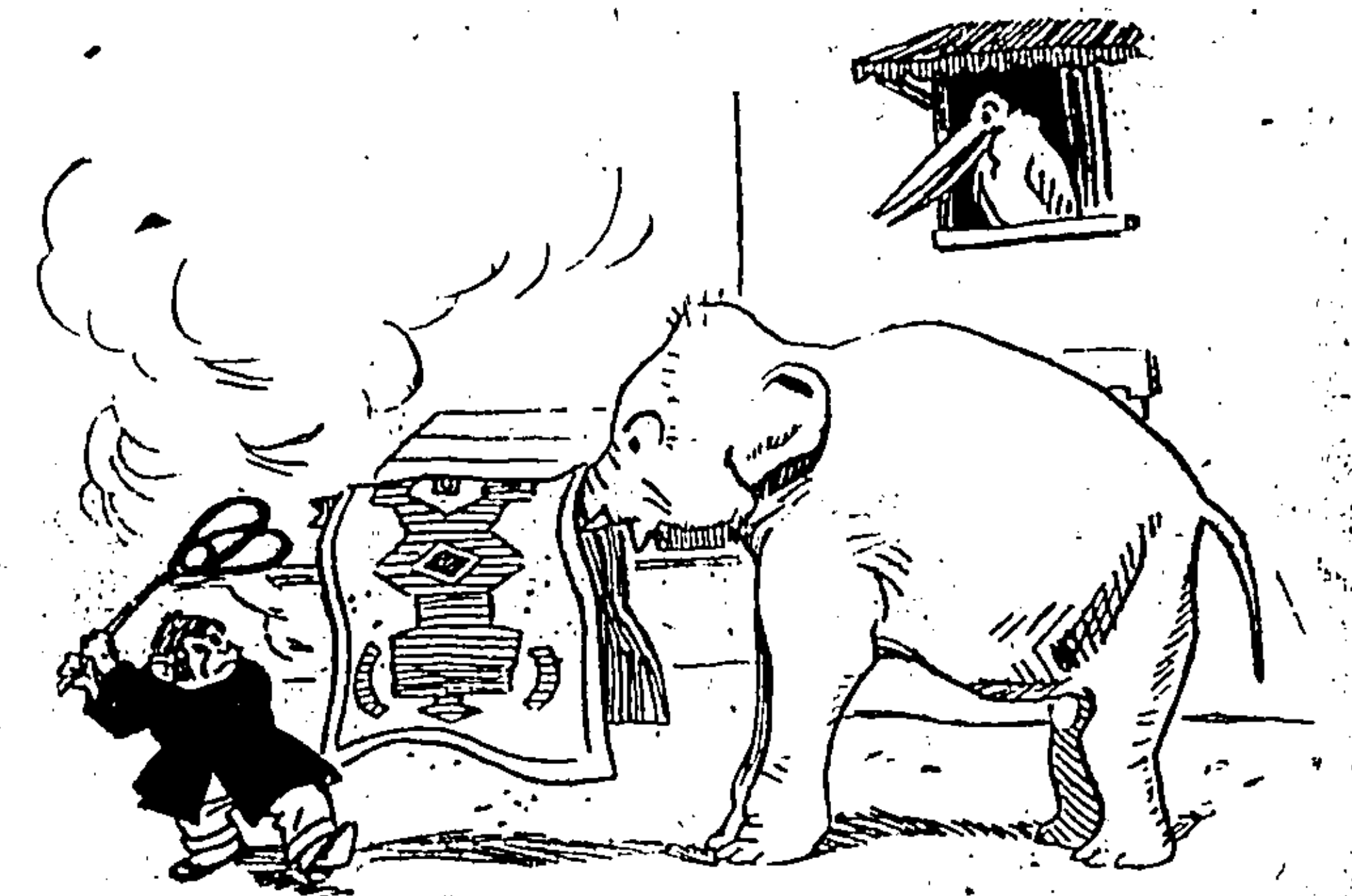
"Why not?" inquired his hostess wearily.

"Jumbo snores," said Mr. Monk, "enough said."

Mrs. Stork had hoped to sleep a little later than usual on Christmas morning, but soon after sunrise she heard an awful banging sound in the garden. In great haste she opened the window and looked out.

There was Jumbo with the hall rug hanging over his trunk and Mr. Monk was standing near. Mr. Monk soon became busy on the rug. He picked up a carpet beater and started to bang the dust out of it.

"What on earth are you trying to do?" bleated Mrs. Stork.



He picked up a carpet beater and started to bang the dust out of it.

parations for the event. Mrs. Stork was beginning to be sorry for herself already.

Mr. Monk noticed how pre-occupied she was, and he tried to reassure her. "Take it easy, we'll stir things up for you in a bit," he said. "Leave it to Jumbo and to me."

Jumbo tried to dance with one of the Spoonbills, but she complained that he was trying to choke her with his trunk.

Mr. Monk did better with the other bird, for they kept it up as long as there was any dance music on the radio. Then supper was served, and Mr. Monk had to confess he had never faced a more generous spread on anybody's table.

The behaviour of his elephant friend was his only regret. There was only one Christmas cake on the table, a splendid cake it was, with almond icing an inch thick and decorated with crystallised fruits.

"Just shaking the old rug before taking it inside the house," said Mr. Monk, looking rather hurt. "Is breakfast ready?"

Mrs. Stork had stood a deal from these two guests, but there is a limit even to a Stork's patience. "You are not staying here for breakfast," Mr. Monk, she said. "I'm stopping in bed for several hours yet, so you may consider your visit at an end."

"Do you mean that we have to buzz off?" exclaimed Mr. Monk, looking very astounded.

"I mean just that," said Mrs. Stork, closing her bedroom window with a convincing bang.

Mr. Monk turned to his friend Jumbo. "What do you think about that?" he said. "Can you beat it?"

"Forget it," said Jumbo. "Let's get a move on, I've to join a carol singing party this morning, it'll be more fun than beating carpets!"

[The End.]



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# YULETIDE PERPLEXITIES

by  
**MORLEY ADAMS**

If you're going to be the life and soul of the party this Christmas you'll want to be able to pose a problem with the best; if not, here's a good chance to brighten up the old grey matter with a teaser or three. Puzzles you'll enjoy solving, puzzles you'll enjoy setting in your turn, here's all the fun of the Christmas fare.

## Siesta

After three helpings of turkey and four of Christmas pudding, followed by nuts, fruit, sweets and fizzy ginger beer, Bert was in no mood for violent exercise, so he settled down with a book to wait for the inevitable convulsions.

He soon dozed off, and after his meal he had some vivid dreams. Illustrated in the picture are some of the many things he dreamed about. Curiously enough, the letters in the names of these objects can be rearranged to form the name of the book Bert was reading and the name of its author. The figures indicate the number of letters in the names of the objects.



See if you can discover what Bert was reading.

## Puzzling Letter

"I'm writing a letter to Auntie about the Christmas party we went to yesterday," said Jack, "and just for fun I've written figures instead of some of the words. Each figure represents a letter and if the letters are arranged in the order 1234567890 they make a word something to do with building a house. Do you think she'll be able to solve it? She likes puzzles."

"It's not so very hard," said Jill. Here's a portion of the letter. See if you can discover the words in the letter, and the keyword.

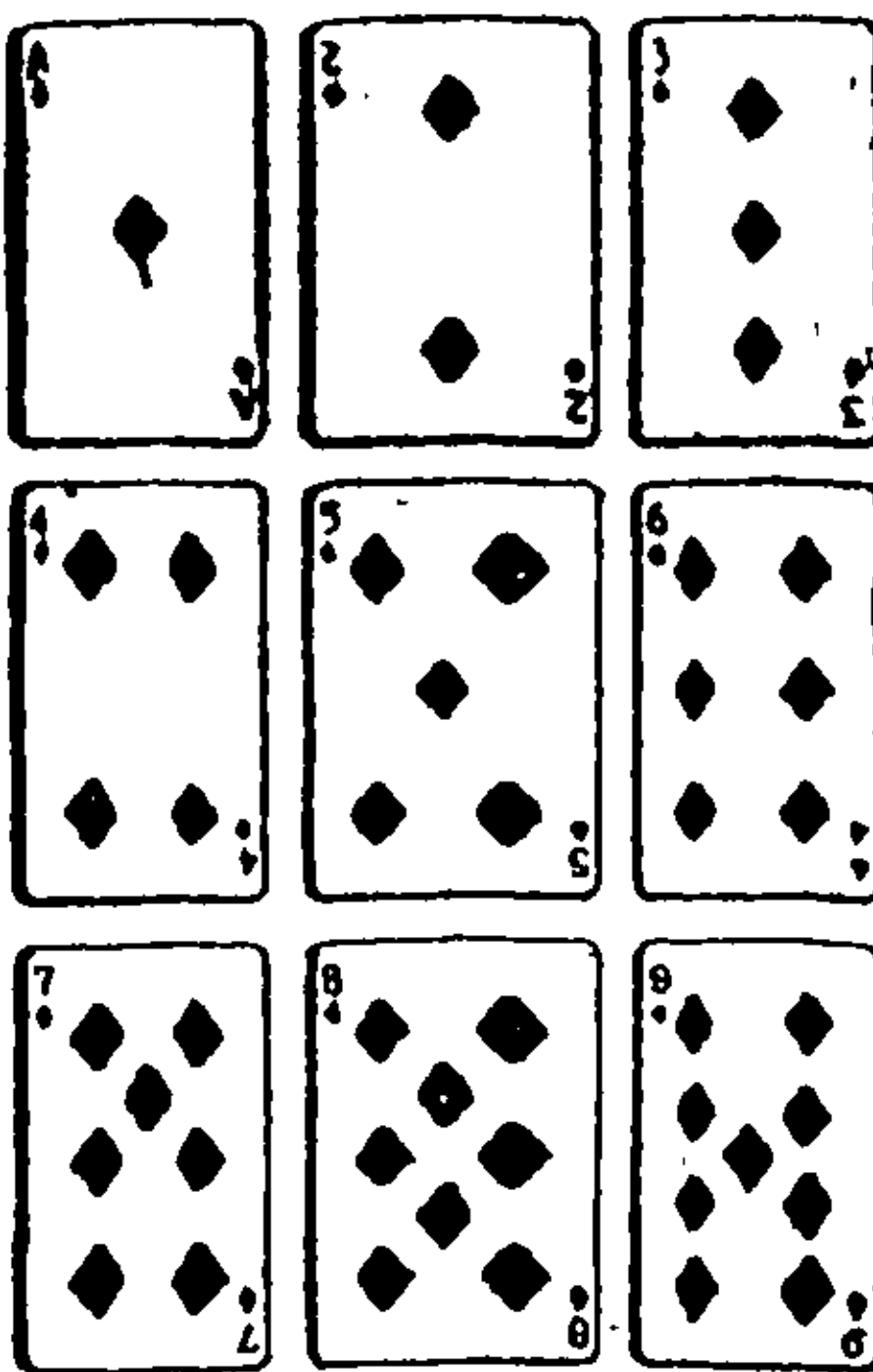
"After tea Uncle 679645 suggested games and we made a 45375 with 'Postman's Knock,' which made 322 the 08724 080026, especially my 484567 30964. Charades followed and kept our 89567645 for a long time, 311632890 34 85 does to those who like acting. The other games were obviously a 457389 on Uncle,

but he was 34 30826 34 any. The party finished with the 4890890 of 'Auld Lang Syne,' and we thanked our host for a very 12634395 and 095675389890 evening."

## Card Trickery

"Patience, Hey?" cried Smart Alec, intruding on a hitherto-peaceful game. "Nothing like a game of patience, eh, what?"

"The whisky's in the dining-



room," snapped Great-aunt Maria, who doesn't like to have a bout of patience disturbed.

"S'funny thing," persisted Smart Alec; "I see you've put cards valued 1 to 9 on the table. You've only got to exchange the

positions of three pairs of cards to make a simple addition sum. The third row will prove to be the total of the first two rows if calculated like a simple addition sum carrying forward the tens to the next column."

"Will you go away!" cried Great-aunt Maria, which is a way great-aunts have, but all the same she sat down and did solve the puzzle.

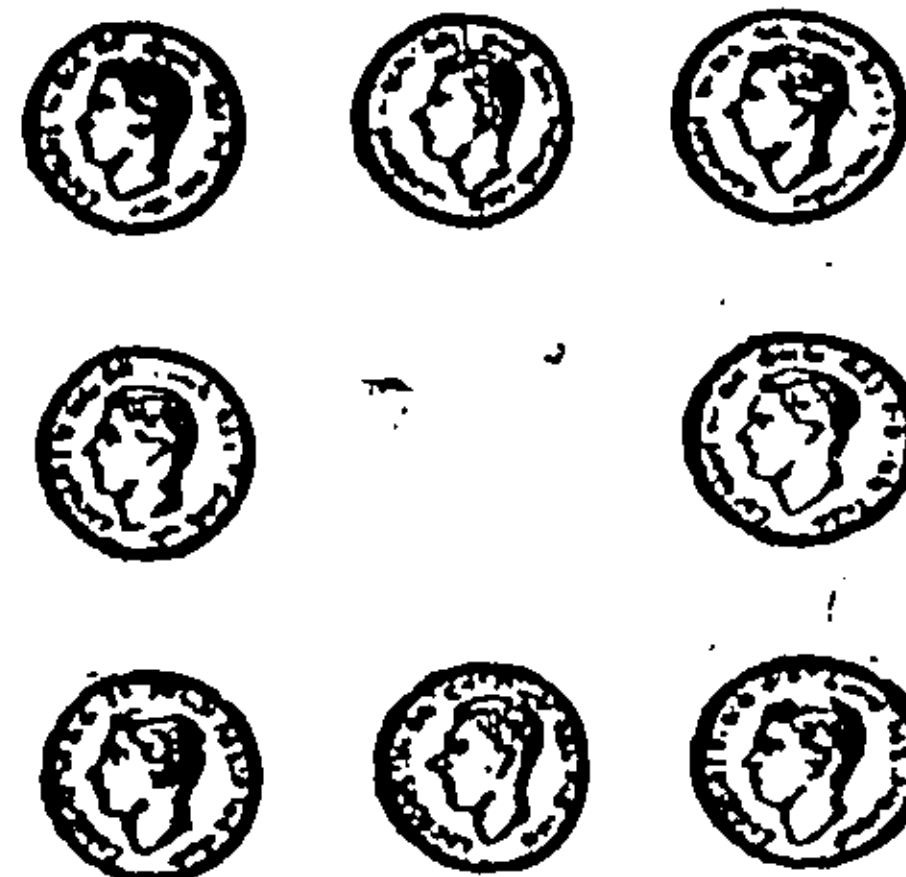
Can you make the three exchanges?

## Crackerjack

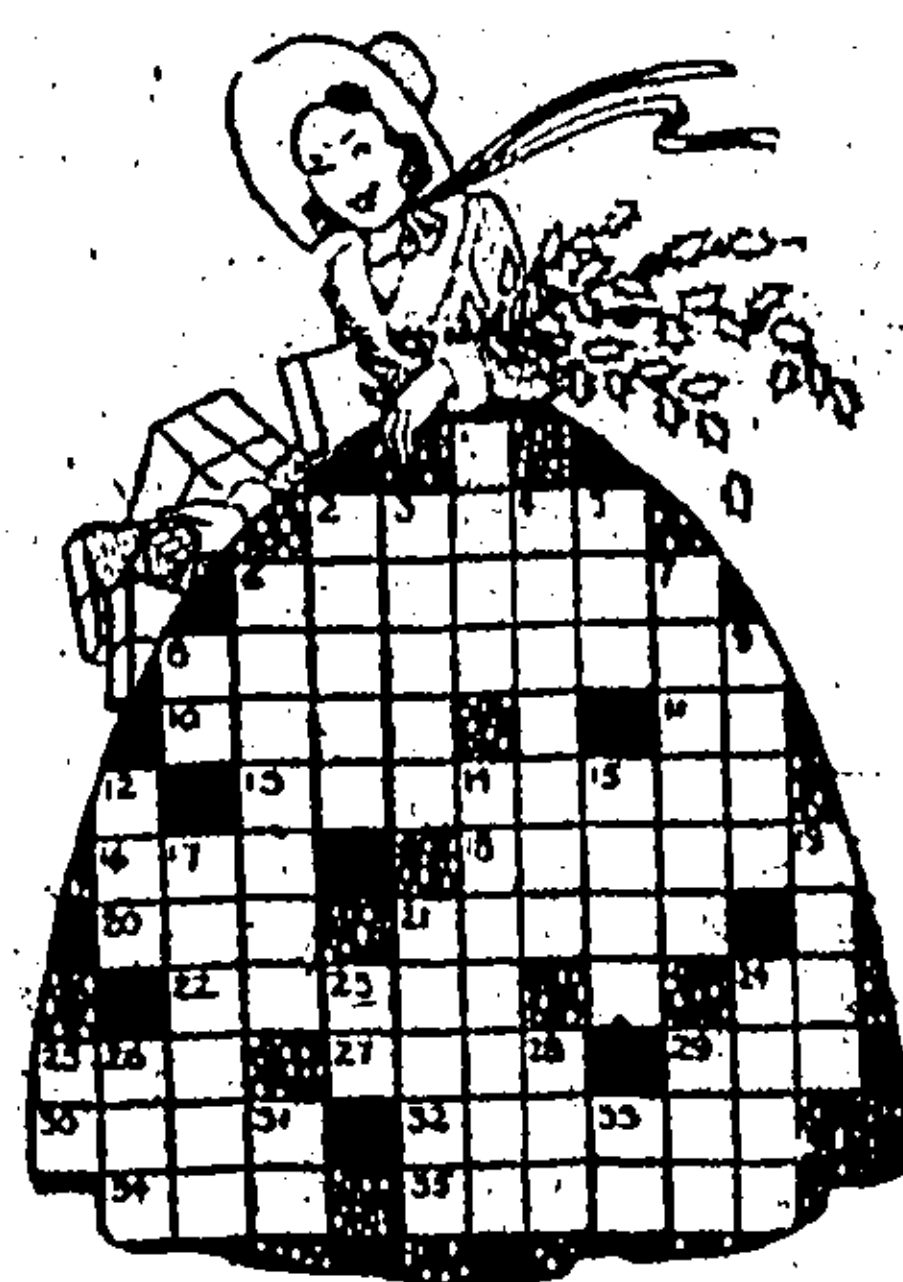
"Well, that's good I've got exactly 50 crackers," said Jack. "I did have five boxes of them, but some out of each box have been used. Now let's see, in the Red box and the Blue box together there are 27 crackers, in the Blue box and the Green box there are 19 crackers, in the Green box and the Yellow box there are 13 crackers, while the total number of crackers in the Yellow and Orange boxes is 19 again. Now, I wonder if you can tell me how many crackers there are in each box?"

## A Quick One

This ought not to keep you long. It's a test of your smartness. Arrange eight pennies on four sides of a square as shown. Now, what is the largest number of coins you



can remove so that those remaining total the same amount on each of the four sides? There's only one other condition: you must not remove all the coins.



## Yule-Tide Crossword

CLUES  
ACROSS

2. Christmas song.
6. Crown.
8. Foretells weather.
10. Mohammedan leader.
11. Negative.
13. Divisions of army.
16. Part of foot.
18. Precious stones.
20. Make a mistake.
21. Boxes.
22. Very pale.
24. Short "thanks."
25. Human being.
27. Wise men came from.
29. Peer.
30. Outer rim.
32. Evening party.
34. Lair.
35. Come out.

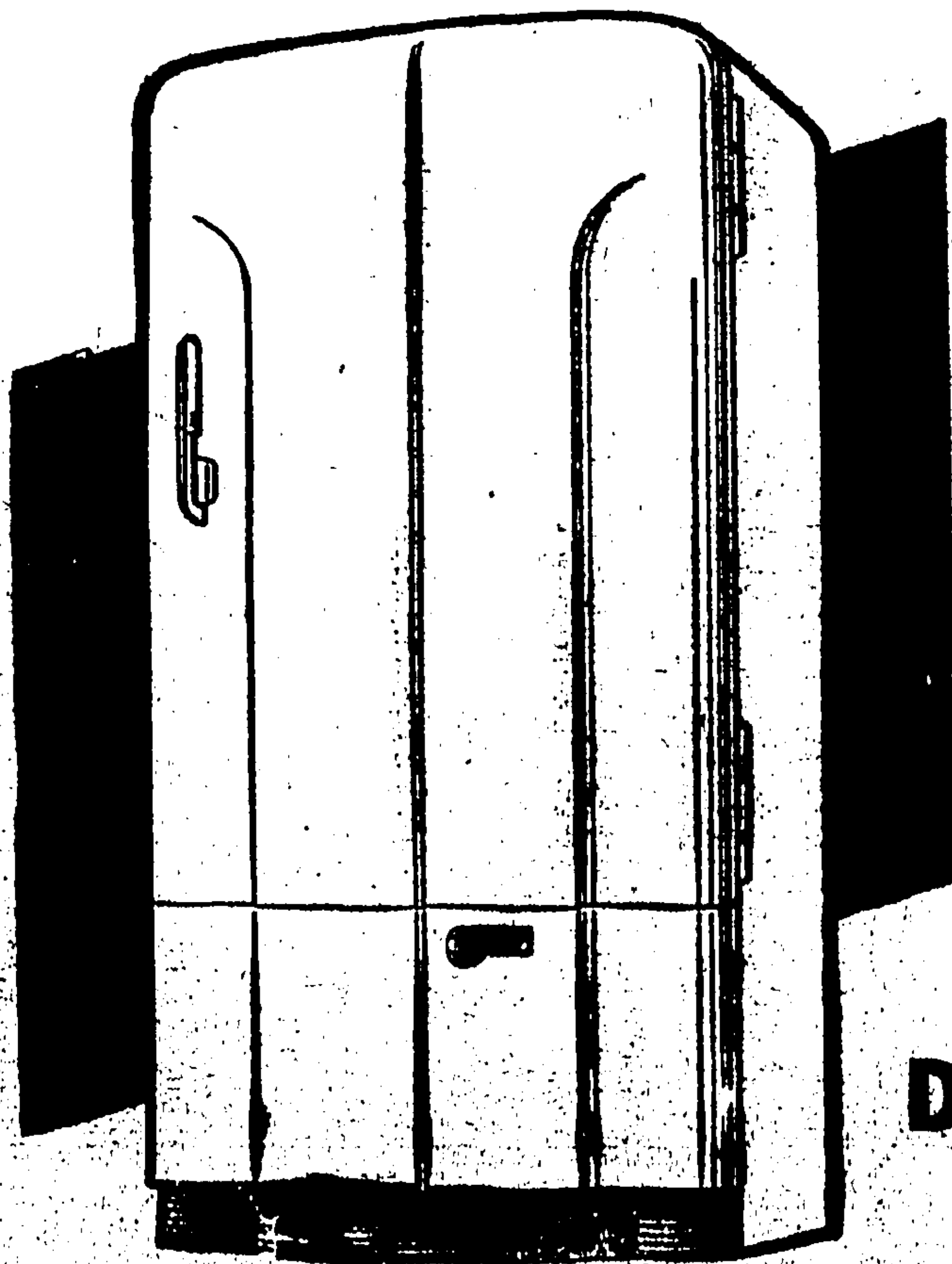
DOWN

1. Away.
2. Sea substance.
3. Fragrance.
4. Heavy.
5. Allow.
6. Open air "fans."
7. Popular game.
8. Curtain "bit."
9. Flower.
12. Consumed.
14. Horizontal beam.
15. Do what one is told.
17. Juicy fruit.
19. Remain.
21. Stop.
23. Pronoun.
24. Usually fir at Christmas.
25. Myself.
26. Total.
28. Often man's Christmas gift.
29. Wooden pin.
31. Curtain "end."
33. Red Rufus (initials).

(Continued on Page 18)

# Westinghouse

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Of course you wouldn't, because you know that it would destroy the delicate enamel of your teeth. And yet you may be using a harsh tooth-cleaner which is doing just that to your teeth!

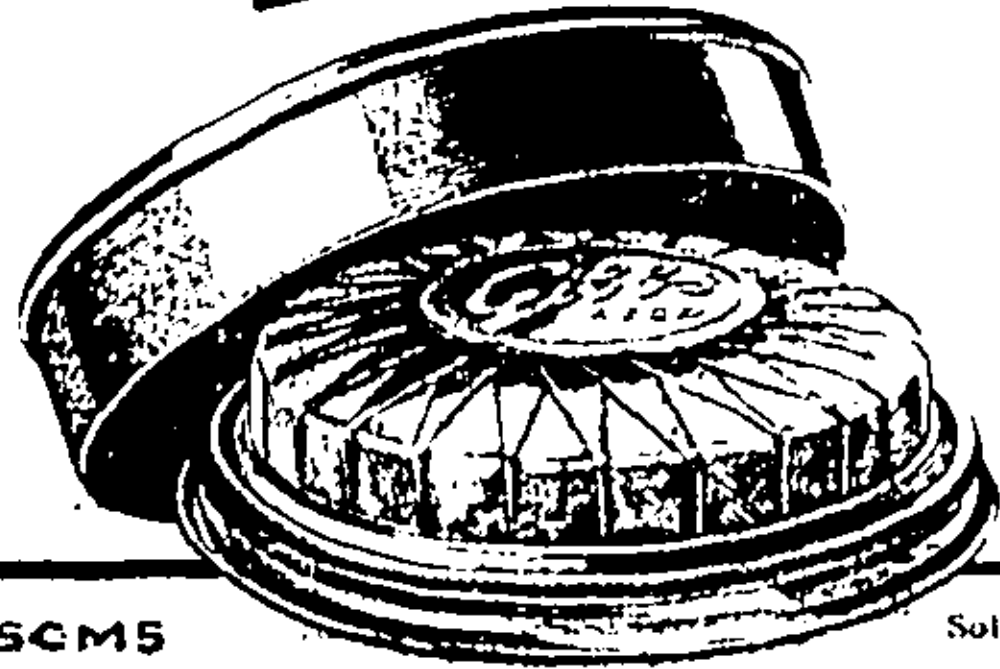
**HARSH TOOTH-CLEANERS HAVE THE SAME EFFECT AS A FILE—** they scratch and roughen the teeth, which soon lose their lustre. Keep your teeth bright and smooth with Gibbs Dentifrice. It contains a

special ingredient which polishes the teeth brilliantly and can never scratch. Even after using Gibbs Dentifrice for only two or three days you will see a difference—your teeth will gleam! In addition, its penetrating foam will keep them thoroughly clean and healthy, and make your mouth feel fresh. In fact Gibbs is the most thorough, though the most gentle, dentifrice you can buy.

Give your teeth a **SHINE**

with

**Gibbs**  
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Sole Agents: John D. Hutchison & Co., Hong Kong.

## YULETIDE PERPLEXITIES

(Continued from Page 17.)

### Christmas Shopping

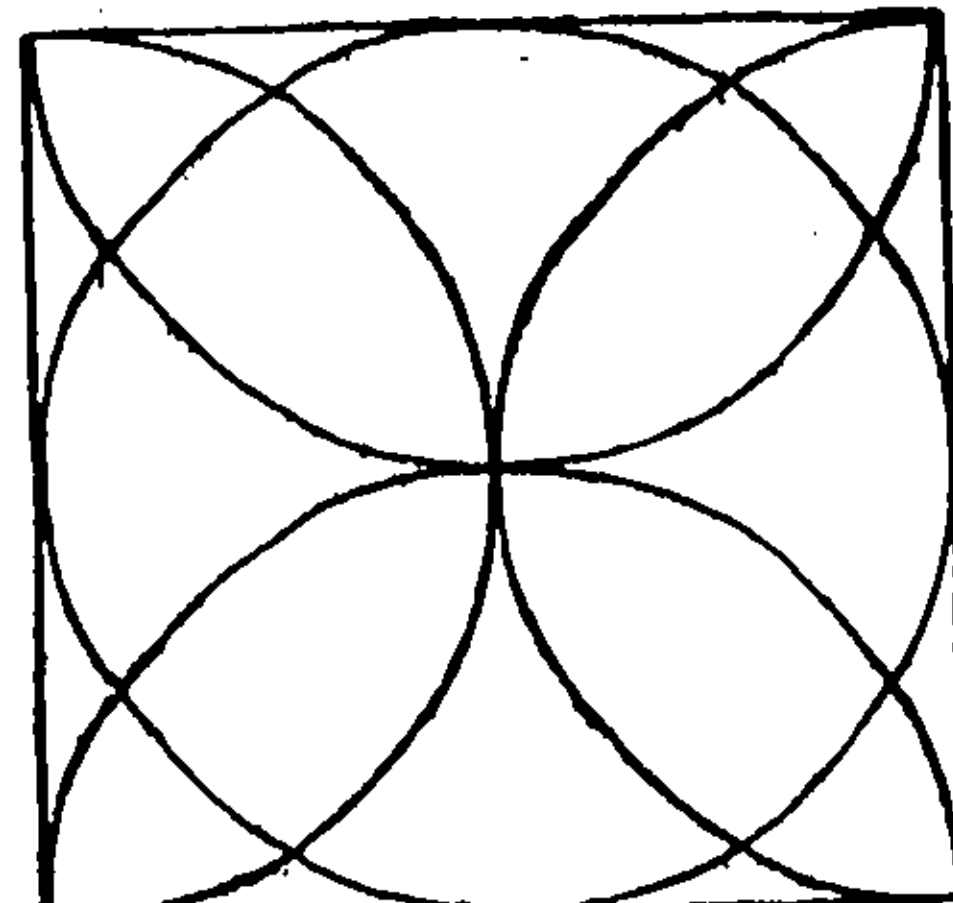
Sammy Spenditt went out to do his Christmas shopping yesterday. First he spent half the money he had in his pocket on a present for Mother, then 3s. 6d. on a book for Father. Half his remaining money went on his sister Mary's present, and then there was 2s. 6d. for Granny's gift. His remaining cash was again reduced by half when Sammy decided to stand himself a little refreshment, and having so many parcels to carry he took a penny bus ride home. Outside his house he met a creditor who insisted on being paid and Sammy's capital was again halved.



When Sammy finally arrived home and counted his wealth he discovered he had only 6d. left. What sum did he start his expedition with?

### Keep in Line!

Uncle Albert was going to give his young nephew Reggie his



usual Christmas half-crown when an idea struck him.

"Now, I'm going to give you half-a-crown for Christmas, Reggie," he cried, "but if you're smart you can double it. See the design on that table-mat. Well, if you can copy that without taking your pencil from the paper, and without crossing a line or going back over it, I'll make it five bob this Christmas."

Could you have earned 5s., as Reggie did?

### With Charitable Intent

Seven friends set out to raise £2,000 for a certain Christmas charity in which they were annually interested, each subscribing as much as he could reasonably afford.

Unfortunately they did not quite succeed in their attempt. Subsequent analysis of the subscription list showed that three had exceeded the average by £40, £140, and £240 respectively, whilst three subscribed less than the average by £50, £100, and £200 respectively.

The other subscription was £190.

How much short of £2,000 did they raise?

### Christmas Kind

"What sort of a Christmas do you expect to have," asked Abel of Willing.

"Well," said Willing, "there are several factors that might contribute to different sorts of Yuletides. For instance, if I had an AILERON I could make it an AIR NOEL. Now here are some more sorts of Christmas I might have. Each is composed of the letter of a well-known word. See if you can find them all."

- 1.—RABID NOEL.
- 2.—MY SOUR NOEL.
- 3.—MADE NOEL.
- 4.—BIG NOEL.
- 5.—CITES NOEL.
- 6.—CURSE NOEL.

### On The Air

All you have to do in this puzzle is to place in the vacant row of

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
O	P	O	E	L	R	L	E	
V	I	A	V	A	A	A	A	D
E	N	S	E	S	T	T	N	G
R	E	T	R	T	E	E	D	E

squares the name of a popular detective character that will change all the four-letter words (reading down) into five-letter ones.

### SOLUTIONS

#### Siesta

A CHRISTMAS CAROL—  
CHARLES DICKENS.

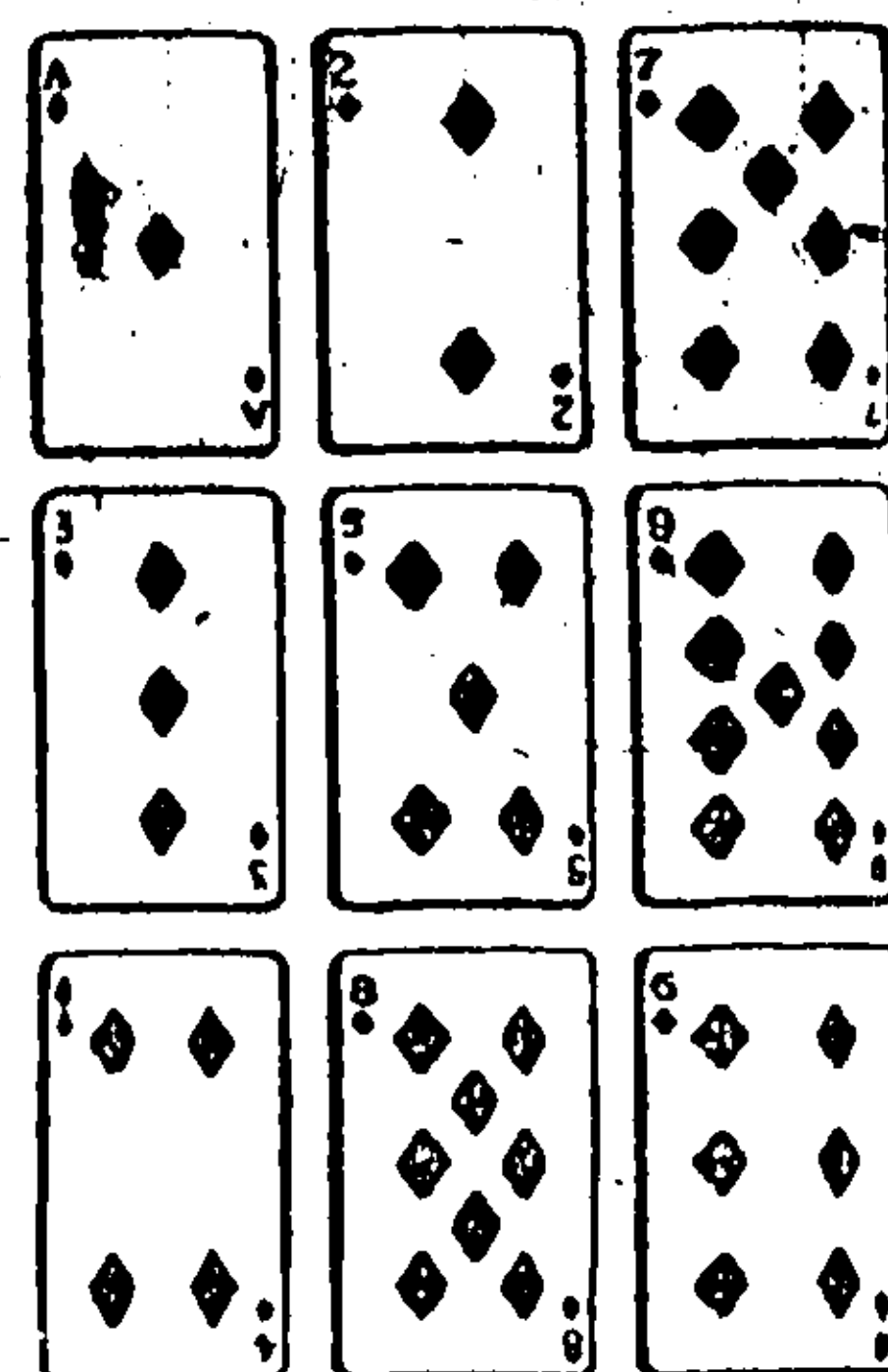
The objects were: CHICKENS, RAM, STAR, ARCH, SCALES, IDOL.

### Puzzling Letter

Keyword:

PLASTERING  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

### Card Trickery

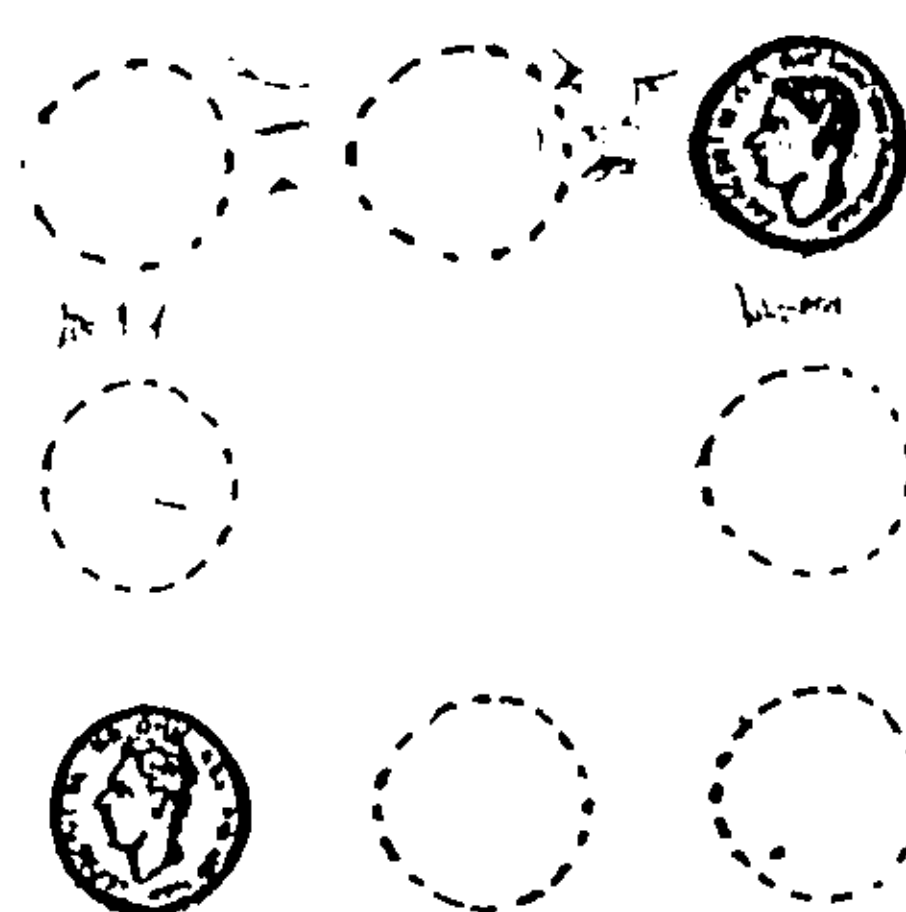


Exchange 3 and 4, 4 and 7, 6 and 9, so that square is as shown.

### Crackerjack

Red 12, Blue 15, Green 4, Yellow 9, Orange 10.

### A Quick One



Six coins can be removed leaving two as shown. The total in each side is then 1d.

### CROSSWORD:—

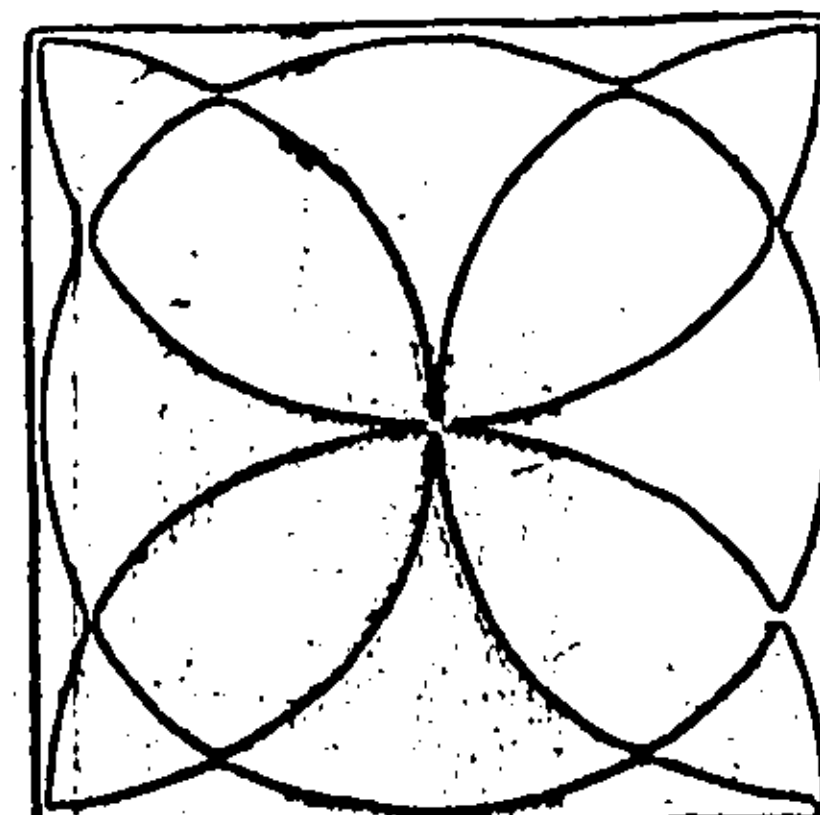
Across: 2, Carol; 6, Coronet; 8, Barometer; 10, Inam; 11, No; 13, Platoons; 16, Toe; 18, Rubies; 20, Err; 21, Cases; 22, Ashen; 24, Ta; 25, Man; 27, East; 29, Pry; 30, Edge; 32, Soiree; 34, Den; 35, Emerge.

Down: 1, From; 2, Coral; 3, Aroma; 4, Onerous; 5, Let; 6, Campers; 7, Tennis; 8, Bi; 9, Rose; 12, Ate; 14, Transom; 15, Obey; 17, Orange; 19, Stay; 21, Cease; 23, He; 24, Tree; 25, Me; 26, Add; 28, Tie; 29, Peg; 31, En; 33, R.R.

### Christmas Shopping

£1 5s. 8d.

### Keep In Line!



The diagram shows how the figure is drawn.

### With Charitable Intent

£180. Total amount raised was £1,820. Average is £260.

### Christmas Kind

1, Bandolier; 2, Enormously; 3, Lemonade; 4, Ignoble; 5, Selection; 6, Enclosure.

### On The Air

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
H O R N L E I G H  
O P O E L R L E  
V I A V A A A A D  
E N S E S T T N G  
R E T R T E E D E

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**SOFT** toys are always welcome gifts for the youngest members of the family, and many grown-ups as well appreciate an amusing animal for a mascot. So why not make a few toys to solve your Christmas present problem? They are very easy and fascinating to make, and all sorts of materials can be utilised with good effect.

Almost any strong, closely woven fabric will make the main body of the animal or other toy. Velvet, cloth or strong cotton are all suitable. Pink velvet, for instance, would make a pig, grey velour cloth is just the thing for an elephant, and even a scrap of gaily checked gingham would make a quaint dog.

Scaps of felt and leather are useful for feet, beaks, ears, and so on. Cast-off patent leather belts can be cut up to provide collars and harness, and shoe-buttons or press-studs make eyes for almost any animal. A pound of millpuff or kapok, costing very little from your drapers' or upholsterers', will stuff half-a-dozen small toys. Snipped-up rags can be used for stuffing, but these are rather heavy, and more difficult to handle.

For large or complicated toys, you will need to buy a paper-pattern. But you could start right away to make the two simple toys shown here. The shape and measurements of each part are clearly given, and you will find it quite easy to cut out these paper patterns for yourself.

### Bunny Is Born

The soft and cuddlesome bunny is made from an oddment of white turkish towelling, with pink silk or cotton to line his ears. First cut out the four shapes in paper—body, under-body, ear and tail. The under-body, is exactly the same shape as the lower part of the shape for the body. The given measurements allow for  $\frac{1}{4}$ in. turnings on all edges.

From turkish towelling cut out the body twice, the under-body twice, the ear twice, the tail twice. Also cut out the ear twice in pink material, making this lining just a little narrower than the pattern.

With strong white cotton, seam the two under-body pieces together along the straight top edge, leaving a small space in the centre for stuffing, as shown in the sketch. Slip this part between the two body pieces, so that it fits in exactly, coming as far up as the two crosses marked on the body piece in the sketch.

Pin all the edges together, and then stitch on the wrong side, thus making a complete "case" shaped like a rabbit. Turn right side out, and fill with soft stuffing, first the paws and then the body. Sew opening neatly together.

Join the two tail pieces, leaving the straight edge open. Turn right side out, add a little stuffing, and sew to the body. Make up the ears in the same way, but do not stuff. Bring the lower edges in towards the centre, lining inside, and sew to head with the lining facing outwards. A glance at the

finished rabbit in the sketch makes this step clear.

Add shoe-buttons or glass beads for eyes, using very strong cotton and taking the needle through the head several times from one eye to the other. A touch of paint can be used to make the correct pink eyes if desired. Mark nose and mouth with a scrap of thick red wool, and your bunny is ready for his new owner.

Humpty-Dumpty, also shown here, is a most original and intriguing toy. To make him, you need some scraps of gaily-patterned velvet (or cloth) and a piece of flesh-coloured stockinette. You could use, old stocking-tops, or pieces cut from woven underwear. If they are white, rinse them in strong cold tea.

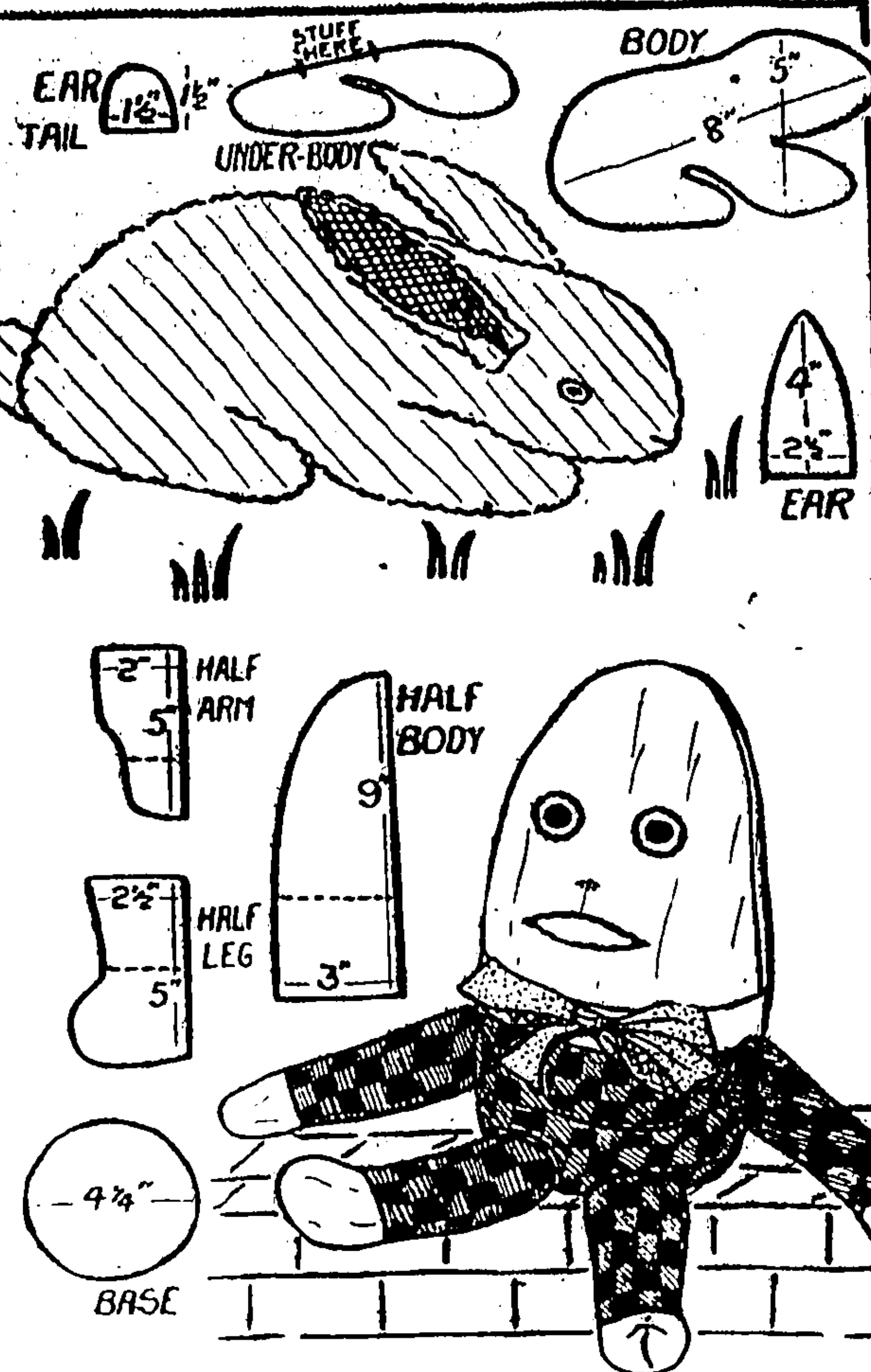
First cut out the four simple shapes shown here. Measurements include quarter-inch turnings on every edge. You will notice that only half the body, arm and leg is given. When cutting out these parts, lay the straight edge to a fold, and cut out in double thickness.

As you see from the finished doll in the sketch, the body, arms and legs are made partly from velvet, and partly from stockinette. These three patterns must, therefore, be cut across at the dotted lines shown in the sketch.

Cut out each part in its correct material. You can see from the sketch of the finished doll which parts should be velvet, and which stockinette. Then make up as follows:

### Stuff Firmly

**BODY.** Seam the lower and upper parts of the body together,



making two similar pieces, one for the front and one for the back. Join front and back together right round the curved side. Then join on the circular base (cut entirely in velvet) leaving an opening for stuffing. Turn right side out, stuff firmly, and sew up opening.

Sew a narrow band of plain white material round the body, where the velvet joins the stockinette, thus making Humpty a collar and hiding the join at the same time. Add a ribbon bow in front.

### Humpty Won't Fall

**ARMS AND LEGS.** Make up in the same way as the body, but do

not give them a base. Instead, sew the straight ends together when each limb is stuffed, and sew firmly to the body.

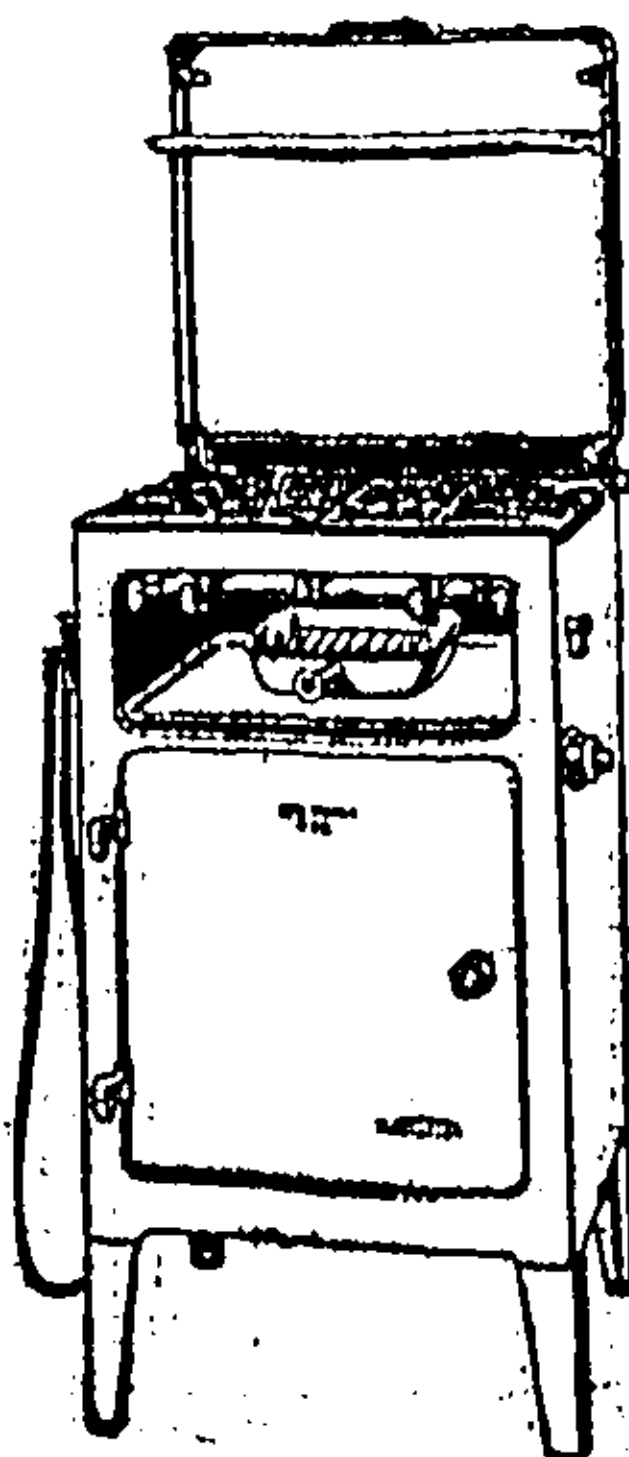
For Humpty's eyes, sew on two large black press-studs, and stitch a circle of black chain-stitch round each. A few straight black stitches form the nose, and an outlined shape in red chain-stitch indicates the mouth.

You will find Humpty a most good-tempered fellow, and he is guaranteed not to come to grief like his name-sake in the nursery rhyme. In fact, he will stand up nobly to the roughest treatment which any small child may give him.

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## Children Believe In Fairies

If we want to know why children believe in magic we must take a really close look at fairyland. Fairyland is a place where the unexpected always happens. The heroes and heroines there are never grown-up people. They are young, helpless, and credulous, the victims of misfortune, as our own small sons and daughters often imagine themselves to be. By the aid of magic, they can triumph completely over the forces working against them, as the children would surely like to do.

Sleeping Beauty is doomed from her cradle through the mere caprice of a wicked fairy. Lazy Jack is more kindly treated by fate. The pretty beans, which he so foolishly accepts in exchange for the cow, as any child might, turn out to be magic ones. Thus he is saved from his mother's anger and led through all sorts of adventures to ultimate triumph. In fairyland there are giants and ogres who growl, terrifying threats. Sometimes the ogre has a good wife, who hides you and gives you food, but only because she has not guessed that you want to destroy him, for she, too, is in his power, and on his side when it comes to a fight.

You omit a small kindness, and the fairies withhold their favour. They are always watching, listening and knowing. You may be an intolerable situation.

powerless, caught in the ginger-bread house of a hypocritical old witch, who pretended to be kind. A fairy will appear from nowhere. You turn to where her voice was. She has disappeared as suddenly and strangely as she came.

If you come to think of it, the work may look very much like fairyland to a small child. A baby a few weeks old is a completely helpless creature. He has few needs, but wants them satisfied immediately. He has no sense of time or place, no knowledge of how things come to him, why they are withheld, nor how to get them. When he wishes for food, its bringer must seem like a beneficent fairy.

Fairy tales and legends were an attempt to explain, when the world was younger, all that the people could not understand of the forces of nature, attacking them in their helplessness and of capricious and cruel circumstances over which they had no control. Even to-day, to express wonder we sometimes say, "It's like magic." Even to-day, some of us would be glad of a magic wish to give us our heart's desire, or a fairy godmother to help us out of an intolerable situation.

## Secrets Of My Magic

Is the day of magic done? Only a few generations ago people throughout the world, superstitious and easily-gulled, were practically all believers in the power of magic. Magic was in its heyday then, the modern observer would say. Never again will it reach such popularity. People no longer believe in magic, and no longer can they be mystified; they are incredulous and sceptical.

But seeing is believing—or is it? If you wonder what this means, if you doubt that you can see a thing actually happen and yet believe it to be absolutely impossible that it should happen, let me show you a little of my magic.

As a matter of fact, the magic of the Middle Ages was far from being the greatest magic the world has ever seen. The efforts of early magicians, men who achieved reputations and who passed down into history as noted figures, were as nothing compared with the magic that is within your power to witness to-day.

Magic is a science. It progresses like everything else. If a magician of medieval times were to sit at one of my performances he would probably be so impressed that he would either commit suicide or bury his head in the sand and allow the whole of his erstwhile followers to spend the rest of their lives kicking him for being such a fool to imagine that

he was a mystic.

The trouble with these old-time magicians was that they linked up their magic with alchemy and necromancy.

I do not profess to practice anything supernatural. I realise perfectly well that modern magic consists chiefly of ingenious tricks and clever manipulation. I practice magic for amusement, for the amusement of huge audiences, and if I succeed in almost making

By Max Mallini

them believe that the impossible is accomplished, this is merely due to my mastery of the art of illusion.

I started doing magic tricks with no other purpose in view than my own amusement. Life was hard for me in my youthful days. I was taken to America when I was but a child. My days at school were punctuated by a constant fight against persecution by my comrades who seemed to regard the fact that I was Swedish as sufficient excuse for making me the butt of all their practical jokes.

I soon learned that the most magical way of making life worth living in this respect was to punch hard and often. At the age of 12 I left school to make my way in the world selling newspapers and

working at odd jobs to earn a living. In this way I progressed until I got a job in a Y.M.C.A. institution.

I had seen several magicians at work on the stage, and, like all small boys, I was impressed by their skill. I have a mechanical mind, and I still cannot rest, when I see anything unusual, until I find out "how to work."

As far as I could, I found out how these magicians I had seen performed their tricks. Then I began to evolve small tricks of my own and try them on the other fellows in the Y.M.C.A. Pretty soon I had my own act put together and was giving performances at church concerts and such like.

One day the secretary of the Y.M.C.A. saw me doing my stuff. "Kid," he said, "You're good. I will put you on our next big performance."

Sure enough I was "on" and did half an hour's show. It so happened that one of the big theatrical agents was in the audience and the next day I got a letter inviting me to go round and see him. At this time, by working day and night, I was making about 15 dollars a week. He offered me a three-years' contract as the Boy Magician to tour America at a salary beginning at 75 dollars weekly.

For a while I held out, chiefly because everybody told me there was no money in magic; that this flare of mine was only a passing fancy, and that it would lead me nowhere.

To cut a long story short, by the time I was 16 I had toured the whole of America and had opened my own factory for the manufacture of scores of tricks of all descriptions which were sold to would-be magicians throughout the world.

I promised myself I would retire when I was 32, but Fate and the War stepped in, with the result that my business was closed down and I found myself starting all over again.

At one time I was obliged to live for one week on 2s. That made me think. I immediately formed a one-week plan. This provided for me eating only one bowl of soup and a roll every day at six o'clock. I got along fine. From this I evolved the two years plan, and although money was beginning to come in again I kept it up. Since then, although I live in good hotels and food is plentiful, I manage nicely on one meal a day.

I developed a sense of humour at that time and went up and down Broadway meeting my friends of more luxurious days and exchanging funny stories, and to-day that bad period seems to me to have been one of the outstanding experiences that I would not have missed for anything. I could have grieved and worried and pestered everyone with my trouble, but I figured that would not solve my problem. As it was, there was not a soul who knew of my circumstances until long after I was back on Easy-street again.

To return to magic, of course I wear a curious ring. All magicians have something like that, but I can't say it responds to the usual magic formulae, and you can say "Abracadabra" or "Sim Sala Bim" until you are blue in the face, and nothing much will happen if you rub it. But it certainly is a curious ring all the same. It is a gold representation of a human skeleton encircling my finger and the eyes are two small diamonds—quite a grotesque affair. It was presented to me by a Russian magician in a cafe in Moscow one day after I had finished a show.

I was attracted by the ring which he wore. I had never seen one like it before, so he let me try it on, and when he found that it fitted me he said: "You keep it. I was going to give it to you anyway"—when I protested against taking such a quaint and valuable token—"because I want something from you."

"Name it," I said.

"Your levitation illusion," the Vanishing Woman," he said.

Well, he studied me for a few days, and eventually I gladdened his heart by giving him the trick.

People who think magicians don't give their tricks away are wrong. I think it helps things along considerably if you tell them something about your business. It puts you on a more human basis with them straight away. But just the same most people like to be mystified, and I find that there are many who prefer not to be told everything there is about an illusion.



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# Some Queer Xmas Eves

"D'you realise, David," I said, flinging my pick disgustedly to the ground "that it's Christmas Eve?"

David, my partner on the diamond diggings in South Africa, wiped the sweat from his sun-burnt face. "And what if it is," he replied laconically. "Do you expect me to become a sentimental pagan and sing carols beneath a sprig of mistletoe?" And he resumed his digging in that hard, sun-baked earth for the diamonds that never materialised.

It was the reply I might have expected from him. David was a true wanderer. At the same time, I was beginning to realise how much the wanderers on this earth hate Christmas. It is because, at heart, they are all sentimentalists. Christmas does make them think of home.

"We'll have to go a long way from here to find mistletoe," I said to David, "but at least we can get a Christmas dinner of sorts at old George's shack. There are rumours about a dance to-night."

David pushed back his double-felt hat and stared at me.

"Why this sudden desire for gaiety?" he asked.

"Just because it's Christmas Eve," I repeated tritely.

"And how do you suggest we shall pay for these sentimental luxuries—a Christmas dinner and a dance in an old Greek's tin shanty?"

I fingered the pouch of my belt. "What! The only diamond we've found in this shell-hole," he exclaimed.

"Why not?" David snorted. Then he grinned.

"Yes, why not?" he mused. "It's such a miserable specimen that I doubt whether we'll even get a fiver for it. Still, old George might buy it or give us a drink and a dance in exchange."

"And a Christmas dinner," I insisted.

Twenty-four hours previously, David and I had joined in a rush for diamond claims over this stretch of South African veld that now looked like a battlefield. Battered motor-cars, Cape carts and ox-wagons added to the general effect of an army in retreat.

A few mounted policemen rode the debris, a hand occasionally straying to pistol holster when any of the diggers became violent. At the same time a naked Zulu stalked about the diggings vigorously ringing a bell. He carried an ink-crawled poster in one hand. The invitation was sensational:

—Come and dance at George's—

Women, Music and Champagne. George, after much twisting of his black moustaches, gave us exactly five pounds for the rough little pebble that we called a diamond. David and I began recklessly to spend that five pounds.

Three sausages apiece, a lump of mashed potatoes, and, as a special afterthought, a tin of green peas—such was our Christmas dinner.

David called loudly for champagne. With a smirk that would have done credit to the head waiter of the Cafe de Paris, in Monte Carlo, George, the Greek, produced the first bottle with the alacrity of a conjurer. He charged us two pounds for the bottle.

Queer Christmas Eve. I can well remember the dance that followed. When the dancing began, diggers kicked off their heavy veldt-schoen and began lumbering about the floor in their shoes.

And the women? George, the Greek, had kept his word. They were there. Strapping Boer girls wearing white kamies beneath which bunched their flaxen hair. There were also the strange women who haunt every diamond camp—girls, heavily lip-sticked, who had been in the chorus of some Johannesburg revue or else been barmaids in Rhodesia or the East Coast.

A different, and much more luxurious atmosphere, two years later, St. Moritz in the snow season. A dining-room filled with a healthy, snow-tanned crowd, pa-

per caps, coloured streamers and a lavish array of foods and wines. I was wearing a false nose—a wise thing to do on the Continent where noses are apt to be pulled—and dancing with an ash-blond girl from Prague who defeated all my efforts to speak to her in French and German.

Seated at an adjoining table was a young Irishman who wrote satiric verse, with an English girl. They had become engaged during the course of their sojourn at St. Moritz.

There they both were, on Christmas Eve, looking dismally, unhappy. The news of their betrothal had been a twenty-four hours' affair. Now, even the waiters knew it, and treated them with excessive deference. The Irishman occasionally blew a paper whistle with a sort of defiant enjoyment. Neither of them danced.

It was when the orchestra began playing a dangerously sentimental waltz that the English girl looked up to find a young mon-

eled Austrian bowing before her. "Gnadiges fraulein!" he said suavely. "I would be charmed if you will pull a cracker with me." And, graciously, he held before her one of those paper crackers that decorate most Christmas tables.

A moon-like expression of delight shone in the face of the English girl. "How delightful of you," she said. And stretching out her hand she seized one end of the cracker.

A sharp tug, an absurd "pop" and the ruins of the cracker were in their hands.

"There is a motto inside," she cried childishly. "You must read it."

The Austrian bowed, and fumbled in the paper wreckage. He discovered the slip of paper, smoothed it, and read slowly aloud in English. "I can still hear him mouthing the trite words:

"Roses are red, violets are blue. Sugar is sweet, and so are you."

But by this time the young Irishman was on his feet. His eyes blazed. He had the specially decorated menu folded in his hand. With a melodramatic gesture he struck the Austrian across the face with it, causing the monocle to fall.

The Austrian stooped to recover his monocle. When he fixed it firmly against his eye he was pale. He faced the Irishman.

"I think we shall have something to discuss—after the dance," he said with quiet deliberation. Then superbly, he turned to the English girl. "Our waltz, I think," he murmured.

It was a thoroughly terrified English girl who was eventually led back to the little table. The Austrian bowed her to a seat and then proffered his cigarette-case to the Irishman.

"Perhaps, mein herr," he said, "you would like to smoke a cigarette in the next room, *heinz*?"

They stalked out of the dining-room together.

The next morning they set out early to climb a snow-peak together—complete with ice-axes.

It must have been nearly midnight when I saw the two young men again, standing in the doorway. They were laughing and joking with each other. The best of friends. And the object of their amusement? A wealthy American was presenting the girl with a plateful of caviare sandwiches, while she gazed adoringly into his eyes.

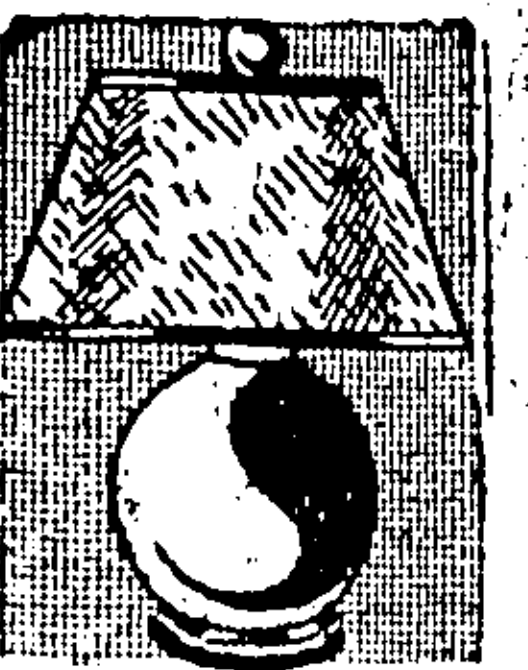
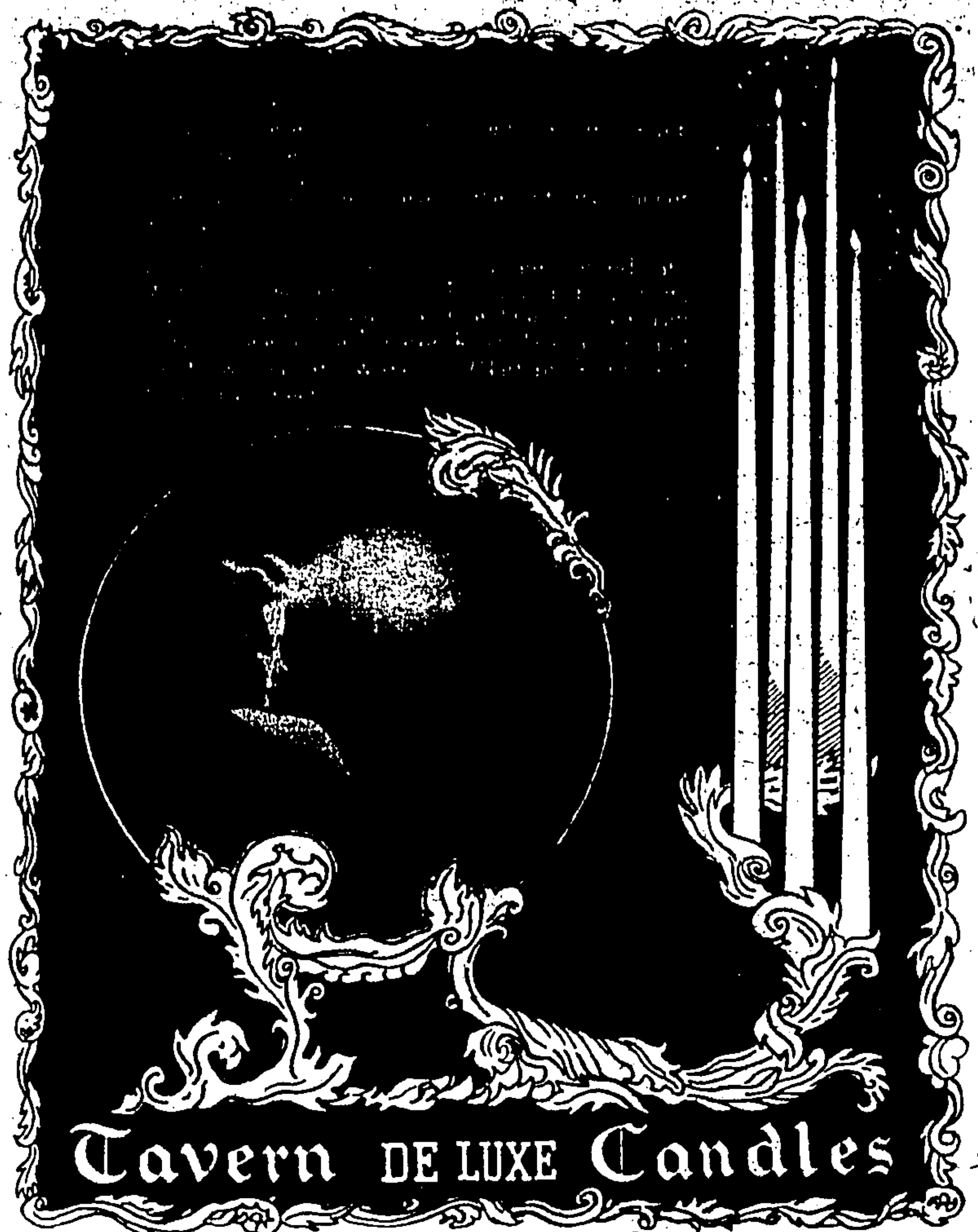
I remember, too, a Christmas Eve among the Zulus. Under a sky stretched like blue silk I watched the Zulu imps, the fighting men with shields and assegins, stamp their way forward in battle formation. Across a huge plain they came, enormous black crescent moons roaring their war songs.

Again, and again they stamped their bare black feet in the dust so that the ground trembled. The Zulu maidens, in all their naked beauty, shrilled in chorus and urged the fighters to even greater deeds.

Slowly and remorselessly, the black crescent moons came onwards. The chanting was solemn and deliberate. Then, with one huge roar, the black flood charged, one crescent moon after another.

And, by a miracle of discipline, it stopped dead, within a yard of the group of whites watching.

Queer Christmas Eves.



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# The Haunted House In B--- Square

when he fell and he lying somewhere under the snow. Though it was very old and dirty, he had an affection for it. He would come again, when it was light and look for it.

All the way home he pondered over his strange experience. He could not get that scene in the bedroom, the awful looking woman with the sharp, murderous knife, out of his head. She haunted him.

Midday saw him back in B-Square, standing in front of Number 13. There was a notice board with TO LET on it attached to the area railings, and bare floors and walls met his astonished gaze when he peered in at the windows. The weather had changed. It was much warmer, consequently the snow had nearly gone, and he had no difficulty in finding his cap. It was in the area.

A tradesman's cart was in front of Number 12 when he came up the area steps.

"Who lives in Number 13?" the man driving it said, in answer to his query. "Why, no one. It's been unoccupied for more than a year. No one ever stays in it for long. Round here they call it 'The Unlucky House', and says it's 'haunted'. Not that I believe in such things as ghosts myself. I think it's all imagination, but there's no doubt there is something queer about the house. I don't think I should care to live in it."

Bill thanked him and moved away. Yes, there was something queer about Number 13, something devilishly queer, otherwise

he would never have fallen down, knocked his head, and imagined himself inside it, if it was only imagination. Those diamonds, and his mouth watered again at the thought of them—how they had glittered and sparkled.

Then came a vision of that glowing woman with the knife, and cruel, wicked smile. He could see her as plainly in his mind now as he had seen her in the night, could see even the shining black buttons on her dress and the gap in her leering mouth where one of her yellow teeth was missing. The house was reputed to be haunted; had he, in some utterly inexplicable manner, got into it and encountered the ghosts? Or was it some queer delirium, a kind of concussion nightmare, caused by his fall?

The next two months saw him at his old vocation, whenever he got the opportunity, but never with quite his former zeal. What he had gone through that Christmas Eve had made a deep impression on him. He had hitherto scoffed at the idea of ghosts and a Hereafter, but he no longer scoffed now. He had a feeling that that experience of his was nothing accidental but was ordained by some Power behind the Scenes, ordained for a special purpose. It made him think.

Once again it was Christmas Eve, and as the day wore on his desire to revisit B-Square grew stronger and stronger.

In the end he went. This time there was no snow. Rain in the morning was succeeded by a severe frost at night, with the re-

sult that the pavements and roadways were very slippery. Bill got to B-Square just about the time he had arrived there the preceding year, and at the same window of Number 13 was the same blonde lady dangling the diamond necklace in her glistening, ear-rings tipped fingers. He rubbed his eyes to make sure he was not dreaming, but when he looked again she was still there.

Everything then happened just as it had happened before. The same burning desire to get the diamonds came over him, and he left the Square, resolved to visit it again when the coast was quite clear.

He returned shortly before midnight. Just as he had done that Christmas Eve twelve months ago, he tiptoed down the area steps, trod on a slippery spot, fell and bumped his head against something hard. Conscious that all he did was merely a repetition, in detail, of all he had previously done, he entered the house by the little ladder window, and passing through the kitchen, where the nearly spent fire glowed a dull red in the large range, he ascended the basement staircase into the hall, halted in breathless fear when he heard the policeman, and then went on up the other staircase on to the first floor landing, and hence into the bedroom of the blonde.

The silence in the house seemed even deeper and more unnatural than the last time he was there, and the shadows on the wall and ceiling more alarmingly fantastic. In the semi-gloom the face of the sleeping man looked startlingly white and weird. Bill was horribly afraid, afraid of the sleeper, the shadows, the silence, everything. The dread of what he knew was about to hap-

pen gripped him to such an extent that he would have got out of the house as fast as he could, had he been able, but a Power he could not resist compelled him to stay and go through everything again. Then, just as before, he was examining the contents of the dressing table drawers when he heard the tap of dainty high heels on the polished floor of the landing, and he had hardly hidden behind the curtains, when the blonde lady entered the room, looking so he thought, lovelier than ever. This time, however, as she stood by the bedside gazing down at the sleeper, Bill became aware of a ghastly unreality about her and about the man. They seemed no longer to belong to a world he knew, but to hail from the same strange unearthly world as the frighteningly bizarre shadows on the floor and walls.

He breathed easier when she left the bedside and finally slipped into her night attire. As she stood warming by the electric fire, the dainty pearl buttons on her pyjamas and her red lacquered finger and toe nails shone and flashed like jewels.

Then, after she was at last in bed, came the long, harrowing wait till she slept, the emerging from the curtains to snatch the necklace, the horribly cautious trying of the door handle and that ugly sinister face in the aperture, the lurid glow from the heater throwing into startling prominence its every evil feature.

In his crept with feline stealth, her glittering eyes full of cruelty. And once more Bill became a helpless spectator of the fiendish murder. Then came the culminating horror, when a strange noise close to Bill attracting the attention of the murderess, she made a cat-like spring at the curtains and pulling them aside, saw him. The glee with which she beheld his terror and suspense was even more hellish than before, her grin when brandishing the dagger-shaped knife in mid-air more diabolical, and the pain of the stab, if possible, even more agonising, and as, on the previous Christmas Eve, he recovered from unconsciousness to find himself lying in the area, on the very spot where he had fallen and bumped his head.

When he opened his eyes he was quite alone, and the stars were shining down on him from a bright, cloudless sky. Rising with some difficulty, for he had lain there a considerable time, he clambered up the area steps, saw what, curiously enough, he had not noticed before on his arrival, namely, a board with "To Let Unfurnished" on it, and wandered thoughtfully home.

Another year passed, and once again it was Christmas Eve, a mild, muggy Christmas Eve, with an occasional drizzle and a gentle South West wind.

All day the impulse to go again to the Square obsessed Bill. He fought hard against it but in the end he had to go, and on reaching Number 13, he saw, standing in front of the mirror in the room on the first floor, the same blonde lady, doing precisely the same thing. And, as on those two previous occasions, the sight of that sparkling diamond necklace tempted him sorely.

This time, however, he managed, after a desperate struggle with himself, to tear himself away from the spot and go straight home. Back in his little parlour he chuckled to think he had not been fool enough this time to go down into the area of that empty house. Had he done so he might again have fallen and undergone another harrowing experience. Whether ghosts or things of a delirium, and he still could not decide which, he had outwitted them.

In the morning he went to the Free Library across the way and almost the first thing he saw in large headlines, in a Lunch Edition paper, was

## "SHOCKING MURDER IN B-SQUARE"

A man of seventy had been found horribly murdered in bed and his young and beautiful wife had been arrested on suspicion. The number of the house where the crime had been committed was 13. Bill could hardly believe he read aright. Thirteen: why, that was the house! Yet it could not be, because the house of his experiences was empty and unfurnished.

Full of excitement and curiosity he tore off to B-Square, to find several policemen and a small crowd of people standing in front of 13. It was the house—the house of his weird experiences—but now there was no "To Let" board on the railings. It was furnished and tenanted. Supposing he had gone there the preceding night, what might have happened?

More than ever wondering and perplexed he went away, not daring to remain because of the Police, being an ex-con they might suspect he was up to something if they saw him hanging around.

He had, however, to go to the trial of the accused lady before the Magistrates. He knew it was a risky and foolhardy thing to do, but he could not resist the Power outside himself; that strange, uncanny influence that had been haunting and compelling him ever since that first experience in the Square. Directly he set eyes on the woman in the dock, he recognised her as the beautiful blonde with the necklace.

The case against her was briefly this.

Her married life was known to be unhappy. She had lovers and had been heard to quarrel with her husband over them and money matters. Her declaration that a burglar had got into the house, murdered her husband and stolen her diamond necklace while she was sleeping, was unsupported by any evidence. The necklace certainly could not be found, but the Police had not been able to discover any indication of anyone breaking into the house, and were of the opinion that the crime had been perpetrated by a member of the household. And who could it have been but the accused? She alone had the opportunity and the motive, and it was absurd to believe she had been sleeping too soundly to hear her husband killed.

If Bill got a shock on seeing the accused, he got a much bigger one on seeing the principal witness for the Prosecution. She was the housekeeper at Number 13, B-Square, and there was no mistaking that long narrow face, hawk-like nose and those dark, sinister eyes. She was the woman with the knife, the real murderess.

Bill had a hard struggle. All the while she testified against her mistress he knew she was lying, but what could he do? If he narrated his experiences, who would believe him? No one. They would say he was crazy. The only thing he could do would be to declare he was actually in the house on the night of the murder, and that would mean a stiff sentence for burglary. They might even accuse him of the murder. Bill had never been over-burdened with conscience. At times he persuaded himself he had none, but what he had of conscience now joined partnership with a sense of chivalry and something else, a strange uncanny something quite outside himself and beyond his ken. He could not get away from it; it influenced him all the time and at last proved so all-powerful that he found himself scribbling a note to the Solicitor for the Defence.

"I know something about this case," he wrote, "for Gawd's sake, governor, let me speak."

And speak he did. He swore he had entered the house on the night of the murder, and esconced behind the window curtains, had seen the woman with the dark, sinister eyes cut the deceased's throat. He explained it all in detail, and all the while the murderess sat staring at him with ever-increasing terror and amazement. More than once she opened her mouth to speak and deny what he said, but words would not come, and before Bill had finished, she fainted. Later, she confessed.

The motive for the murder was the diamond necklace. She belonged to a gang of Continental thieves. Her mistress being on well known bad terms with the murdered man, it seemed an easy thing to frame her for the murder.

She had not, of course, calculated on any interference by a Power of Powers outside the World. It was just too bad for her that the Superphysical, for some peculiar reason—maybe an interest in the Blonde Lady, or in Bill, or in both—had thought fit to intervene.

Since Bill's evidence was of such vital importance, the Magistrates, who believed his confession, had not the heart to punish him, and so he walked out of the Court a free and conscience-appeased man.

Some days afterwards he received a letter. It was from the blonde lady and contained a cheque for a sum that fairly took his breath away.

Realising he owed his good fortune to his strange experiences on those two successive Christmas Eves, Bill never again scoffed at ghosts, but fully agreed with the sentiments of the immortal playwright that "there are more things in Heaven and on Earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

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# The Escritoire

(Continued from Page 9)

tell the truth?"

"Yes. They got kissed sometimes. By the way you're standing right under that mistletoe."

Stella considered the matter for a moment and the frown relaxed. "Quick, then, before somebody comes out," she whispered.

There was time for only 14 before the handle of the drawing-room door rattled. A moment later Stella was demurely helping him off with his coat.

"It's in the kitchen," Stella remarked in a blandly matter-of-fact tone.

"What is? Oh, that?"

"We haven't had time to carry it upstairs yet, and it's rather heavy."

"I'll take one end. Get Tommy Cowper to take the other. He'll love helping me to carry upstairs a present I got for you."

Tommy Cowper, who fancied himself a rival of Norman's, hated him accordingly.

"All right," said Stella with a little laugh. "My room's on the left at the end. You can go right in. Everything's tidy. Shove it just inside the door where I can fall over it when I walk in."

"Right. And how are you going to manage then?"

"There's linoleum on the floor."

"How awful for the poor little toes!"

"But there are mats, stupid, and once it's inside I can take the mats up and shove it where I want it. It'll slide about on linoleum."

"Right-o. Produce the bears. Oh rather, the bear, Young Tommy."

They went into the small and over-crowded drawing-room. On the whole Norman's reception was about as chilly as an arctic explorer might expect from an assembly of polar bears. He was not popular with the young women, not only because he was plain, but also because he was regarded as Stella's private property. The young men who were interested in Stella had reasons of their own for regarding him with disfavour. Stella's parents have already been mentioned. They were extremely polite. You know what that means.

Tommy was pressed into service. He went with a great show of grace and alacrity until he was outside the door, when his manner became more than a little frigid.

They got the heavy piece of furniture through the hall passage without difficulty, and, coming to the stairs, Norman had the hind and heavier end. But from this point of apparent disadvantage he was able, by a sudden heave, to push his rival over.

What Mr. Cowper had to say about this he was compelled to say in a whisper. It elicited the polite rejoinder: "I beg your pardon, I didn't quite hear."

They got the clumsy lump of furniture into Stella's room. On the smooth floorcloth it glided quite easily.

"A bit heavy," was Mr. Cowper's gasping comment.

"A bit top-heavy, too. A child could shove it over. Still it'll be standing somewhere against the wall."

He woke late on the morning of Boxing Day. He had had a beautiful dream that he was chasing young Cowper round and round the Albert Memorial with a pickaxe. The trouble was that he couldn't catch him. But so many dreams are disappointing.

It was his landlady who roused him. Having bumped on the door and received no response except heavy breathing from within she opened it and called out:

"A young lady's called to see you."

"Right-oh," said the partially awakened sleeper. "I'll have bacon as usual."

"A young lady's called to see you. A young lady with a black eye."

Norman sat up and stared. "I don't know any young lady with a black eye," he said.

"Well, she says you do!" The landlady grinned. "It's your murky past," she said. "Oh, and she said as her name was Miss Linklater."

Norman's eyes became slightly dilated.

"Miss Linklater?"

"Yes, and she wants to see you at once."

"But Miss Linklater hasn't got a black eye."

"She may not have had one when you saw her last. But she's got one now. A beauty!"

The worried young man wadded his landlady away.

"All right. I'll call down the stairs to her."

The landlady departed. Norman left his bed with a plump and called.

"Hello, Stella, what's the matter?"

"Come down at once!" responded

ed a commanding voice.

"But I can't dear. I haven't washed, shaved or dressed."

"I don't care. Come down in your dressing-gown."

"But, look here—"

"Come down! Or must I come up?"

The thud of his feet on the floor was the answer. The overcoat went on. A towel passed across his eyes. Slippers somehow found their way to his feet. He slip-flopped downstairs. Stella waited around the corner at the end. Then he recoiled.

People who write stories often find themselves in difficulties when it comes to recording a plain fact. One would sometimes like to gloss things over, to handle a fact with delicacy, to leave something to the imagination. But the kind of fact which is called hard fact must be stated bluntly.

Stella had a black eye!

It was not just a slight discoloration which could be hidden and hushed up a bit -- so to speak -- by cream and powder. It was a beauty. It was such as the pugilistic coster, who has tried to knock 'em in the Old Kent Road, so often takes home with what is left of his money -- on a Saturday night. It was an eye which had to be seen to be believed. The adoring swain uttered a little soft sound like the moaning of a dying pigeon.

"You needn't have minded about what you looked like," said Stella.

"But darling. How did—who did —?"

"You did."

"Me!"

"With that blessed bureau thing. Shoving it just inside my room where I was bound to fall over it when I came in in the dark."

I slipped on the floor-cloth and knocked it over."

He groaned.

"Yes, I did, I knocked it over with my eye and part of my forehead. And I'm glad it was so top-heavy. Else I shouldn't have had any head left."

"But, darling, we—I—never thought—I'm so terribly sorry—a bit of raw steak—"

Then her demeanour suddenly changed. She burst out laughing. She flung her arms around him and kissed him. He patted her shoulders.

"Never mind, darling. It won't be black very long. It will turn jade-green, and then quite a pretty blue, and then pink, and after a week or two it will be all right again. I know. I've had them at school."

Stella stood and rocked with laughter.

"You great idiot! Do you think I mind?"

People just roused from bed are often a little dazed. Norman blinked at her. He had heard of ladies in the East End who enjoyed having their eyes blacked by their young men or their husbands, and regarded it as a mark of affection and esteem.

"Let's sit down a moment," she said. "I've got to tell you. Then you can dress and I'll put some more cream and powder on my eye, and we can have a happy day together. When I knocked that bureau over with my eye I seemed to have upset its internal arrangements. I don't know whether it was my eye that did the trick, or the shock of the thing striking the floor. At any rate a spring got touched. You've heard of secret drawers in the old furniture. Well, this was a tiny one, hidden between two ordinary ones. There was just enough room in it for a paper folded up and pressed down. Well, that was just what was inside it. Here it is."

It was parchment as a fact. She handed it to him, and he read very beautiful handwriting which began with the words, "This is this last Will and Testament of me Oswald Brending (Knight). I formally disinherit my son Anthony Brending, who has all that he needs and requires no more to waste. I leave all in which I stand possessed to my nephew Arthur Brending, and charge him to see that the grave of my dog Rufus is decked with a bunch of fresh flowers once a week."

Norman read it and gasped. He wanted to exclaim something that you or I might give voice to in unimpaired company. But he only said that he was "blessed"—which indeed he was.

"Don't you understand, darling?" It was Stella, of course, who spoke. "There's a reward of £1,000 for anybody who can find that will. I read it in the 'Temper' agony column months ago. You see, dear, the nephew knew the property was his, but couldn't get it because the will couldn't be found and proved."

He looked at her with eyes which widened and shone.

"Then you're on a thousand pounds!"

"No, darling. You are, or rather, we are. If I had a thousand pounds my stern parents would be even more ambitious for me. But if you had a thousand pounds all objections to your happy union would be removed. And although I happened to find it—I, said the fly, with my little eye—you bought the jolly old bureau, and gave it me. And now, darling, here's the will, and you will kindly ring up Arthur Brending—barrister-at-law—telephone—"

"Good heavens! You know his number!"

"Just looked it up. Address Middle Temple."

"But he won't be there to-day."

"Well, try him. Anyhow, he's sure to be there sooner or later."

He caught her to him and hugged her.

"Darling! This is wonderful."

"Yes. Let's keep it wonderful always. I don't suppose I shall always have a black eye—unless you're cruel to me—but I shall get old and ugly, you know—unless I die first."

What he said to her after that is of no particular importance to the tale. Anyhow, put yourself in his place. Then she went.

Muffled in an overcoat, half washed and only partially dressed Norman rushed out to the nearest telephone.

By no particular coincidence Arthur Brending was in his chambers. He had to live in them because he was poor. Also he was kept at work over the holidays through a law case in which he was interested. The six-minutes talk ended in a cordial invitation to "come up at once."

Norman went up. He found a handsome youngish man smoking a pipe in a stuffy room which might have had wallpaper somewhere concealed behind the books. Arthur Brending shook hands. Then they talked. In fact three-quarters of an hour's conversation elapsed before anything of any real importance emerged.

"Well, of course, I'm pretty hard up," said Arthur Brending. "I don't mind 'robbing' my cousin—if you call it that—because he's well off already. There won't be any law case—there can't be—but these things take time. Well, just for the present I will give you a formal acknowledgment, and I can manage a hundred pounds down—without hurting myself—if that's any good."

Was it any good? Ask them!

Why, believe me, within two days Stella was spending half her spare time looking in the windows of furniture shops!

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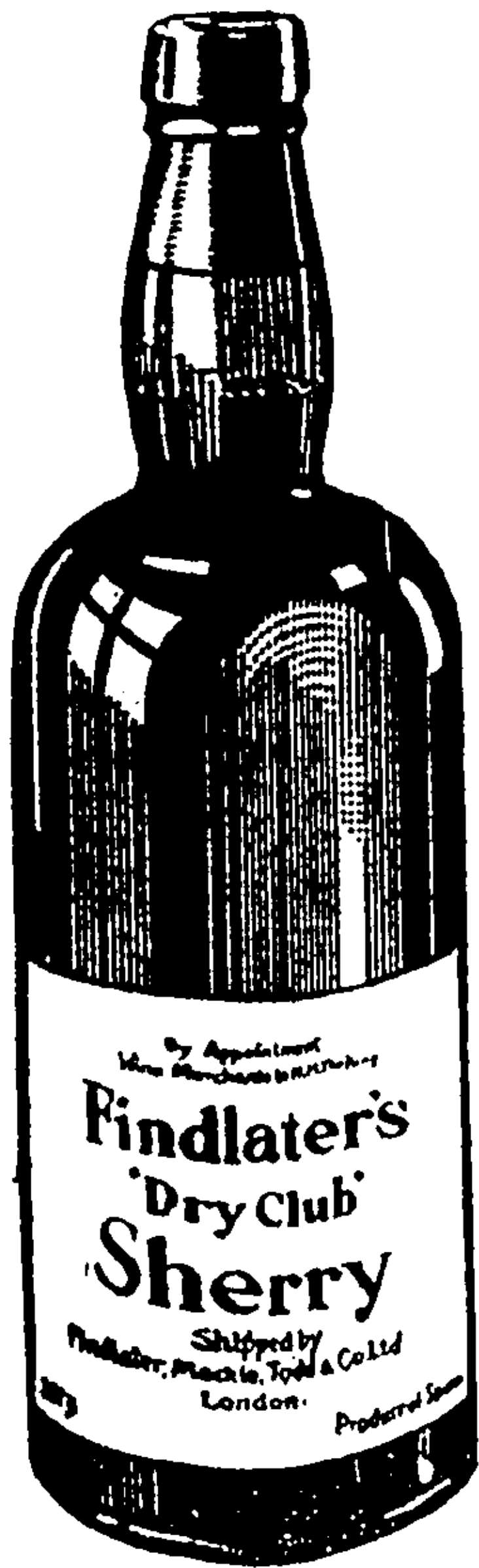
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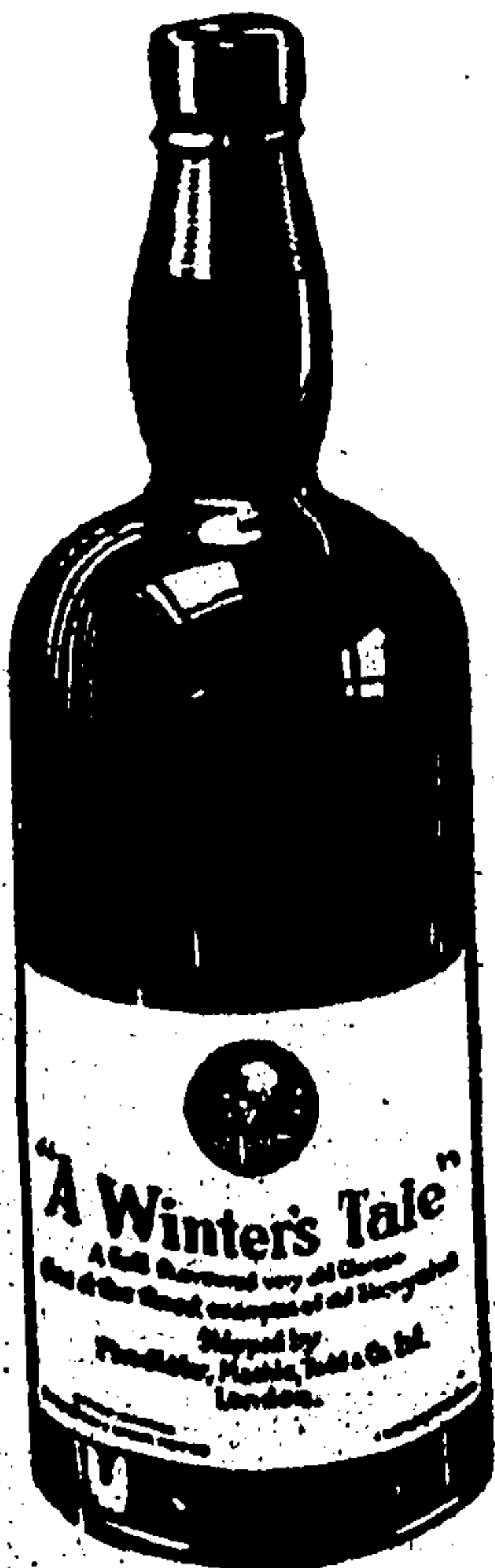
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